

Angst Mary

Bret Michaels

Child is born from the act of love
And woman dies from the act of love
Something ain't right around here

Laugh at a man when he's alive
And then cry for him when he dies
Something ain't right around here

Still I dream of sex, still I dream of sex
Maybe, baby, I don't belong around here
Maybe, baby, I don't fit in around here
Maybe I don't belong and things just got a way too clear

Generation lost in space
Blame it on the old rat race
Something ain't right around here

Staring up at my ceiling fan
It go round and round, yes I am
Wondering what I'm going to do tonight

Still I dream of you, still I dream of you
Maybe, baby, I don't belong around here
Maybe I don't fit in, child I don't fit in around here
Maybe I don't belong in things
It got a way too hunh, hunh, hunh...

Will you be my girl tonight
And can I walk along the beach and hold your hand softly
Mary opened up her arms and said come to me, come to me, come to
o me

I'm still right here and it' all so clear
Something seems right around here
I'm still right here and it all seems all so clear
Something seems right around round here

Now I dream of you, now I dream of you
Baby, baby, I do belong right here
Maybe, child, I do fit in around here
Maybe I always fit in
My head was just a bit unclear