

KT Tunstall, False Alarm

I'm trying to put this thing to bed
I drugged it in its sleep
There isn't many memories
I'm comfortable to keep
This ball keeps rolling on
It's heading for the street
Keep expecting you to send for me
The invitation never comes

Each time I turn around
There's nothing there at all
So tell me why I feel like
I'm up against a wall
But maybe it's a false alarm
And every answer sounds the same
Just colours bleeding into one
That hasn't got a name
Maybe I can't see
Maybe it's just me

Now the curtain's coming up
The audience is still
I'm struggling to cater for
The space I'm meant to fill
And distance doesn't care
No, distance doesn't care

Each time I turn around
There's nothing there at all
So tell me why I feel like
I'm up against a wall
But maybe it's a false alarm
And every answer sounds the same
Just colours bleeding into one
That hasn't got a name
Maybe I can't see
Maybe it's just me

I'm trying to put this thing to bed
I drugged it in its sleep
Remember what you said
Are you comfortable to keep it?
Keep it...