

# Colin Hay, Circles Erratica

sometimes i'm invisible  
i'm nowhere to be seen  
kick like a tin can in the shape of a man  
try so hard to break in so i can burst out  
perspectives ever changing leaving me in doubt

i've got a chronic disorder  
i'm balanced between  
the edge of a razor  
trying to cut clean  
i've got my eyes on the road  
i'm trying to keep steady  
i've got my hands on the wheel  
i feel i'm nearly ready

hope that me who's dreaming  
and that's not me who's screaming  
want to wake up warm  
in a tattered down torn  
still for all the killing  
there's nobody winning  
i want to spit it out  
i want to scream and shout

lying in the gutter  
i heard someone mutter  
we'll creep in the shadows  
trying to get home  
like the swing in the see-saw  
hard to keep steady  
with some rearranging  
i feel i'm nearly ready

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i'm nowhere to be seen  
kick like a tin can into a sugarade man  
hope that me who's dreaming  
and that's not me who's screaming  
want to wake up warm  
in a tattered down torn  
lying in the gutter  
i heard someone mutter  
we'll creep in the shadows  
trying to get home  
i've got my eyes on the road  
i'm trying to keep steady  
i've got my hands on the wheel  
i feel i'm nearly ready