Rounder

Pere Ubu

I tore myself up inside.
And I ripped everything out.
It was a storm that went by.
It had the sound of the winter wind.
It had the sound of the frozen lake.
I tore myself up inside.
(Only the walls were left.)

I tore myself up.
(I'm a big success.)
I could not feel.
(I do a good job.)
I could not feel.
(I tear myself up inside.)
Dumb luck.
(Some excuse!)
It works out that way.
I heard the voice of reason.
"Don't upset yourself."
"Don't upset yourself."
"Don't upset yourself."

I heard the voice of reason.
I didn't listen.
(Yeah, I know it all.)
I heard the voice of reason.
Way far away.

I tore myself up inside.
And I ripped everything out.
Only the walls were left.
Then I looked around for something else to tear out.
I reached deep!