

# Tilt, One Day

It got to resembling  
A vaudeville show  
The show of shows  
Such comedy unerspassed  
As juvenile theatrics go  
But who am I to tell you  
To contain yourself  
And who are you to  
Tell me to control it  
When we both have prepared  
So carefully

(chorus)  
One Day  
You'll know we never  
Meant each other harm  
In any way  
One day  
You'll know we never meant  
Each other sorrow  
Gotta keep my distance

I keep sifting  
Through the loot to  
Find the stairs  
This business burning  
To the ground I can't look back my  
Hindsight seems to be impaired  
My outlook has no holds  
To see out

It's starting to hurt  
When I open my arms too wide  
A milky white haze  
Invades my vision  
My lungs are heavy with your presence  
As if you were standing  
Right behind me  
And I can't bring myself  
To turn around  
Gotta keep my distance