

Take it to your doctor, and he says you're fine
Stare into the clouds to find a dotted line
Line up with the others, we all look the same
Finger to your chest, there's no name

Help, I'm feeling low down
There's one thing left to try now
Help, I'm shaking with a lonesome sound
I'm wrung out like a towel turned dry
Help, I'm feeling low down
There's one thing left to try now
I'm out in it shouting "help"

Wade into the water for a kiss and tell
Spilling out your secrets into the wishing well
If it's bad enough to change, just say it
If it's raining more and you've had enough rain

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I'm out in it, shouting it
I'm out in it shouting "help"

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