

Further into the fog I fall  
Well, I was just  
Following you!  
When you said:

"do as I do and scrap your fey ways"  
(dial-a-cliché)  
"grow up, be a man, and close your mealy-mouth!"  
(dial-a-cliché)  
Dial-a-cliché  
Dial-a-cliché

But the person underneath  
Where does he go?  
Does he slide by the wayside?  
Or ... does he just die?

And you find that you've organised  
Your feelings, for people  
Who didn't like you then  
And do not like you now  
But still you say:

"do as I do and scrap your fey ways"  
(dial-a-cliché)  
"grow up, be a man, and close your mealy-mouth!"  
(dial-a-cliché)  
"the safe way is the only way!  
There's always time to change, son!"  
I've changed  
But I'm in pain!  
Dial-a-cliché