Something isn't right
I get the feeling I'm not driving
Something hasn't quite
Taken over but it's trying

Check it, check it

The question now is time
The hours pass so slowly
I know we're moving out of line
But that's the risk you're taking with me

I flicker like an old film - Black white I'm losing track of what's real - I know My sense of timing's not quite - OK Maybe I'll stay tonight - So so

Fadeout, as in lose
My character is shrapnel
Broken by the views
Of men who claim to know all
(There is to know)

Something isn't right
I get the feeling I am no-one
Something hasn't quite
Stopped me from being someone

Nothing in the mirror - Check it

No photo by my bedside - Check it

My self control is missing - Check it

I'll leave with your permission - Check it