Wildhearts, Caprice

Mix-up, stop, start Wait a minute Shut down

Losing the plot Losing the plot Losing the plot 'Til there's nothing to see but the ground

Head inside a rut It's like my mind is shut I hope I cope this time

Drink and drugs will only amplify I've still got the music so let's give it a try

Sounds that can soothe you Sounds that can move you and improve you child

Caprice

Help me see this pain Doesn't matter I'm fine

No one gets me, I don't get me No one gets me, I don't get me I just need a little time

Head inside a rut The mental link is cut I'm holding on for life

No one knows what to say Guess they wouldn't make a difference anyway

Friends they can use you and abuse you child

But never be denied Like circles in the sky Heaven ain't rolling, rolling, rolling

Caprice