

The Ark, The Worrying Kind

Moves, I like to make 'em
Grooves, I like to shake 'em
Shake 'em from my troublesome mind
'Cause sometimes you'll find
That I'm out of my mind
You see baby, I'm the worrying kind

Words, I'd like to break 'em
Words, I like to shake 'em
Shake 'em from my troublesome mind
And you turn up your nose
It's a joke you suppose
But baby, I'm the worrying kind

So if you see me somewhere
With that glassy ol' stare
And the panic and fear in my eyes
Don't call for first aid or the fire brigade
Or the local police 'cause they won't care
I'm just a silly old boy with my head in the can
Just a mortal with potential of a superman
But what sense does it make
When I feel like a fake
When I'm saying to you all be good for goodness sake?

Words, I like to break 'em
Words, I'd like to shake 'em
Shake 'em from my troublesome mind
And why? Heaven knows
It's a joke I suppose
But baby, I'm the worrying kind

So if you see me somewhere
With that glassy ol' stare
And the panic and fear in my eyes
Don't call for first aid or the fire brigade
Or the local police 'cause they won't care
I'm just a silly old boy with my head in the can
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But what sense does it make
When I feel like a fake
When I'm saying to you all be good for goodness sake?

Oh, words, I like to shake 'em
Words, I'd like to break 'em
Shake 'em from my troublesome mind
And why? Heaven knows
It's a joke I suppose
But baby, I'm the worrying kind

And you turn up your nose
And you say it's a pose
But baby, I'm the worrying kind

Yeah, sometimes I'm blind
I'm just out of my mind
Baby, I'm the worrying kind