

Circle "Madman"

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So you left the town that you grew up in
A change of scene won't do you in
Nothing wrong with some innocent sin.
You're not working anyway
So what if night becomes day?
Come meet the Madman.
Come greet the Madman.

So you choose a life that's free and loose
Your new cool friend is just a recluse
It don't feel like your head's in a noose.
But now it's so dark inside.
Reruns your only light.
Hang with the Madman.
Comforting Madman.

Shake off the dust, go get a drink
Down on the street ain't no need to think
As you stand at the edge and look over the brink.
Order another shot
Endless is what you got.
So says the Madman.
All knowing Madman.

The hands on the clock spin round 'n' round
But after awhile they will slow down
And then crash to a halt making a thunderous sound,
Clanging inside your head,
Filling you up with dread
Where is the Madman?
Can't find the Madman.

After a while you just go to sleep
You consider that maybe your new friend's a creep
But it's hard to think clearly when you're in so deep.
The Madman would know what to do
He wouldn't lie to you.
Talk to the Madman.
Talk to the Madman.

Starting to sweat and seeing the flash
The room all around is filled with trash

You then realize that you ain't got no cash.
So you steal what you need right now.
Who'll miss it anyhow?
Won't be the Madman
No, not the Madman.

This time of the year ain't quite like the last
Hours into days into weeks months have passed
It started out easy but happened so fast.
Your friends don't come 'round no more
Just the creep and you know what for.
Him and the Madman.
Always the Madman.

You feel that rush run up your spine
And you hear that faint, high metallic whine
Then you see the future of all mankind,
But it's only three minutes long.
Then you feel all so wrong.
Look for the Madman
Where is the Madman?

All the toxic waste that's in your brain
Floating out and then back again
You feel left out 'til you don't know when.
Is this what it means to live?
Is this all he got to give?
Goddamn the Madman.
We hate the Madman.

Test pattern is all that's on TV
Ain't got the strength to clean the sheets
And the blood runs red out in the street.
Best to stay inside
In here we can hide.
Wait for the Madman
Soon it's the Madman.

Then the ghost of death pounds on the door
You hear the knocks as you lay on the floor
Wonderin' what he's been waiting for,
And you finally get some peace,
Some blessed sweet relief.
No more Madman.
Ain't no more Madman.

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