

The Church, No Explanation

You pull the sheets around you throat
Talking like the harpy again
I've got this heartache in my coat
Since I don't remember when
It's guaranteed to live and to bleed
And you feed it with your bitterest lies
Hope you can see what that's done to me
But I don't care to look into your eyes
There's no explanation
Dreamtongued man from the golden land
Standing with the keys to your door
I had to laugh as I shook his hand
Didn't know he'd been here before
I know him well but I never can tell
If he sees right through my futile disguise
Hope you can see what that's done to me
But I don't care to look into your eyes
There's no explanation
Walking alone down the path to your home
On a silent and sensual day
It almost could be my very own
Before I went and lost my way
Directions aren't clear when you're standing here
And you cheer me with your faithless surprise
Hope you can see what that's done to me
But I don't care to look into your eyes
There's no explanation