

Not So Manic Now

Dubstar

The wind's whistling
My mind's twisting
I was making myself the usual cup of tea
When the doorbell strangely rang

Because I've been up here for a while
I'm starting to feel the monotony of the tower block
I'm not so manic now
I can uphold the weight of those neighbours

And she's lifting and throwing to the wall
The post-natal harmonies of youth
When this younger man, twenty-five
Advantageously took away her pride

The wind's whistling
My mind's twisting
I was making myself the usual cup of tea
When the doorbell strangely rang

I staggered shaking slowly to the door
Through the frosted panel I could see you
Your intentions as a salesman truly crush
You endeavored as a psycho just to push

And whilst lifting and throwing to the wall
My puny structure of an aging OAP
No reason why you chose my flat
Breathing deeply in a trance

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