Criminal

Ringside

Look at me
I?m happy as can be
About the air in my lungs
And the stories I?ve spun
About being satisfied
Most of the time
Listening to the wind and the rain
Always wondering
Why 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 criminals
And they look at me
They think I?m mad as can be
'Cos I got a criminal inside
That I just can?t hide
And I?m frustrated
I try to medicate it
But nothing?s as strong
As the damage I?ve done
Why 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 alone
Why does everybody run away?
Tell me, tell me
When will I get myself straight
Help me, help me
'Cos my house ain?t a home
'Cos I?m living alone
With a criminal

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