

Groundswell, Stare

The lights are bright,
They make me sweat
They make me swim this
Night I won't forget
Then people scream,
What do they mean
And I think they like us,
Yes that's what it seems
Facing the open door,
What will he see,
This paper in hand,
And it's a contract I think
Now come and tell me,
While I'm soaring away
I wanna be a big one
Where everyone stares.
Now give it to me while
I'm soaring away
I wanna be a big one
Where everyone stares.
Just a blur of hands like a silhouette,
What do I do now, oh I forget
Those people scream,
I wish I knew what they mean,
I think they like us,
Yes that's what it seems
Facing the open door,
What will he see,
This paper in hand,
And it's a contract I think
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