

## **Badly Drawn Boy** **"Tickets to What You Need"**

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I'm turning the lights down low  
Ready to make my move  
Get you tickets to what you need  
I'm treading the borderlines  
And ruining people's lives by giving them what they  
need  
You're quite right to ask what's wrong with me  
You want to take a look at my head  
Even I've been thinking what's wrong with me  
I watch the news instead

I'm turning Madonna down  
I'm calling it my best move  
I'll get her tickets to what she needs  
I'm hugging my eiderdown  
Employing a microscope

To find you the things you need

Now I'm ready to tell you what's wrong with me  
I'm feeling the emptiness rise  
And I'd trade the whole thing quite gladly  
For something of similar size  
Shape, colour, weight, change your shirt, don't be late.

I'm turning the lights down low  
Ready to make my move  
Get you tickets to what you need

What's wrong with me, What's wrong with me?  
What's wrong with me, What's wrong with me?

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