

Circles Erratica

Colin Hay

Sometimes I'm invisible, I'm nowhere to be seen
And kick like a tin can in the shape of a man
Trying so hard to break in so I can burst out
Perspectives ever changing leaving me in doubt

I've got a chronic disorder, I'm balanced between
The edge of a razor, trying to cut clean
I've got my eyes on the road, I'm trying to keep steady
I've got my hands on the wheel
I feel, I'm nearly ready

Hope that me who's dreaming and that's not me who's screaming
Want to wake up warm in a tattered down tarn
Still for all the killing, there's nobody winning
I want to spit it out, I want to scream and shout

Lying in the gutter, I heard someone mutter
We'll creep in the shadows trying to get home
Like the swing in the see-saw, hard to keep steady
With some rearranging
I feel, I'm nearly ready

Sometimes I'm invisible, I'm nowhere to be seen
Kick like a tin can into a sugared man
Hope that me who's dreaming and that's not me who's screaming
I want to wake up warm in a tattered down tarn

Lying in the gutter, I heard someone mutter
We'll creep in the shadows trying to get home
I've got my eyes on the road, I'm trying to keep steady
I've got my hand, my hands on the wheel
I feel, I'm nearly ready