

Me and My Big Ideas

Tears For Fears

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 its 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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