

Nonpoint, Normal Days

Strange Days are normal.

Trying to find the words, making my mind up from what you've heard.

Winding down you're just finding what indifference you're having today.

Make your mind up it's never the same.

Sinking down, ceiling climbing,

while you're up to your neck in the same situation and start to complain.

Trying to find the words, making my mind up from what you've heard.

You can't fool me with your smiles.

Seen you treat whom you call your friends,

and you'll never be called that again.

Been on your knees for a while,

searching through broken glass with your hands, can i offer you gloves again?

Trying to find the words, making my mind up from what you've heard.

The way, the time, the chance, a glance,

a second look at your stance on the way the day could

change strange days to normal days.