

# Zounds, Knife

I can look in the mirror and not recognize  
The reflection that is appearing on the other side  
I know that hat and that coat that shirt and that tie  
But I can't seem to remember who's been living inside

Sometimes I think I'll go and get a knife  
And cut all of my clothes down in to rags  
Sometimes I think I'll take a holiday  
From wearing my opinions like a badge

Well I've been down on the pavement I've been shopping for clothes  
But it's just one uniform then another all standing in rows  
A new outfit a new outlook another show  
I shed one skin from my body then another one grows

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