

# Indochine, Mad World

All around me are familiar faces  
Worn out places, worn out faces  
Bright and early for their daily races  
Going nowhere, going nowhere  
And their tears are filling up their glasses  
No expression, no expression  
Hide my head I want to drown my sorrow  
No tomorrow, no tomorrow

And I find it kind of funny  
I find it kind of sad  
The dreams in which I'm dying  
Are the best I've ever had  
I find it hard to tell you  
'Cos I find it hard to take  
When people run in circles  
It's a very, very  
Mad World

Children waiting for the day they feel good  
Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday  
Made to feel the way that every child should  
Sit and listen, sit and listen  
Went to school and I was very nervous  
No one knew me, no one knew me  
Hello teacher tell me what's my lesson  
Look right through me, look right through me

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