

# Poison, Angst Mary

Child is born from the act of love  
And woman dies from the act of love  
Something ain't right around here

Laugh at a man when he's alive  
And then cry for him when he dies  
Something ain't right around here

Still I dream of sex, still I dream of sex  
Maybe, baby, I don't belong around here  
Maybe, baby, I don't fit in around here  
Maybe I don't belong and things just got a way too clear

Generation lost in space  
Blame it on the old rat race  
Something ain't right around here

Staring up at my ceiling fan  
It go round and round, yes I am  
Wondering what I'm going to do tonight

Still I dream of you, still I dream of you  
Maybe, baby, I don't belong around here  
Maybe I don't fit in, child I don't fit in around here  
Maybe I don't belong in things  
It got a way too hunh, hunh, hunh...

Will you be my girl tonight  
And can I walk along the beach and hold your hand softly  
Mary opened up her arms and said come to me, come to me, come to me

I'm still right here and it' all so clear  
Something seems right around here  
I'm still right here and it all seems all so clear  
Something seems right around round here

Now I dream of you, now I dream of you  
Baby, baby, I do belong right here  
Maybe, child, I do fit in around here  
Maybe I always fit in  
My head was just a bit unclear