

Rites Of Spring, Nudes

I want to talk, like I'm talking to myself
I want to reach, yeah I could be someone else
And when a touch,
When a touch becomes to much
You know, I could be someone else
And I - yeah I know enough not to hope to know
But it's so hard, 'cause the night can fill my eyes
And you give me some distance,
I can get so hard to find
And when a word, when a word cuts in too close
I can always get so hard to find
And I - I know enough
Not to hope to know
It was so clear, to have not been clear at all
I got so far to have come against a wall
The first, the final, no middle
Well it seems so real to me,
To each is own illusions
If I could only believe