

The Glass Child

"Tired And Uninspired"

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I shouldn't be hard to find...
I'll be the one with my big mouth moving;
My big words, saying nothing.
I hope you know
It's not my father's fault I'm such a bore,
And so afraid of everything.
I'm keeping inside; living in my mind;
Hoping that the telephone don't ring
With, "It's all right... pain is universal, baby"
And worrying about what I'm going to sing.
I'm staying in, and saving up my energy.
I know my day is coming.
And when I find it, I will rewind it
(and play it over again a hundred times).
And when I hear it, I will not fear it
I will say it back again, and say, "I'm fine."
("Relief!..." "Relief!...")
"I'm fine."

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