

# 999, Titanic (My Over) Reaction

Going round on the circle line  
Trying to find a way out  
People stare like they've seen a ghost  
You know it leaves me in doubt  
What I say and the way I dress  
It's got nothing to do with the need to impress  
I got on appetite to hold on tight  
Thinking loud may hurt I'm on the alert  
Titanic reaction  
An eccentric attraction  
Titanic reaction  
It's a kind of distraction  
Short comings bring me to my knees  
I don't know but when  
It gets there I just freeze  
Let me out let me go who wants to know  
There's a pain but no sympathy for  
Eyes in the dark become flashing lamps  
Today I met someone with  
An interest I stamps  
Proportions distortions  
With no questions asked  
Thinking aloud may hurt I'm on the alert  
A grin just becomes a crack in my face  
What dislodged amusement is this I can taste  
Confusions illusions whose side are they on  
Thinking aloud may hurt I'm on the alert