

Squeeze

"Going Crazy"

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There's a road to the right where the day is all night
And you sleep on the wrong side of bed
And you joke and you game and you might change
your name
And the things that you say have been said

Going crazy is it really getting late,
Crazy who is there to aggravate,
If you go crazy too, you can join the crazy few.

There's a house at the top where believe it or not,
There's a girl who wears nothing but fruit,
And the light's never on 'cos the ceiling has gone
And the butler he's deaf and he's mute

Going crazy is it really getting late,
Crazy who is there to aggravate,
If you go crazy too, you can join the crazy few.

There's a girl in my mind and she lives in the pine
By the light of the silvery moon
Where the fiddle does play and the cats are all stray
And so who ran away with the spoon?

Going crazy is it really getting late,
Crazy who is there to aggravate,
If you go crazy too, you can join the crazy few.

(Going crazy...Going crazy...Going crazy...Going
crazy...)

(Going crazy...Going crazy...Going crazy...Going
crazy...)

(Going crazy...Going crazy...Going crazy...Going
crazy...)

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