Helium

Skyclad

Pray for my poor melancholy soul,
I've cried so many tears inside -
my head's a goldfish bowl.
A mood so depp - so far above you all,
With no one there to catch me if I fall.
This is your man in the street reporting,
and so far all we've got is that a regular guy is on a ledge up high -
he's had enough of an irregular lot.
And in World exclusive live tonight,
brought to you via satellite -
the last sane man heard frankly speaking
'but the 'ups and downs' of leaping.
He says...
Chorus:
I'm lighter than air - I haven't a care,
Still gravity pulls me under.
Credibility gaps - gullability fills -
They were bringing me down (no wonder).
Square pegs, round holes, last dregs, own goals -
Monkey puzzle my fist won't fit inside.
Ever day nothing new - black and white dja-vu,
Makes me feel I wann spread my wings and glide.
Should I look - should I leap from this unfairy story?
My life and my filofax flashing before me.
Fly like a rock from the roof to the basement,
The last thing to go through my mind is the pavement!
(Falling out of love with life).
Here's the latest newsflash update
on the Wall Street situation,
seems he wants to have his song played live upon our T.V. station.
It's a lyric he just wrote -
the bleatings of a social scapegoat,
Thirty years under the weather - at the end of a short tether.
It goes...
Chorus:
I'm lighter than air - I haven't a care,
Still gravity pulls me under.
Credibility gaps - gullability fills -
They were bringing me down (no wonder).

Square pegs, round holes, last dregs, own goals -
Monkey puzzle my fist won't fit inside.
Ever day nothing new - black and white dja-vu,
Makes me feel I wann spread my wings and glide.

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