

# Me And My Big Ideas

Roland Orzabal

Me and my big ideas  
Won't wash away your tears  
No one else seems to mind  
That I'm not that kind

Go get a volunteer  
We'll pay him well my dear  
He will see inside your mind  
Because he is that kind

It's a southern kind of heat  
The shadows crack and start to creep  
Conversation drag it's feet  
I wish we'd both been more discreet  
Like light that it caught between night and day  
You're stuck between me and my

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Well they love you when you're weak  
Bet they hate you to see this winning streak  
It's that thing we call control  
There's a deep frustration  
Black thoughts  
That are stuck between someone's ears  
Like me and my big idea

So many strings to your bow  
Why not let one go

In a way this dream is over  
Blown away our four leaf clover

There's no reason why  
There's just me and my

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That I'm not that kind