

Civilian Death Machine

"Mad"

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Resting like a leaf
On a dead end street
Blowing from the north
Comes a howlin' wind
Moving through the picture
Like a celluloid hero
Going to make it happen
If it makes me a zero.

Listen to the voice inside your head,
But never ever speak it, 'cause they'll call you mad.

Find me a winner
In the middle of winter
Sending home the loser
Never missed you through summer
Moving through the picture
Like a celluloid hero
Going to make it happen
'Cause it makes me a hero

Listen to the voice inside your head,
But never ever speak it, 'cause they'll call you mad.

Living in a yardsale
Selling off the children
Sifting through the remnants
And burning up the books
We're moving through the pictures
Like celluloid heroes
We're going to make it happen
'Cause we're all born zeros.

Listen to the voice inside your head,
But never ever speak it, 'cause they'll call you mad.

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