

# Curt Smith, I Don't Want To Be Around

I don't want to be around  
When you come down  
I don't want to be around

You shine  
You keen  
You're nowhere in between  
You rise  
And phase  
On dead-wood days

I don't want to be around  
When you come down  
I don't want to be around

You blind  
You' glaze  
You fire until you craze  
You are my  
Malaise  
On dead-wood days

Parading Pollyanna's blister and hide away  
You're valedictory and vertigo eyed today  
Your grace with gravity is starting to slide

You sway  
You wind  
From torment to define  
You pray  
You find  
A paradigm to redefine  
You take  
You find  
It all goes by

I don't want to be around