

When people say "Just be yourself"
They very rarely mean it,

'Coz if you're mad, or down and sad,
They just don't want to see it.

But if it's true, and part of you,
Then what's it mean to beat it?

In the middle of the road or in the middle of the sea,
Time is just the set of things a-happening' to me,
If it's howling at the moon, or maybe cursing at the sun,
Sad that they're forgotten, that they aren't getting done.

We go to school and go to work
And pick what games we play,

Yet all the while worrying
What other people'd say,

And in a sense we rob the world
Of ourselves, in some small way.

In the middle of the road or in the middle of the sea,
Time is just the set of things a-happening' to me,
If it's howling at the moon, or maybe cursing at the sun,
Sad that they're forgotten, that they aren't getting done.