

# The Tea Party, Gyroscope

Come face to face with it  
Pushed on your side  
Lose all your selfcontrol  
Worlds will collide

Inside out, you can't cope  
My gyroscope

Witness the fall from grace  
You shed your skin  
Change if it pleases you  
Just don't give in

Inside out, you can't cope  
My gyroscope

Quiet now she said  
you're waking up the dead  
I cradle the excuse  
In love with the abuse so..  
I handle it with ease  
its a dignified disease  
Slow down

Soul searching breaks you down  
You'll never learn  
Annihilate yourself  
All things must burn

Inside out you can't cope  
My gyroscope