

Private Life

Oingo Boingo

This is my private life
I have no friends to fear
I've got no problems no cross to bear
If you can find me
Come and get me out of here

This is my private place
Everything is neat and clean
The skeletons are
Hidden in the closet
If you can find me
Come and get me out of here

This is my private life
This is my private life
This is my private life . . .

These are my private things
There they are against the wall
The dirty pictures, religious objects
These are my private things
Come and get them out of here

This is my private bed
This is where I lie at night
Staring at a light bulb hanging on the ceiling
Waiting for a dream to
Come and get me out of here

Here in my humble room at night
I often wonder what goes on out there
What makes them runs o scared
I often stare at the people passing by
But they can't see me thru my window shades
Just like I'm not even there

This is my private life
This is my private life
This is my private life
There's something dangerous I like

This is my private life
I know my problems aren't your fault
What I really want to know
Has it always been this way

This is my private life
This is my private life
This is my private life
Come and get me out of here