

# James Blunt, Out Of My Mind

Judging by the look on the organ-grinder,  
He'll judge me by the fact that my face don't fit.  
It's touching that the monkey sits on my shoulder.  
He's waiting for the day when he gets me,  
But I don't need no alibi - I'm a puppet on a string.  
I just need this stage to be seen.  
We all need a pantomime to remind us what is real.  
Hold my eye and know what it means.

I'm out of my mind.

Judging by the look on the organ-grinder,  
He'll judge me by the fact that my face don't fit.  
It's touching that the monkey sits on my shoulder.  
He's waiting for the day when he gets me,  
But I won't be your concubine - I'm a puppet not a whore.  
I just need this stage to be seen.  
Will you be a friend of mine to remind me what is real?  
Hold my heart and see that it bleeds.

I'm out of my mind.