

## 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