

He Knows You Know

Marillion

Light switch, yellow fever, crawling up your bathroom wall
Singing psychedelic praises to the depths of a china bowl
You've got venom in your stomach, you've got poison in your head

You should have listened to the priest at the confession
When he offered you the sacred bread
He knows, you know, he knows, you know
He knows, you know, but he's got problems

Fast feed, crystal fever, swarming through a fractured mind
Chilling needles freeze emotion, the blind shall lead the blind
You've got venom in your stomach, you've got poison in your head
When your conscience whispered, the vein lines stiffened
You were walking with the dead

He knows, you know, he knows, you know, he knows, you know
He's got experience, he's got experience, he knows, you know
But he's got problems, problems, problems

He knows... slash wrist, scarlet fever, crawled under your bathroom door
Pumping arteries ooze their problems through the gap that the razor tore
You've got venom in your stomach, you've got poison in your head
You should have listened to your analyst's questions
When you lay on his leather bed

He knows, you know, he knows, you know
He knows, you know, but he's got problems

Blank eyes, purple fever, streaming through the frosted pane
You learned your lesson far too late from the links in a chemist chain
You've got venom in your stomach, you've got poison in your head
You should have stayed at home and talked with father
Listen to the lies he fed

He knows, you know, he knows, you know,
He knows, you know, but he's got problems
He knows, you know, he knows, you know, he knows, you know
He's got experience, he's got experience, he knows, you know
You know, you know, you know