

Howard Jones, Left No Evidence

Out of Time and no one noticed
Rubbing up a different way
Out of step but still in focus things to say
Kicking out the social pressure
Holding on to what you feel
Being you was never easy
Sliding off the the Ferris wheel

Small was beautiful to you
Things are on a micro scale
Turned your back on power and glory
Yours was such a personal tale

Dancing to a different step now
Choose you're beats along the way
Nothing arrives at you're house packaged
No glittery wrap to throw away
Cutting different shapes and sizes
Bringing tomorrow into today

No one noticed you as you snuck in the sideline and talked in a quiet way
No bullshit no theatrics no pretence and left no evidence
You left no evidence

You left no evidence