

Latent Psychosis

Peter and the Test Tube Babies

Waiting for the bus, on a cold windy day, staring around something strange underway.

Heart beats wild going blind, I can't walk I try to fly.

Latent psychosis, latent, it's back again.

Brought down in the box this could put us one up, blood sugar level is on it's way up

Breathing in deeply to take the spot kick, something inside my brain just clicked.

Hanging around in a bar down town, place is packed sweating people around.

Things you say the things I see, all begin to puzzle me.