

sick of guessing what's behind your eyes  
i ask for truth and all i get is lies  
the shrinking violet in your flacid mind  
thinks he's cool but all you do is whine  
and now you stand there and demand your half  
when i have given to you all you have

don't make me laugh at that demo play  
you're sick and tired of my clever word play  
you find it hard doing things my way  
you've done your part so tell me why do you stay

i assume your silence is a foil for rage  
you can't find words even at your age  
the space between us is the cloak you wear  
to hide your feelings oh you just won't dare  
to reveal the visage that's behind your mask  
we have the answers but you just won't ask

don't make me laugh at that passion play  
you're sick and tired of my clever word play  
you find it hard doing things my way  
you've done your part so tell me why do you stay

now i pick up the entrails of another dead affair  
i assume the mantle that i knew you could not wear  
you never had the confidence to leave yourself exposed  
to the gaze of the tiny minds it's my mission to explode

is this more like it can you get into the groove  
or are you paralysed still too scared to move  
you are naked you are rooted to the spot  
i am the walrus and it's clear that you are not