

I love it when you get neurotic!
All the underside erotic thoughts
The nightmare spikes
But I'm grinning, it's exactly like
Mirror talking in contempt
Now I know no-one's exempt
From releasing a hidden psychosis
Splits second revelations
I feel you feel I know too much
It seems can't do anything right
I know you know I feel too much
It seems I can't do anything right
And when the other real me
And when the other real you
Get close enough to be
One out of two
We'll back off denying as we even prove it
By making excuses that far from remove it
I feel you feel I know too much
It seems can't do anything right
I know you know I feel too much
It seems I can't do anything right
Personal shame at revealing ourselves
Kills off the contact we need to survive
If we tap at the source and say 'What the hell?'
We'll know who we are and we'll feel more alive
We'll feel more alive
That's how the theories go -- I can't do...
But who's to say it's right? -- anything right
We contradict each other -- I can't do...
Then say the other's got it right -- anything right
We take it to extremes -- I can't do...
Just to conclude it feels alright -- anything right
When we stop talking to ourselves -- I can't do...
Who do we turn to to say right! -- anything right
Shut up! It's alright really!
It's alright really! Now it's alright really!
It's alright! Really!