

XTC

"I'm Bugged"

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I'm bugged, you all look like insects
In your brand new sun specs
I'm bugged, I'm bugged

I drop a little note through my sympathetics door
I think I'm going ga ga, I just can't take anymore
At first I see 'em swarming from a dark and midnight
nest
And when I see 'em fiddling, well, I think you've
guessed the rest

I'm bugged, you all look like insects
In your brand new sun specs
I'm bugged, I'm bugged

I wake up in a cold sweat and I run into the street
And just like in my nightmare they are jiggling at my
feet
I take a dead man's lighter and I burn them to the floor
But where there was a dozen there are now a hundred
more

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