

The Sharks "Schizoid Man"

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Not far away is a place you can go
Where the music is great, but the stories gyrate
The man seems OK but the longer you stay
You'll begin to regret every word that you say

The evidence mounts in the back of his mind
'Till one day a black mood will seek and then find
His smile is well practised, but that's where it ends
This shallow veneer hides some sinister trends

Schizoid
Twisted warped and paranoid
Schizoid
Infant brain he's insane
Schizoid
Snapped and buckled and filled with hate
Yeah he's a Schizoid Man

His otherwise empty life's cluttered with fears
Like an overgrown minefield forgotten by years
And just when you think that he's out of your head
That phone call reminds you that you want him dead

His life has no meaning so he never stops
Proverbial leopards just don't change their spots
So close is the moment to finish the game
The Schizoid Man must be beaten again

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