

The Worrying Kind

Ark

Moves, I like to make them
Grooves, I like to shake them
Shake me from my troublesome mind
Cause sometimes you'll find
that I'm out of my mind
You see baby, I'm the worrying kind
Words, I like to break 'em
Words I'd like to shake 'em
Shake them from my troublesome mind
And you turn up your nose
It's a joke you suppose
But baby, I'm the worrying kind
So if you see me somewhere
With that glassy ol' stare
And the panic and fear in my eyes
Don't call for first aid or the fire brigade
Or the local police cause they wont care
I'm just a silly old boy with my head in the can
I'm just a mortal with potential of a superman
But what sense does it make
When i feel like a fake
When i'm saying to you all be good for goodness sake?
Words, I like to break 'em
Words I'd like to shake 'em
Shake them from my troublesome mind
And why? -Heaven knows, It's a joke I suppose
But baby, I'm the worryin' kind
So if you see me somewhere
With that glassy ol' stare
And the panic and fear in my eyes
Don't call for first aid or the fire brigade
Or the local police cause they wont care
I'm just silly old boy with my head in the can
I'm just a mortal with potential of a superman
But what sense does it make
When i feel like a fake
When i'm saying to you all be good for goodness sake?
Ooh! Words, I like to break 'em
Words I'd like to shake 'em
Shake them from my troublesome mind
And why? Heaven knows,
It's Gods joke I suppose
But baby, I'm the worryin' kind
And You turn up your nose
And you say it's a pose
But Baby, I'm the worryin' kind
Yeah sometimes I'm blind
I'm just out of my mind
Baby, I'm the worryin' kind