

Pilate, Out On My Feet

Come in from the cold,
And wipe off the rain that bleeds into your bones

Sit down by the fireside,
I watch the flame dance in your eyes

There's a tear upon your shoulder,
And a scar upon your soul,
Do you fear you're getting older,
Does it bother you so?

I'm out on my feet again,
Is this love lost or found,
I'm caught in your wires and beginning to tire, baby please...

We're silent for hours,
The candles scream for their release

Like crumbling towers,
They melt into pools at your feet

There's a tear upon your shoulder,
And a scar upon your soul,
Do you fear you're getting older,
Does it bother you so?

I'm out on my feet again,
Is this love lost or found,
I'm caught in your wires and beginning to tire, baby please...

I'm not sorry, I'm not sorry...

There's a tear upon your shoulder,
And a scar upon your soul,
Do you fear you're getting older,
Does it bother you so?

I'm out on my feet again,
Is this love lost or found,
This tale through the years trading smiles for my tears,
The night is now lost, the sun now appears over the fields and through
the towns,

Baby please...