The Return Of The Real Me

Strangelove

I think I can remember of a picture in my eyes
Something of dreams that was taken away
I'm trying to remember
Through my clouded dull and restless mindThe thoughts, they try and stop me now
From finding a way like thorns in my way
It's something of dreams that was taken away
The return of the real meI feel I am recalling to a long forgotten time
I'm making out a clearing in my only once
But useless mind
Somewhere I had that was taken away
The return of the real meOh, the return of this frightened child
Who could see through their lives
Who could see what he liked
Just what he likedOh please, say you'll never leave here
Now I've found me after so long
Time for one to take things over
I can sleep now this is overPraise the return of the real me
Praise the return of the real me

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