

Peter Gordon

"Social Competence"

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As I ran past you in the reception room
I can tense no bitterness can sense no gloom
Are you all this happy?
Or what has escaped me?

As I clear my throat, I mystify
I cut out the essentials, but I never lie
It's no act of random
It's calculated boredom

And when you leave me alone
I pick up the phone to dial
There's someone I know
Who knows how I look when I cry

When I try to get a minute's express
There is always someone trying to do their best
To exhaust me completely
Though they phrase it sweetly

Someone dog or someone's new wed kid
What they didn't do or what they did
Too much information
For one brain to sustain

And specially when it doesn't
make sense to me
'Cause when I try to be sincere
to come a bit near, they leave

I don't wanna talk to you
Talk to you
About the things you do
About your weekend
I don't hear your voice
Make that noise
But I have no choice

There's a chance I know what I might lack
It's a competence you need to cope
In a world gone colder

Thought the surface is hot as hell

There are smiles on parade
But nine out of ten's a fake
And in lessons in self-help all
you really learn is to escape

I don't wanna talk to you
Talk to you
About the things you do
About your weekend
I don't hear your voice
Make that noise
But I have no choice

There's not enough air here
Disappear
Or conceal
That you just want to hear your voice
Make that noise
Leave me out of it, leave me out of it

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