

# Loch Lomond, Tic

I'm spelling a word: appeal  
there's more than enough for you  
but not enough for me

I'm just like a fan  
I'm spinning around this room  
oh, I'm touching all the pictures  
and spreading my perfume

but just like a tic  
I'm swelling for a bed  
oh, I want you like I told you  
and I'll take you like I should

who lied bearing down  
who lied bearing down  
oh-oh  
who lied bearing down  
who lied bearing down

I'm just like the man  
who was born without blood  
he's afraid of the city  
he's afraid of the sun

but not like his friend  
who was born without feet  
but he lived in that city  
and he died in the sun

who lied bearing down  
who lied bearing down  
oh-oh  
who lied bearing down  
who lied bearing down

I'm just like their son  
who walked with a limp  
oh, he's screaming from his window  
and his screaming won't stop

screaming:  
I am not an animal  
and I am not an animal  
he cried

screaming:  
I am not an animal  
and I am not an animal  
he cried

singing:  
I am not an animal  
and I am not an animal  
he cried