

Noa, Paranoia

Lyrics: Achinoam Nini (Noa), Ron Mizrachy, Gil Dor
Music: Achinoam Nini (Noa)

Paranoia is a bad disease
Paranoia, has got me on my knees
I've got a patented pad-lock on my toilet door
Gonna hold that box of matches,
Just to make sure

It's really quiet, and that's as weird as hell
I'll check on Frieda, my neighbour, and see if she is well
I don't think twice,
Call Tel Aviv vice
And throw on a fashionable bulletproof vest

Underneath my bed, what horror lies in store?
A big green monster! Who is she looking for?!?

Axe in the door, the mailman rings
(Could it be the phone bill, and other awful things?)
They sent an ambulance to take old Frieda away
(She was really ga-ga*, for all I can say)
Paranoia, man, it's really mean
Why do I always make an awful scene?

Underneath my bed, what horror lies in store?
A big green monster! Who is he looking for?!?

Clean a windowpane, and I'm in pain
I see a cop and opt to take religion up again
Check every corner, I never miss a glance,
Any squeak or peeks enough to put me in a trance!
(Down town baby the girls wear blue
They wear black silk stocking and high heels too
And red-hot lipstick, it makes me afraid
To be simple and true,
So I learn it from you)

Finally, I quit, and then, who would believe?
I realized that paranoids had filled up Tel Aviv

I say, no need to fear,
Paranoia's dead.
Take a minute or an hour
With some shampoo in the shower,
Clear it all out of your head

* slang for crazy