

Pentatonix, 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

Their tears are filling up their glasses.
No expression
No expression

Hide my head I want to drown my sorrow
No tommorow
No tommorow

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
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

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
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Mad World
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