

# Tears For Fears, Me And My Big Ideas

Me and my big ideas  
Won't wash away your tears  
No one else seems to mind  
That I'm not that kind

Go get a volunteer  
We'll pay him well my dear  
He will see inside your mind  
Because he is that kind

It's a southern kind of heat  
The shadows crack and start to creep  
Conversation drags its feet  
I wish we'd both been more discreet  
Like light that is caught between night and day  
You're stuck between me and my

Me and my big ideas  
Won't wash away your tears  
So many strings to your bow  
Why not let one go

Well they love you when you're weak  
Bet they hate to see this winning streak  
It's that thing we call control  
There's a deep frustration in their soul  
Black thoughts  
That are stuck between someone's ears  
Like me and my big ideas

So many strings to your bow  
Why not let one go  
In a way this dream is over  
Blown away our four leaf clover

There's no reason why  
Me and my big ideas  
Won't wash away your tears  
No one else seems to mind  
That I'm not that kind