

Sweet Noise, Madman

I've been watchin' Mr. Madman
Through my old pink glasses all night
And what I 've seen I called
The last state of bliss I

His eyes've been watchin' something
That I could hardly see
The cold smile seemed
Seemed like a mask

Don't look at me
I'm what you'll be
Don't look at me
I'm bad
A bad one
Yes, I am

I said I'm not afraid
He said I've felt the same
I've heard a story 'bout
Story of fortune and fame I liked it
Sharp, painful words came like rain on me
And I've felt the cold
So could it be...

Don't look at me

He closed an eye
And I heard a whisper
Everybody's got the right to live and try...
Try to write a book before he sees the end
Try to write a book if he wanna to leave a sign'

I'm bad
A bad one