

Further into the fog I fall
Well, I was just
Following you!
When you said:

"do as I do and scrap your fey ways"
(dial-a-cliché)
"grow up, be a man, and close your mealy-mouth!"
(dial-a-cliché)
Dial-a-cliché
Dial-a-cliché

But the person underneath
Where does he go?
Does he slide by the wayside?
Or ... does he just die?

And you find that you've organised
Your feelings, for people
Who didn't like you then
And do not like you now
But still you say:

"do as I do and scrap your fey ways"
(dial-a-cliché)
"grow up, be a man, and close your mealy-mouth!"
(dial-a-cliché)
"the safe way is the only way!
There's always time to change, son!"
I've changed
But I'm in pain!
Dial-a-cliché