Careful

Television

I jump outta bed and pull down the shade
I used to have such sweet dreams, now it's more like an air raid.
I see the opposition clear, I see them stare
I don't care, it doesn't matter to me, I never think about it
Slip out of myself like a shadow and somersault through walls
I can't tell, it's really so odd
Is this spring or fall?
Your wine is just sour grapes
Pour me a glass anytime I'm not thereCareful Careful
I'm not bitter I just get so sore
I need that girl more and more
'Cause when she whispers in my ear it gets so hard
It get's so hard to get out of bed
It's more than I can do.
If someone must work today, let it be you.
All this confusion hit me like a dare but I don't care.

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