

The Fear

The Feelers

Don't play the tortured artist with me,
Or you can pack up all your bags and then leave,
Yea you know what I'm saying and
I'm praying for you to take heed.
It's like your mother was drunk all the time
And your brother turned to a life of crime,
You fear he's lost direction,
You feel he's finally lost his way

Well look out on the bright side,
Look out to the world
Look out at all the boys and the girls
Just look out on the bright side,
Look out to the world
Look out at all the boys and the girls

Don't play the tortured artist with me,
'Cause it's not all about you now what about me
You can save your breath now son 'cause
I never said that I was going to leave you,
It's like your father, He never came home
And your sister spent her life on the phone
And all the other kids used to give you shit
All the time.

Well look out on the bright side,
Look out to the world
Look out at all the boys and the girls
Just look out on the bright side,
Look out to the world
Look out at all the boys and the girls

Maybe I'll dive for treasure
Or maybe I'll ski the world
Or maybe I'll just ao live in the hills
Maybe I'll find my pleasure with
Some far off eastern girl
Or maybe I'll still be living in the hills ... Yea

Don't play the tortured artist with me
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It's a fear fear of losing direction,
It's a fear you've lost your way
It's a fear of losing face and that
Someone can replace you
It's a fear of losing direction,
It's a fear you've lost your way
It's a fear of losing face and that
Someone can replace you
'Cause the path is always better
When there's someone in your way
Trying to find their way to escape

Well look out on the bright side,
Look out to the world
Look out at all the boys and the girls

Just look out on the bright side,
Look out to the world
Look out at all the boys and the girls

Just look out to the world