

Crowded House, Instinct

(Neil Finn)

I lit the match

I lit the match

I saw another monster turn to ash

felt the burden lifted from my back

do you recognize the nervous twitch

that exposes the weakness of the myth

when your turn comes 'round

and the light goes on

and you feel your attraction again

your instinct can't be wrong

separate the fiction from the fact

Been a little slow to react

but it's nearly time to flip the switch

and I'm hanging by a single stitch

laughing at the stony face of gloom

when your turn comes 'round

and the light goes on

and you feel your attraction again

your instinct can't be wrong

feelings come and go

where the true present lies are

calling down

laughing at the stony face of gloom

when your turn comes 'round

and the days get long

and you feel your attraction to him

your instinct can't be wrong

calling down