

Michael Andrews, Mad World

All around me are familiar faces
Worn out places - worn out faces
Bright and early for their daily races
Going nowhere - going nowhere
And their tears are filling up their glasses
No expression - no expression
Hide my head I want to drown my sorrow
No tomorrow - no tomorrow

And I find it kind of funny
I find it kind of sad
The dreams in which I'm dying
Are the best I've ever had
I find it hard to tell you
'Cos I find it hard to take
When people run in circles
It's a very, very Mad World

Children waiting for the day they feel good
Happy Birthday - Happy Birthday
Made to feel the way that every child should
Sit and listen - sit and listen
Went to school and I was very nervous
No one knew me - no one knew me
Hello teacher tell me what's my lesson
Look right through me - look right through me

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