Hanging Around

Mr. Moods

I wonder what it's like
Seeing through your eyes
You've offered me to have a try
But I was always late

The filters that I use
Give me an excuse
I take away what's real
I feel it and it blows my fuse

I hang around
For another round
I'm hanging around
For another round

I'm hanging on
To the same old song
I hang around
For another round

Until something stops me
I wonder what it's like
Walking by your side
To think before I talk

And to move at the same speed as you walk
I want to have a weight
To keep me in your state
I'm watching from above
I love it but it's not for me

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