

Neil Finn, The Climber

Beside me now, are strangers to my eyes
It might be getting crazy, might be wise
Stranded either way
Such a lonely place
I'm looking out for you
Among the flies that wait in line
The days on end
The nights are cold
But always so intense

I try to reach the top most every day
And hope I turn my face up to the sky
And the cover hangs so low
I see no sign of light
Nothing springs to mind

Among the flies that wait in line
The days on end
The nights so cold
But always so intense

Here we are
There's a smile between us
And it's going on

You and me have always gotten through
Anyone can tell you that it's true
You feel it every time
You drive away from home
Headlights hypnotise
They take you off towards the sea
Into the night
You run away
From thoughts you cannot hide

(...)
Can't describe my hunger
For your (...)

(...)
Can't help thinking of you