

# He Knows You Know

Marillion

Light switch, yellow fever, crawling up your bathroom wall  
Singing psychedelic praises to the depths of a china bowl  
You've got venom in your stomach, you've got poison in your head

You should have listened to the priest at the confession  
When he offered you the sacred bread  
He knows, you know, he knows, you know  
He knows, you know, but he's got problems

Fast feed, crystal fever, swarming through a fractured mind  
Chilling needles freeze emotion, the blind shall lead the blind  
You've got venom in your stomach, you've got poison in your head  
When your conscience whispered, the vein lines stiffened  
You were walking with the dead

He knows, you know, he knows, you know, he knows, you know  
He's got experience, he's got experience, he knows, you know  
But he's got problems, problems, problems

He knows... slash wrist, scarlet fever, crawled under your bathroom door  
Pumping arteries ooze their problems through the gap that the razor tore  
You've got venom in your stomach, you've got poison in your head  
You should have listened to your analyst's questions  
When you lay on his leather bed

He knows, you know, he knows, you know  
He knows, you know, but he's got problems

Blank eyes, purple fever, streaming through the frosted pane  
You learned your lesson far too late from the links in a chemist chain  
You've got venom in your stomach, you've got poison in your head  
You should have stayed at home and talked with father  
Listen to the lies he fed

He knows, you know, he knows, you know,  
He knows, you know, but he's got problems  
He knows, you know, he knows, you know, he knows, you know  
He's got experience, he's got experience, he knows, you know  
You know, you know, you know