

Immediate Circle

Catatonia

I'm gonna change my
immediate circle of friends
I'm gonna run away and
join the circus, oh yeah
They've been leading me
around in circles, round
and round
I'm gonna change my
immediate circle of friends

In my darkest hour of need
They all become make believe
And they pretend that they
are sleeping

I raise my game as the stakes
stack higher, higher
You cry wolf like you're the
town cryer, cry girl
The queen of clubs drinks
in pubs on days off, over
Swills down dregs, drags
on duck arsed cigarettes

In my darkest hour of need
They all become make believe
And they pretend that they
are sleeping

I'm gonna change my
immediate circle of friends
I'm gonna run away and
join the circus, oh yeah
I'll be assistant to the
blinde knife thrower
Better than being
factory fodder order

In my darkest hour of need
They all become make believe
And they pretend that they
are sleeping