

Babble

The Cure

Oh nothing ever changes, nothing ever moves
And I swim around in circles in the same old lifeless room
And talk about the mirror man, the whispers in my ear again
The hot and sticky pillow man is smothering my face again Oh nothing ever changes, nothing ever moves
And I run around hysterical in dead persistent gloom
And babble out in simile like dog, head, monkey, music me
Shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up and let me breathe
Shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up and let me breathe Shut up
Shut up
Shut up
...

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