Latent Psychosis

Peter and the Test Tube Babies

Waiting for the bus, on a cold windy day, staring around someth ing strange underway. Heart beats wild going blind, I can't walk I try to fly.

Latent psychosis, latent, it's back again.

Brought down in the box this could put us one up,blood sugar le vel is on it's way up Breathing in deeply to take the spot kick, something inside my brain just clicked.

Hanging around in a bar down town, place is packed sweating peo ple around. Things you say the things I see, all begin to puzzle me.