

Method To The Madness

The Wombats

Stumbling through
The Gothic Quarter streets
No booking code
Means no hotel guaranteed

Tie done wrong
And plastic shoes
A professional learns
From all of their rookie moves

There must be some method to the madness
Method to the madness
Still I don't want to know
Just one more smile and then I'll go
There must be some method to the madness

Tourist traps
And museum food
Saying thanks
In a language that's never been used
This could be a holiday or an intersection
Where two roads fuse
Where two roads fuse

There must be some method to the madness
Method to the madness
Still I don't want to know
Just one last smile and then I'll go
There must be some method to the madness
Method to the madness
Still I don't need to know
There must be some method to the madness

Fuck my sadness
And fuck your role-play
No construction
I'll build it my own way
No more subscribing
And no reviews

Fuck our options
And fuck the life plan
No more worry
I've killed it with both hands
Just give me something to light the fuse

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