

Sheepdog  
standing in the rain,  
bullfrog  
doing it again  
some kind of happiness  
is measured out in years  
what makes you think  
you're something special when you smile  
child-like  
no one understands  
jack knife  
in your sweaty hands  
some kind of innocence  
is measured out in miles  
you don't know what it's like  
to listen to your fears  
you can talk to me  
you can talk to me  
you can talk to me  
if you're lonely you can talk to me  
big man  
walking in the park Whigwam  
frightened of the dark  
some some kind of solitude  
is measured out in you  
you think you know me  
but you haven't got a clue  
you can talk to me  
you can talk to me  
you can talk to me  
if you're lonely you can talk to me