

## Max Q "Concrete"

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I'm sitting in a bar  
Staring that the universe that's in my drink  
The motion of my straw  
Is stirring anti-clockwise in the glass  
I recall the moments...well  
And I raise my glass to you  
You held me in your arms  
And saved me from despair  
And as I'm older and more stupid  
The years have etched stupidity into my skull  
I condemn my foolishness  
And I raise my glass to you  
Yeah, the world is packed with murderers and madmen  
They promise us a slow, slow death  
Those who torture with a smile  
I don't like their idea of business at all  
And in this drink I see my momentary freedom  
But I know the smell of my own prison  
Yes, I know it well  
I know the smell of me  
(Fascination won't change my mind)  
I hear those telephones ringing  
Everybody wants out  
Ring...all those sleepless nights  
And those wailing phones won't set things right  
Such a state of disorder  
Go one way, two ways, four  
Anyway, our feet are still cramped  
Oh, sure it's a concrete idea  
You can say what you want  
Fascination won't change my mind  
You can say what you want  
Fascination won't change my mind  
You can say what you want  
Fascination won't change my mind  
You can say what you want  
Fascination won't change my mind

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