Angus & Julia Stone, Choking

Choking on these words
You can leave now
Oh haven't you heard
You can leave now
We stand there like statues from different cities
Both warriors of the same war
Both victors of our territories
Why do I feel so small?
Oh you've got it all figured out
What will be will be
Fine work from a sailor's hand
Who's always running away
In between all your complex ideas
Found out how love should be
When you get the time to feel anything
Anything real for me
Oh you've got it all figured out
What will be will be
Fine words from a sailor's son
Who's always running away
I don't want your sympathy
Don't quote me another phrase
I understand all your philosophies
But it hurts me just the same
Choking on these words
You can leave now
Oh haven't heard
You can leave now