

Strangelove, The Return Of The Real Me

I think I can remember of a picture in my eyes
Something of dreams that was taken away
I'm trying to remember through my clouded dull and restless mind
The thoughts they try and stop me now
From finding a way
Like thorns in my way
It's something of dreams that was taken away
The return of the real me
I feel I am recalling to a long-forgotten time
I'm making out a clearing in my only once but useless mind
Somewhere I had that was taken away
The return of the real me
Oh, the return
Of this frightened child
Who could see through their lives
Who could see what he liked
Just what he liked
Oh please say you'll never leave here
Now I've found me after so long
Time for one to take things over
I can sleep now this is over
Praise the return of the real me
Praise the return of the real me