

Neurotica, Don't Blow It Away

All the wrecks inside, seem to seep right in
Through the pores of a normal everyday man
Wakes to small bare trees and november leaves
When in fact its the warm sunny spring time

Don't blow it away son

Neutral feeling glide, through the reeling
Hide all your fears inside of each other
Wakes to pouring rain, and the icy plains
When in fact its the glorious springtime

Don't blow it away son

All the wrecks inside seem to seep right in
Through the pores of a normal everyday man
Once your vision sees what the others see
Won't awake to be what we'd hoped to see
Once your vision sees what the others see
Maybe then we could split apart the meanings
Won't awake to be what we'd hoped to see
Why in fact could you not see the sunshine