

Me and My Big Ideas

Tears for Fears

Me and my big ideas
Won't wash away your tears
No one else seems to mind
That I'm not that kind
Go get a volunteer
We'll pay him well, my dear
He will see inside your mind
Because he is that kind
It's a southern kind of heat
The shadows crack and start to creep
Conversation drags its feet
I wish we'd both been more discreet
Like light that's caught between night and day
You're stuck between me and my
Me and my big ideas
Won't wash away your tears
So many strings to your bow
Why not let one go?
Well, they love you when you're weak
Bet they hate to see this winning streak
It's that thing we call control
There's a deep frustration in my soul
Black thoughts, they get stuck between someone's ears
Like me and my big ideas
So many strings to your bow
Why not let one go?
In a way, this dream is over
Blown away our four leaf clover
There's no reason why
There's just me and my
Me and my big ideas
Won't wash away your tears
No one else seems to mind
That I'm not that kind

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