

# Helium

Skyclad

Pray for my poor melancholy soul,  
I've cried so many tears inside -  
My head's a goldfish bowl.  
A mood so deep - so far above you all,  
With no one there to catch me if i fall.

This is your man in the street reporting,  
And so far all we've got is that a regular guy is on a ledge up high  
-  
He's had enough of the irregular lot.  
And in the World exclusive live tonight  
Brought to you via satelilite -  
The last sane man heard frankly speaking  
'bout the 'ups and downs' of leaping  
He says...

[Chorus:]

I'm lighter than air - i haven't a care,  
Still gravity poulls me under,  
Credibility gaps - gullability fills -  
They were bringing me down (no wonder)  
Square pegs, round holes, last dregs, own goals  
Monkey puzzle my fist won't fot inside  
Every day nothing new, black and white deja-vu,  
Makes me feel i wanna spread my wings and glide.

Should i look - should i leap from this unfairy story?  
My life and my filofax flashing before me  
Fly like a rock from the roof to the basement,  
The last thing to go through my mind was the pavement!

(Falling out of love with life.)

Here's the latest news flash update  
on the wall street situation  
Seems he wants to have his song played live upon our T.V station  
It's a lyric he just wrote  
The bleatings of a social scapegoat,  
Thirty years under the weather - at the end of a SHORT TETHER  
it goes...

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