

# 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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