

Look up on the wall, there on the floor,
Under the pillow, behind the door.
There's a crack in the mirror.

Somewhere there's a hole in a window pane.
Do you think I'm to blame?
Tell me, do you think I'm to blame?

(When we do it) you're never there.
(When you show it) just stop and stare.

(Abacab) he's in anywhere.
(Abacab)

If you're wrappin' up the world
'Cause you've taken someone else's girl,
When they turn on the pillow,

Even when they answer the telephone,
don't you think that by now...
Tell me, don't you think that by now.

(When we do it) you're never there.
(When you show it) just stop and stare.

(Abacab) he's in anywhere.
(Abacab) doesn't really care.
Do you want it? You got it. Now you know.
Do you want it? You got it. Now you know.
It's an illusion. It's a game,
or reflection of someone else's name.

When you wake in the morning,
Wake and find you're covered in cellophane,

Well, there's a hole in there somewhere.
Yeah, there's a hole in there somewhere.

Baby, there's a hole in there somewhere.
Now there's a hole in there somewhere.

(When we do it) you're never there.
(When you show it) you stop and stare.

(Abacab) he's in anywhere.
(Abacab)