

Going round on the circle line
Trying to find a way out
People stare like they've seen a ghost
You know it leaves me in doubt
What I say and the way I dress
It's got nothing to do with the need to impress
I got on appetite to hold on tight
Thinking loud may hurt I'm on the alert

Titanic reaction
An eccentric attraction
Titanic reaction
It's a kind of distraction
Short comings bring me to my knees
I don't know but when
It gets there I just freeze
Let me out let me go who wants to know
There's a pain but no sympathy for
Eyes in the dark become flashing lamps
Today I met someone with
An interest I stamp
Proportions distortions
With no questions asked
Thinking aloud may hurt I'm on the alert

A grin just becomes a crack in my face
What dislodged amusement is this I can taste
Confusions illusions whose side are they on
Thinking aloud may hurt I'm on the alert