

Misty Circles

Dead or Alive

An aggressive nature
Does not make
The weaker man a gladiator
Inside this misty circle Well, here's looking at you
And all your schemes are undone
And you just can't pull my ideas down Well, take a good look within
And this is no place for me
Oh, I just can't get my ideas down
They won't come down, down, down, down Look at this mist we're in
Oh Lord I do declare
I've got rusted guitar strings tangled around my hair And lately these days
I'm in so many empty spaces
I'm transfixed, I see these ugly faces
That pull me down, down, down, down Look at me
I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree
My heads in the clouds, yeah, I get misty
Just holding your hand What can you do when you don't seem to fit
You fall to bits inside all because of it
Blame it on some massive lack of confidence Three years from now where will I be?
Who will be behind me
Pulling me down, down down, down Well, I'm curious about
How I got to be wrapped around
The lines on someone's hand Won't you tell me realistically
How long can I expect to be
Inside this misty circle? Well, what can you do?
It don't seem to fit
Where can you go?
All because just this can cure me
This misty circle Look at me
I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree
My heads in the clouds, yeah
I get misty

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