

# Madness "Overdone"

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Door locked open, door locked shut  
See you soon, hopefully not  
I've been and gone so many times  
Without a work I've dropped no lines  
Just look forward, never back  
Selfish bastard, dicta-brat

Please forgive me  
For the things that I've done  
Don't feel ashamed  
If you're asked hows your son

Living here and living there  
Lived at home but very rare  
To see your faces it would be

A treasure locked in memory  
Do drop a line, say hello dad  
I await your answer, for I also beg

Please accept me  
From a baby I have come  
Pain, distress and heartache  
I have now overcome

Running here and running there  
Often caught but never cared  
Been a-courting every year

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