

Something's going on

He's sitting in the corner
 And he's staring at his shoes
 Wondering if they suit him
 Like the one's he didn't chose
 Sometimes we get offers
 That we really should refuse

She's moving to the rhythm
 Of a world inside her head
 Blocking out the memory
 Of the last thing that he said
 Sometimes there's no gap between
 The living and the dead
 If this world gets too painful
 Make a better one instead

Something's going on so tell me that I'm wrong

He's asking for directions
 Wants to be on the right track
 Tells us where he wants to go
 And when he's coming back
 Sometimes I think questions
 Are the one thing I don't lack



She's standing much to close
 For someone I hardly know
 The skirt is much too high
 And the neckline's far too low
 Sometimes it's not so easy
 When everything's on show
 The eye of the beholder
 Is the one that has to go

Something's going on so tell me that I'm wrong

I'm watching my reflection
 Matching every move I make
 Some crazy looking weirdo
 Noting every chance I take
 The circle line keeps rolling
 And there's no way to escape
 The endless repetition
 Of all out past mistakes

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