

Art Of Fighting, Free You

noone's ever coming round here no not ever anymore
rapping on the window or a'knocking on the kitchen door
noone's really taking any trouble like I used to see
people dropping by as if the twilight was an amnesty
saying this is harder than I ever thought was possible
can't hide it anymore because the truth is indestructible
wear it like a sickness that I didn't catch too easily
like I'm waiting till someone with a shovel comes to bury me
silence has got to be broken
sleeping and then you are woken
eyes come open to see
something has got to be spoken
everything must be forsaken
you' ve been taken
from me
free you
but I can't free you
no I can't free you
whatever I do
have you ever suffered through the days of summer lost in blue
hoping that the one thing that you need will heed and come to you
watching as the clock forgets and drops its sense of courtesy
listening to songs that once were friends but now are enemies
silence has got to be broken
sleeping and then you are woken
eyes come open to see
something has got to be spoken
everything must be forsaken
you' ve been taken
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free you
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whatever I do