

Happy Mondays "Wrong Century"

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I am transparent
An open book
There's no choice in the matter
But the breath from my mind
Is living air
And the notes from my heart
Are what I share
Words weren't made for cowards
There's not much to hide behind
We can see for a mile
Without our eyes
I can see through a smile
To any lie
Must I pry your lips apart?
And look for thoughts
Look for thoughts
Beneath your tongue
So you think nothing said
Is nothing lost?
Well, I would buy every line
At any cost
Do I have to dig?
Do I have to prod?
Reach into your chest
And pull your feelings out?
Are you dancing dead?
Or maybe walking toast?
If you feel anything
Be brave
Come forth
Let it show
Tell me what d'you think of life?
Tell me do you think at all?
Never fear
There's a place
Where you are safe
Where you don't have to be real
Or have a face
My time's too short to waste on
Things you say without your brain
Will you paint works of art

When you speak?
When you open your mouth
Will I weep?
Do I have to dig?
Do I have to prod?
Reach into your chest
And pull your feelings out?
Are you dancing dead?
Or maybe walking toast?
If you feel anything
Be brave
Come forth
Let it show
I will watch you like a hawk
Wait for you to make a slip
Think it's easy to fake what you know?
You'll never fool anyone
With your little show
You are transparent regardless of

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