

# Natasha Bedingfield, We're All Mad

Oh, I think the lady did protest too much  
She wouldn't take the flower from my hand  
She only saw the shadow of my circumstance  
Perception can describe what makes a man

I didn't mean to interrupt your stride  
But a rose was all I had to give  
Sometimes beauty isn't recognised  
When it contrasts with what you feel inside

Who's to say the darkened clouds must lead to rain  
Who's to say the problems should just go away  
Who's to point a finger at what's not understood

Because, we're all mad in our own way  
Colours fade the grey away  
Different people all the same  
Each reveals the meaning  
We're all mad in our own way  
Fill the sky with different shades  
Read the story on each page  
Each reveals the meaning

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Sometimes I think I over analyse  
As if I can't control the time and place  
Life isn't something you try on for size  
You can't love without the give and take

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Oh, each reveals the meaning  
Oh oh oh yeah, oh

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