

Ark, The "The Worrying Kind"

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Moves, I like to make 'em
Grooves, I like to shake 'em
Shake 'em from my troublesome mind

'Cause sometimes you'll find
that I'm out of my mind
You see, baby, I'm the worrying kind

Words, I like to break 'em
Words I'd like to shake 'em
Shake 'em from my troublesome mind

And you turn up your nose
It's a joke you suppose
But baby, I'm the worrying kind

So if you see me somewhere
With that glassy ol' stare
And the panic and fear in my eyes
Don't call for first aid or the fire brigade
Or the local police 'cause they won't care
I'm just a silly old boy with my head in the can
Just a mortal with potential of a superman
But what sense does it make
When I feel like a fake
When I'm saying to you all, be good for goodness
sake?

Words, I like to break 'em
Words I'd like to shake 'em
Shake 'em from my troublesome mind
And why? - Heaven knows, it's a joke I suppose
But baby, I'm the worrying kind
Yeah!

So if you see me somewhere
With that glassy ol' stare
And the panic and fear in my eyes
Don't call for first aid or the fire brigade
Or the local police 'cause they won't care
I'm just silly old boy with my head in the can

Just a mortal with potential of a superman
But what sense does it make
When I feel like a fake
When I'm saying to you all, be good for goodness
sake?

Ooh, words, I like to break 'em
Words I'd like to shake 'em
Shake 'em from my troublesome mind
And why? - Heaven knows,
It's a joke I suppose
But baby, I'm the worrying kind

And you turn up your nose
And you say it's a pose
But baby, I'm the worrying kind

Yeah, sometimes I'm blind
I'm just out of my mind
Baby, I'm the worrying kind
Ooh, ooh, ooh, oh-yeah...

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