Splendid Isolation

Little Angels

Here in my room, in splendid isolation
alone in the gloom, in splendid isolation
sometimes I need to be, left in my own company,
so here I am, in splendid isolation.
I'm falling away, in splendid isolation,
I'm hoping I'll stay, in splendid isolation,
If they were right I'd agree, but it's them they know not me
So here I am in splendid isolation.
I'm floating in a sea of my subconcious thought,
and the skeletons are crewling from the closet walls,
No-one ever see's me, I don't make a sound'
and I don't know what I'm gonna do now
The motherless itch has got the best of me
trancending the things that I will never be,
but all along hallucinating life somehow,
I still don't know what I'm gonna do now.
The pressure starts to push me through my loving daze,
for a moment there I thought I'd lost me wicked ways,
It's not that I'm a leper when my mind allows
I don't know what I'm gonna do now.
Lennon is a memory in a student brain
gripping thought pavilions guilt in freedom's chains
the virginical construction makes the masses 'wow'
and I don't know what I'm gonna do now
Well I see the moon, the stars, the hemisphere
I see the future and it don't look clear
The past is re-appearing on my fevered brow.
And I don't know what I'm gonna do now,
Yeah, I still don't know what I'm gonna do now...

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