

# Hysterical

## Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

Here comes the newest apparition  
To set fire to all the flowers  
Now I should have known it was you who would call  
When vainly I escaped into the ever-changing rapids  
To your boat with a sign which read "get in and hold on."  
Hysterical  
Calls for luck  
Heal the weak  
We should just grow up  
And so I hid behind the dishes in the night

Until you woke to find me trembling like an emasculated dog  
There is no sense in even trying to track the weather pattern  
Is it better to leave than to blindly hold on?

Hysterical . . .  
Let me out  
Of the rain  
Let me down  
I want to make my last mistake  
Hysterical . . .

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