

## Joel Zifkin "Paranoia"

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Walking down a hardwood floor  
I had this deja vu before  
To watch and wait is only to go mad  
Be careful how you move ahead  
Wherever you may lay your head  
You'll lose the things you never knew you had

Parasites that lurk around  
Offering handouts by the pound  
They'll rent you if you aren't up for sale  
Lots of talk and lots of action  
They want your name to join their faction  
History will grab you by the tail

I was staring at an open book  
The pages turned the buildings shook  
I tried to get away I tried to hide  
I heard a perfect stranger say  
"He wants her but he's lost the way"  
Forever trying to get back by your side

If by chance you lose control  
If they think you've got no soul  
Maybe they'll ignore you  
I'm not afraid of what I see  
The only thing that frightens me  
Is paranoia

Sirens on the street below  
Calling all who want a show  
The privilege of pleasures for the crowned  
Time is tasteless time is cold  
It acts so swiftly on the bold  
A rolling stone it tends to wear down round  
A rolling stone it rolls and rolls around

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If they think you've got no soul  
Maybe they'll ignore you  
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