



THIRD PERSON

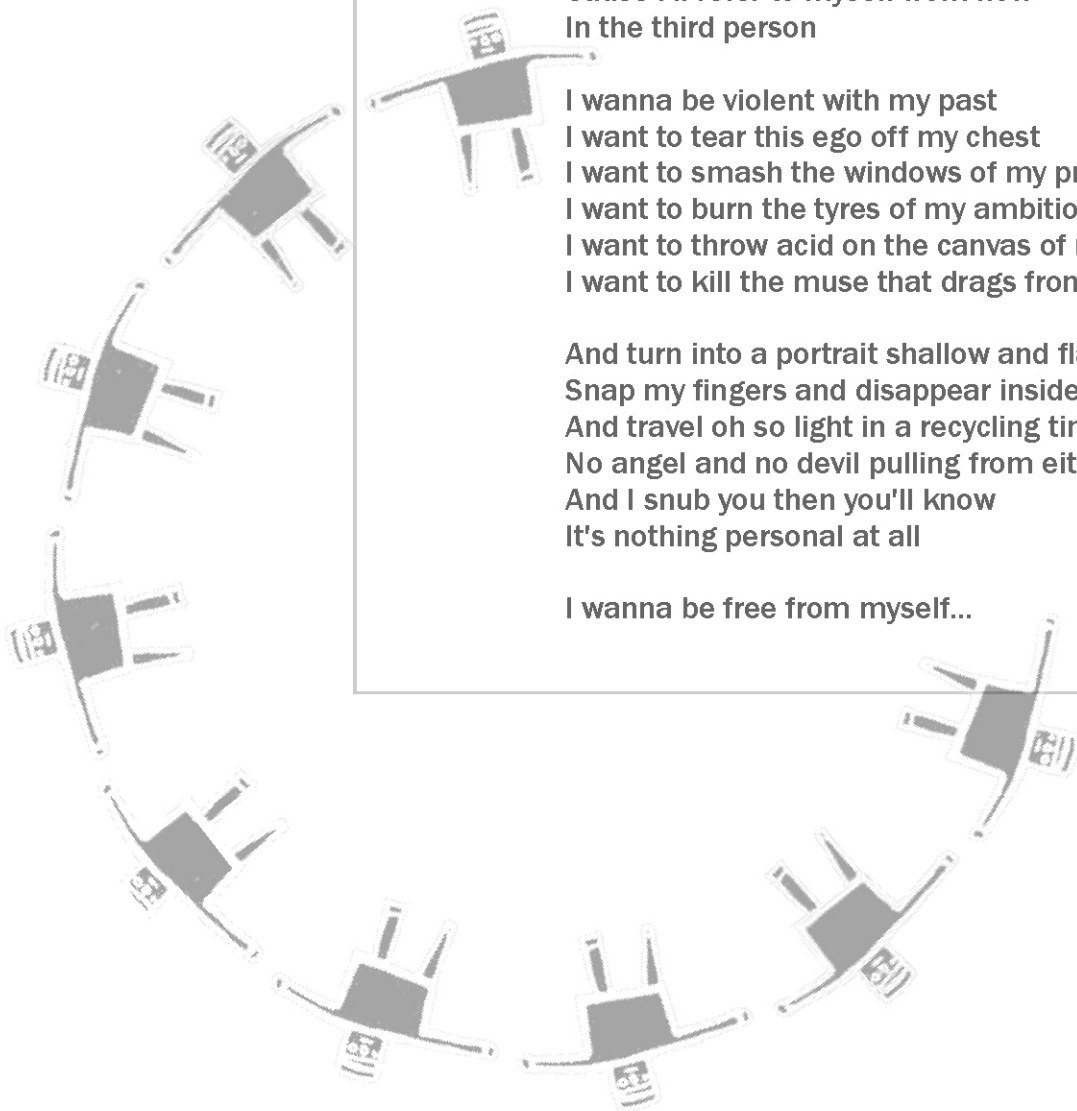
Today I say I wanna be free, from myself, from what I
am
From what I expect from me, from my shadow, from my
trail
All I want is not to hear what I say
Give myself the slip and run away

