

## **Roland Orzabal**

# **"Me And My Big Ideas"**

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Me and my big ideas  
Won't wash away your tears  
No one else seems to mind  
That I'm not that kind

Go get a volunteer  
We'll pay him well my dear  
He will see inside your mind  
Because he is that kind

It's a southern kind of heat  
The shadows crack and start to creep  
Conversation drag it's feet  
I wish we'd both been more discreet  
Like light that it caught between night and day  
You're stuck between me and my

Me and my big ideas  
Won't wash away your tears  
No one else seems to mind  
That I'm not that kind

Well they love you when you're weak  
Bet they hate you to see this winning streak  
It's that thing we call control  
There's a deep frustration  
Black thoughts  
That are stuck between someone's ears  
Like me and my big idea

So many strings to your bow  
Why not let one go

In a way this dream is over  
Blown away our four leaf clover

There's no reason why  
There's just me and my

Me and my big ideas  
Won't wash away your tears  
No one else seems to mind

That I'm not that kind

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