

# Mad Dog Loose, Back Into History

Well I can listen to your whisper in the morning in a fight  
And squeeze your Bahamas for a sentimental delight  
Well does it really seem to matter in the words that I can shape  
And say the way you understand  
Like water running down into your private lake  
Stay up all night  
Multicoloured and bright  
She's coming down to me  
Keep me running wild  
Forgotten stories to write  
Back into history  
Well am I really only talking to listen to myself  
And touch the electricity  
Of words combining thought about the way you felt  
And then we're swinging in a circle moment circus of a day  
Run into each other smashing secrets all about out little crossing way  
Stay up all night  
Multicoloured and bright  
She's coming down to me  
Keep me running wild  
Forgotten stories to write  
Back into history