# Criminal

## Ringside

Look at me
Im happy as can be
About the air in my lungs
And the stories Ive spunAbout being satisfied
Most of the time
Listening to the wind and the rain
Always wonderingWhy does everybody run away?
Tell me, tell me
When will I get myself straight
Help me, help me'Cos the good people I know
They come and they go
Talking bout hospitals
Making room for criminalsAnd they look at me
They think Im mad as can be
'Cos I got a criminal inside
That I just cant hideAnd Im frustrated
I try to medicate it
But nothings as strong
As the damage Ive doneWhy does everybody run away?
Tell me, tell me
When will I get myself straight
Help me, help me'Cos I live alone
With a criminal
I live aloneWhy does everybody run away?
Tell me, tell me
When will I get myself straight
Help me, help me'Cos my house aint a home
'Cos Im living alone
With a criminal

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