

Born Yesterday

Nik Kershaw

Can't shake the monkey on my back
Can't lose my luggage in the friendly skies
Can't tell the good guys from the bad
Can't hear the music for the background noise

Wish I was born yesterday
Born yesterday
I would be naked in every sense
I would be blissful in innocence
If I was born yesterday

Can't look a stranger in the eye
Can't reach the knife between my shoulder blades
Can't fall asleep for wondering why
Can't keep awake to man the barricades

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All this stuff inside my head
Wish I could remember to forget
I find my thrill but lose my thread again

Can't say the words, they make me choke
Can't hear the punchline for the joke
Can't see the trees for all the smoke
Can't feel the love
Can't feel the love for all the hate
Can't taste the dinner I just ate
For all the ketchup on the plate

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