

# The Divine Comedy, Mastermind

Every pupil in the classroom will answer the same if you ask them  
Every mouth shout the message out as one  
Every girl weeps like the willow, every boy cries into his pillow  
Every tear disappears in the morning sun  
You don't need an indie song to figure out what's going on

Tell me that I'm normal, tell me that I'm sane  
Tell me that you feel this too  
All the dreams that we have had are gonna prove that we're not mad to you

Every nose is a vacuum cleaner in the loved-up London arena  
Every eye flies a dollar sign for me  
Every tongue will wag if you want it, every lung has a shadow on it  
Every heart comes apart at the seams  
You don't need a mastermind to read between the long white lines  
Tell me that I'm normal, tell me that I'm sane  
Tell me that you feel this too  
All the dreams that we have had are gonna prove that we're not mad to you

Well we all need reassurance as we play life's game of endurance  
Like a nice cup of tea or a cigarette  
But don't lean too long on your crutches or you'll fall straight into the clutches  
Of those who see free expression as a threat  
You don't need a law degree to set your mind and spirit free  
So tell me what the hell is normal and who the hell is sane?  
And why the hell care anyway?  
All the dreams that we have had are gonna prove that we're all mad and that's OK