

All around me are familiar faces
Worn-out, worn-out faces
Bright and for their daily races
Going nowhere, going nowhere
Their tears are filling up their

No expression, no expression
Hide my head, I..... to drown my sorrow
No tomorrow, no tomorrow

And I find it kind of
I find it kind of

The dreams in which I'm dying are the I've ever had
I find it hard to you
'Cause I find it hard to

When people run in circles it's a very, very

Mad world

Children waiting for the they feel good
Happy birthday, happy birthday
To feel the way that every should
Sit and listen, sit and listen
Went toand I was very nervous
No one knew me, no one knew me
Hello, teacher, tell me, what's my?
Look right through me, look right through me