

Mad Man Song

Cibelle

He likes sipping his tea
Slowly from the tip of the tea pot
From the tip, when the pot is hot
When he's not lonely I'm lonely not, he has it his peers
I'm dancing around hands and
He sheds some tears
When she's not there He's quiet he is mad man
He's quiet without she mad man
Mad man Le lourd chagrin d'un cœur fragile et fou
D'extases va t'il me rendre souple
Comblant le vide, tenir le coup Attendant une nouvelle aurore sentimentale
M'abreuve de ce liquide la couleur pale
Mes verres vin se noient dans ma verveine
S'use mon latin perdre haleine Mad man walking down a string
Mad man walking down a string
Mad man walking down a string
Mad man walking down a string with reality Mad man walking down a string
Mad man walking down a string with reality
Mad man walking down a string
Mad man walking down a string with reality Mad man walking down her skin
The lady with the tea pot taking him within
He's going crazy with this long, long
There walking down the street
With this flower shirt, his loneliness and his thirst for tea Mad man walking down a string
Mad man walking down a string
Mad man walking down a string
Mad man walking down a string with reality Mad man walking down a string
Mad man walking down a string with reality
Mad man walking down a string
Mad man walking down a string with reality

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