

Every pupil in the classroom will answer the same if you ask them
Every mouth shout the message out as one
Every girl weeps like the willow, every boy cries into his pillow
Every tear disappears in the morning sun
You don't need an indie song to figure out what's going on

Tell me that I'm normal, tell me that I'm sane
Tell me that you feel this too
All the dreams that we have had are gonna prove that we're not mad to you

Every nose is a vacuum cleaner in the loved-up London arena
Every eye flies a dollar sign for me
Every tongue will wag if you want it, every lung has a shadow on it
Every heart comes apart at the seams
You don't need a mastermind to read between the long white lines
Tell me that I'm normal, tell me that I'm sane
Tell me that you feel this too
All the dreams that we have had are gonna prove that we're not mad to you

Well we all need reassurance as we play life's game of endurance
Like a nice cup of tea or a cigarette
But don't lean too long on your crutches or you'll fall straight into the clutches
Of those who see free expression as a threat
You don't need a law degree to set your mind and spirit free
So tell me what the hell is normal and who the hell is sane?
And why the hell care anyway?
All the dreams that we have had are gonna prove that we're all mad and that's OK