

Art Of Noise, Paranoimia

Relax. You're quite safe here.

Dm-dm-dm-dm-dm-Am I dreaming?

No.

Where am I?

In bed?

Well, what am I doing?

oh. t-t-t-talking to myself.

Look, I must have a star on my door.

Or better still, a door-a doo-a door.

ah, swing doors up.

o-o-o-okay doors.

Swing.

Paranoimia

Swing.

Paranoimia

Swing.

Now I know I'm dreaming

dreaming dreaming dreaming dreaming dreaming.

hmmm. How do I get to slllleeeep

I'll count those bars on the window.

1 - 2 - 3 sleep.

Paranoimia

Paranoimia

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ParaParanoimia

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ParaParanoimia

How do I get - how do I get to sleep?

Please let me sleep.

Po-po-poetry. That'll work

Come sweet slumber, enshroud me in thy purple cloak.

Hm. Doesn't even rhyme.

Is that my teas made?

Paranoimia paranoi-

I can't stand tea.

Teateateateateateateateateateateate tea tea

Tea.

Noimia

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Paranoimia Paranoi-

Ahhhhh.

Happy Harry's High Club.

How do I ggget to sleep?

Trust me. trust me.
Trust me.

Trust me.

Trust me.