Me And My Big Ideas

Tears For Fears

Me and my big ideas
Won't wash away your tears
No one else seems to mind
That I'm not that kind

Go get a volunteer
We'll pay him well my dear
He will see inside your mind
Because he is that kind

It's a southern kind of heat
The shadows crack and start to creep
Conversation drags its feet
I wish we'd both been more discreet
Like light that is caught between night and day
You're stuck between me and my

Me and my big ideas
Won't wash away your tears
So many strings to your bow
Why not let one go

Well they love you when you're weak
Bet they hate to see this winning streak
It's that thing we call control
There's a deep frustration in their soul
Black thoughts
That are stuck between someone's ears
Like me and my big ideas

So many strings to your bow
Why not let one go
In a way this dream is over
Blown away our four leaf clover

There's no reason why
Me and my big ideas
Won't wash away your tears
No one else seems to mind
That I'm not that kind

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