Had a friend he would spend all his time going mad You never heard more absurd, his new versions of 'crazy horses'

Finger to the head, everybody said he was cracked And he was out there, but somehow he always came back Back to zero Then he got put away up to the hospital Back to zero They let him out -- Now he's got nothing to say The lesson learnt was to never return to that place Creating fear with control of your character on prescription Now he smiles like his files are being held to his face If he did resist a bit it wouldn't fit and there he goes again Back to zero He plays it safe but feels deranged Back to zero Just waiting for the call -- We're taking all you know away They call you mad, feed you drugs, say you're cured and you're To keep in line with the threat they can do as they please Scapegoats for the rest of us until we sus it's all you & me In and out of institutions, repetition & exclusion Lies they sell you Make you doubt your sanity But when they tell you You must come back where you've just been You'll have no chance to tell them "No! I'm O.K. now!" Back to zero "No! I'm O.K. now!" Back to zero Back to zero Back to zero "No! I'm O.K. now!" Back to zero Back to zero Back to zero

"No! I'm O.K. now!"