

Not So Manic Now

Dubstar

The wind's whistling
my mind's twisting
I was making myself the usual cup of tea
when the doorbell strangely rang
Because I've been up here for a while
I'm starting to feel the monotony of a tower block
I'm not so manic now
I can uphold the weight of those neighbours
& she's lifting & throwing to the wall
the post-natal harmonies of youth
when this younger man - 25
advantageously took away her pride
I staggered shaking slowly to the door
Through the frosted panel I can see you
Your intentions as a salesman truly crush
You endeavoured as a psycho just to push
& whilst lifting & throwing to the wall
my puny structure of an ageing OAP
No reason why you chose my flat
breathing deeply in a trance

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