

# David Gray, Through To Myself

Three tower blocks glinting in the midday sun  
Two ice cubes melting in a glass of white rum  
Head for the places that I've never gone  
(I can't get through to myself)  
(Just can't get through to myself)  
Eight beggars choking on a slice of red pie  
Two rivers freezing in a broken goodbye  
No hesitation, just a kick in the eye  
(I can't get through to myself)  
(Just can't get through to myself)

And we do alot of learning everyday  
Or so it seems but the road it keeps turning  
And i'm right back here again  
Blue leather jacket and a helium voice  
(I can't get through to myself)  
My head is reeling from too much choice  
(I can't get through to myself)  
I can't get through to myself  
Just can't get through to myself...