

This Paranoia

Kim Wilde

Oooh, I feel the fear in you
I see it in your face
I know the color, shape, the size
I even know the taste
You wear it like a trophy
But I see it wear you down
I hold my breath and count to ten
Each time you come around

Now here we go again
And both of us pretend
You know it has no end

This paranoia
Why'd you want to bring me down again
Ooh, this paranoia
What's it doing for ya?
Why don't you throw it out!

Ooh, you make a calculation
And you always know the score
You say that two and two is ten
Even when we know it's four
And if a judge and jury turned to you
And said "guilty"
You'd only look them in the eye
And say "it wasn't me"

Now here we go again
And both of us pretend
You know it has no end

This paranoia

Blaming everybody for your own mistakes
Don't know how much longer I can fake this
Ooh, cos I can't take no more

This paranoia
Throw it out