I wanna be free from my heart, from my soul, from eyes
And from my flesh, yes I want to strip myself
Take off the million clothes that are under my skin
All I want to do is fade away
Drown myself in a drop of rain
Now you can call me anything you like
Cause I'll refer to myself from now
In the third person

I wanna be violent with my past
I want to tear this ego off my chest
I want to smash the windows of my pride
I want to burn the tyres of my ambitious mind
I want to throw acid on the canvas of my dreams
I want to kill the muse that drags from my skin

And turn into a portrait shallow and flat
Snap my fingers and disappear inside my hat
And travel oh so light in a recycling time
No angel and no devil pulling from either side
And I snub you then you'll know
It's nothing personal at all

I wanna be free from myself...





CLOUDS GOING ROUND MY HEAD

Clouds going round my head
I cannot see which way to turn
And all these waves breaking in my brain
My soul explodes in a thousand selves

Clouds going round my head
I do not think the paths I tread
My heart behaves like a circus beast
For a handful of nuts I can do anything
I could be a lover or a brother or a friend
You can take me out of spite for someone you fell for

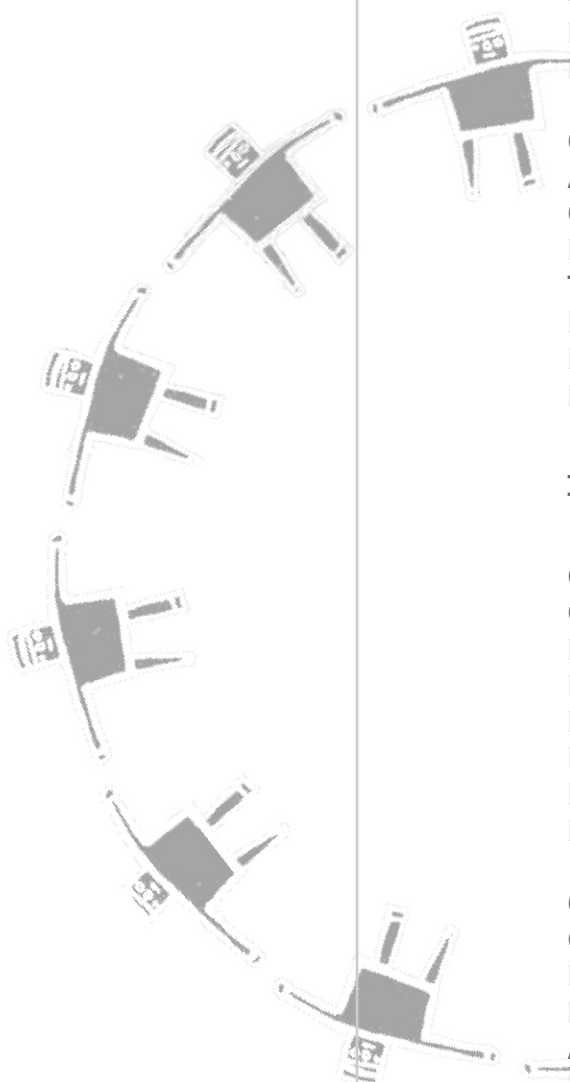
Clouds going round my head
Clouds going round my head
Now I can't distinguish joy from sorrow
Everything is shades of one same colour

Clouds going round my head
Am I going mad, am I going insane?
Clouds going round my head
But I like it this way cause nothing lasts
Tears streaming down my face
I feel I'm part of the dangling rain
I seem to become everything I touch
I cannot stop this spill I am

Just pour me on a sheet of paper, then fold it in half
The open it up and tell me what I am

Clouds going round my head
Clouds going round my head
Now the winds of time have stopped their muzak
My memories are stacked in mountains of refuse sacks
Loot for the stray dogs, loot for the fire
Loot for any river that ventures through the darkness
Loot for any story that abandons its writer
Loot for unsettled scores or any pied piper

Clouds going round my head
Clouds going round my head
Now you can take while you can
Let me be your new experiment
As long as you pretend you've got somewhere to go
I can take your bags, I can sing you songs
And if you had taken me before
When my heart was full and my eyes glowed
Well don't look at me that way my friend
It's only this clouds going round my head
But I'm the same...





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