

Dubstar, Not So Manic Now

The wind's whistling
My mind's twisting
I was making myself the usual cup of tea
When the doorbell strangely rang
Because I've been up here for a while
I'm starting to feel the monotony of the tower block
I'm not so manic now
I can uphold the weight of those neighbours
And she's lifting and throwing to the wall
The post-natal harmonies of youth
When this younger man, twenty-five
Advantageously took away her pride
The wind's whistling
My mind's twisting
I was making myself the usual cup of tea
When the doorbell strangely rang
I staggered shaking slowly to the door
Through the frosted panel I could see you
Your intentions as a salesman truly crush
You endeavoured as a psycho just to push
And whilst lifting and throwing to the wall
My puny structure of an ageing OAP
No reason why you chose my flat
Breathing deeply in a trance
The wind's whistling
My mind's twisting
I was making myself the usual cup of tea
When the doorbell strangely rang
I'm not so manic now (not so manic now)
I'm not so manic now (not so manic now)
I'm not so manic now (not so manic now)
I'm not so manic now (not so manic now)
Because I've been up here for a while
I'm starting to feel the monotony of the tower block
I'm not so manic now
I can uphold the weight of those neighbours
And she's lifting and throwing to the wall
The post-natal harmonies of youth
When this younger man, twenty-five
Advantageously took away her pride
I'm not so manic now
I'm not so manic now
I'm not so manic now
I'm not so manic now
Not so manic now
I'm not so manic now
I'm not so manic now
Not so manic now
I'm not so manic now
I'm not so manic now
Not so manic now
I'm not so manic now
I'm not so manic now
Not so manic now
I'm not so manic now
I'm not so manic now
Not so manic now