

## E Too D

### Small Faces

Sometimes I feel  
Like a frustrated child  
I got everything I want  
And there's nothing that I need  
I can't stop my brain from running wild  
Running wild, from running wild  
My brain, my brain is running wild

Sometimes I'm looking somewhere  
And I don't like what I see  
Seems like my soul is made of paper  
So I took a look outside myself  
Trying to get myself together  
Things have changed, now I find  
I've just been messing, messing up my mind

So now my troubles are all over  
And I'm pleased to find  
That I was right and they were wrong  
I have messed up my mind  
You see those colors, hear those voices  
[?]