

Pulp

"Put It Off"

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I put it off
Until it creeped on me
But I was sure... so sure...
That I could bury it to see
It destroyed me
It took my mind and made it hers
The paranoia
Won't let me function
In this world

I fear my mind is playing round
Trying to find some self-control
I fear the fear is gaining ground
I need a vice to channel you, out

It took some time
To know the voice inside
She is a liar
She doesn't give you compliments
I destroyed her
My mind is right now in my hands
Don't listen to her
I know a noise that deafens her out

I fear my mind is playing round
Trying to find some self-control
I fear the fear is gaining ground
I need a vice to channel you, out

So
I can see
The world without these rings
These rings...
'cause I want to see you
Without these rings underneath my eyes
'cause I want to see you
Without these rings underneath my eyes

I fear my mind is playing round
Trying to find some self-control
I fear the fear is gaining ground

I need a vice to channel you, out

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