

Ok

SOFT PLAY

Burning holes in the back of my head  
There are times when you wish I was dead  
Night falls and we get into bed  
And it's OK, OK, OK, OK  
Blood stains on the door to your place  
Walk in and greet the floor with your face  
What a mess, what an utter disgrace  
But it's OK, OK, OK, OK

OK, OK  
OK, OK, OK, OK, O-K

I get the feeling that you're selling me off  
Start a conversation with a sniff and a cough  
It can't be helping that I'm coming off soft, but  
I'll deal with it  
Part ways for a day, maybe two  
Code red, now we're back in the blue  
The road's blocked, we can't see a way through  
But it's OK, OK, OK, OK

OK, OK  
OK, OK, OK, OK, O-K

I'm OK, I'm fine  
I'm dealing with it  
I'm just OK  
OK

Burning holes in the back of my head  
There are times when I wish you were dead  
But it's OK