

Tickets to What You Need

Badly Drawn Boy

I'm turning the lights down low, ready to make my move
Get you' tickets to what you need
I'm treading the borderlines and ruining people's lives
By giving them what they need You're quite right to ask what's wrong with me
You want to take a look at my head
Even I've been thinking what's wrong with me
I watch the news instead I'm turning Madonna down, I'm calling it my best move
I'll get her tickets to what she needs
I'm hugging my eiderdown, employing a microscope
To find you the things you need Now I'm ready to tell you what's wrong with me
I'm feeling the emptiness rise
And I'd trade the whole thing quite gladly
For something of similar size
Shape, color, weight, change your shirt, don't be late I'm turning the lights down low, ready to make my move
Get you tickets to what you need What's wrong with me?
What's wrong with me?
What's wrong with me?
What's wrong with me?

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