

Questions

I have got this friend who's got this funny feeling
 He's looking at the world from somewhere on the ceiling
 People come and people go but no-one seems to see him
 It's nice up there there's room to spare, it must be nice to be him

I have got this friend who'd like to get to know you
 He sees you now and then and thinks it would be nice to
 Maybe have a meal or see a film or something no so formal
 Maybe hang around and talk a bit, pretend that we're both normal

There's a hundred thousand voices asking questions in my head
 And the fact that I still here them is the proof that I'm not dead.

I have got this friend who's always in a hurry
 Burns it at both ends but never seems to worry
 If at first you don't succeed, move on to something better
 If the problem gets too big, just run away fro ever

I have got this friend who's always asking questions
 Answers there are none but he's open to suggestions
 Crazy is a s crazy does and crazy does it better
 And crazy says it's quite alright to just go out and get her

There's a hundred thousand voices asking questions in my head
 And the fact that I still here them is the proof that I'm not dead.
 Yet.

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