

Sarah McLachlan, Circle

There are two of us
talking in circles
and one of us who wants to leave

in a world
created for only
us an empty cage
that has no key.

Don't you know
we're working with flesh and blood
carving out of jealousy.

Crawling into each other
it's smothering
every little part of me.

What kind of love is this that keeps me
hanging on
despite everything its doing to me.
What is this love that keeps me coming
back for more
when it will only end in misery.

I know too many people unhappy
in a life from which they'd love to flee,
watching others get every offer,
they're wanton for discovery.

Oh my brother
my sister
my mother
you're loosing your identity.

Can't you see that it's you in the window
shining with intensity.

What kind of love is this that keeps me
hanging on
despite everything it's doing to me.
What is this love that keeps me coming
back for more
when it will only end in misery.