

# Dubstar, Not So Manic Now (Way Out West Mix)

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