

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