

Don't like the look of this old town  
What goes up must come down  
Character is lost and found  
On unfamiliar playing ground

Get out of My World  
What in the world

Shoe boxed around the rifle range  
Have all your functions rearranged  
Your mind and body gagged and bound  
On a new familiar playing ground  
The ordinary will ignore  
Whatever they cannot explain  
As if nothing ever happened  
And everything remained the same again

What in the world  
What in the world  
What in the world  
Get out of my world  
Get out of my world  
Get out of my world

Open your mouth now

Secret sirens and knowing looks  
these sunny days will cook the books  
Happy to take the misery  
This mortal life can bring to me  
Don't like the look of this old town  
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What in the world  
What in the world  
What in the world  
What in, get out, get out  
Get out of my world  
What in the world

Palaces, barricades, threats meet promises