

Sometimes I feel my life is going 'round in circles
Beneath my eyes are bluish black
There's nothing new, no one I wanna talk to
Nothing I wanna think about, I got soul doubt

I stick My head out of the window, when it's closed
Instead of air, I get glass stuck in to my head
The city's sounding, and I can't seem to stop the pounding
Can't keep my thoughts from flying 'round

Can't keep my thoughts from flying 'round
Not sure what I am thinking about, I got soul doubt

A shameless display, wearing a smile full of pain
A frameless Erte, a painting without a signature
She's waiting for someone to save her
As I pass her by I see Cinderella

She doesn't fit into the slipper
Like she fits in a bottle of liquor
There's no one to take her away

Her eyes meet mine, she sees right through me
The question's asked, whatcha' gonna do for me?
I don't want nothin', just a connection
I gotta know what she's all about
Cause I know she's been there
Soul doubt

I stick my head out of the window once again
This time I see a thousand faces all too clear
They wear the same expression, I've seen in my face
So many times, I know exactly how they feel

I know exactly how they feel
I know just what they think about
They've got soul doubt