## 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 screming 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