

# Poets Of The Fall, Clevermind

Looking at the road that rises up ahead  
I thought I'd learned a thing or two  
But this is where it's all made new  
N' I gotta throw my hands up  
I can't go on if I can't stop

Look the leaves are dead  
The moments gone, there's no surrender  
Forever now unsaid  
The words that might've warmed December  
Cos it's all inside your head  
Like fragments of a dream you remember  
So never mind, your clever mind, never mind me

Staring at the ceiling from my bed  
I thought I'd earned a chance or few  
Thought I'd be paid in due  
Time isn't made for waiting  
Past isn't worth debating

Look the leaves are dead...

Feeling like a fool again  
Just need a new direction  
A new beginning, a new beginning  
I can't hold back and I can't hold on  
It's all about gratification  
See me running, see me running

Look the leaves are dead...