

Loch Lomond, Tic

I'm spelling a word: appeal
there's more than enough for you
but not enough for me

I'm just like a fan
I'm spinning around this room
oh, I'm touching all the pictures
and spreading my perfume

but just like a tic
I'm swelling for a bed
oh, I want you like I told you
and I'll take you like I should

who lied bearing down
who lied bearing down
oh-oh
who lied bearing down
who lied bearing down

I'm just like the man
who was born without blood
he's afraid of the city
he's afraid of the sun

but not like his friend
who was born without feet
but he lived in that city
and he died in the sun

who lied bearing down
who lied bearing down
oh-oh
who lied bearing down
who lied bearing down

I'm just like their son
who walked with a limp
oh, he's screaming from his window
and his screaming won't stop

screaming:
I am not an animal
and I am not an animal
he cried

screaming:
I am not an animal
and I am not an animal
he cried

singing:
I am not an animal
and I am not an animal
he cried