

A.C.T. "Wailings From A Bulding"

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No, It Cannot Be The Morning Light
I Open Up My Eyes, Dried Out From A Worried Night
Children, It Is Enough To Drive One Round The Bend
I'm In Need For Sleep, Is That So Hard To Comprehend?

Sneaking Round Like Mice
To Conceal Those Stupid Lies
I Don't Hear The Things That You Say
But Hidden Words An Thoughts Affect My Day

I Still Remember When We Were One
All That Dedication
And How I Love That Integration
Why Can't You See?
What You Are Doing, All Recoils On Me

So, I Guess Your Visits Paid Off Pretty Well
For You They're All The Same, Pieces In Your Own
Game
Landlord, How Nice To See You, Tell Me What's The
Score
A Character Like You, Never Says A Thing That's True

Lodgers Of Your Kind
Create Disorder In One's Mind
You Are Inside Of Me, You're My Pain
My Bricks, My Walls, They Soon Will Go Insane
Will I Cave In?

Chorus

Did You Have To Freeze Out Gardener Ted?
It Used To Smell Good From My Flower Bed
Stairways Dirty, Water Pipes Unclean
It Isn't How I'd Like To Be Seen
I Cannot Stand This,
I'm No Longer A Teen
A Building With That Tension
Will Finally Cave In!

Chorus

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