

Caedmon's Call, Center Aisle

Thank god I'm back in my car
Driving home, driving home
Cause the air was thin and so cold
Back in there
It was my first time
It will be my last time
And the questions rise
Expectations fall
And I love it all

There are words to say,
Words I remember
The presence is
A good friend once told me
And he was there, he was there
She wasn't there
And it's not fair, it's not fair

What crimes have you committed
Demanding such penance
I go and wait for five more minutes
And I cry for help
Cause this room is so peaceful
And this room is so quiet
And I hate the silence
And I can't walk
Center aisle

I've been here for over three hours
Behind the flowers
So beautiful and young
And so alive
And so in need of someone,
Someone to talk to them
Cause theirs are fragile lives

What crimes have you committed
Demanding such penance
I go and wait for five more minutes
And I cry for help
Cause this room is so peaceful
And this room is so quiet
And I hate the silence
And I can't walk
Center aisle

I think about my brother
And how I just stood there
My hands in my pockets,
And my heart in my throat

Thank god I'm back in my car
Driving home, driving home
But in that place I leave
All my days
I've taken life for granted
And the words I wrote for her
And my best friend crying
And the young girl lying
On all our hearts

What crimes have you committed
Demanding such penance
I go and wait for five more minutes

And I cry for help
Cause this room is so peaceful
And this room is so quiet
And I hate the silence,
And I hate the silence
And I can't walk
Center aisle