

Built To Spill, In Your Mind

the symptoms of our getting older
the problems that say we don't mind
that most of us never get over
the memories mingled with lies
coincidence gave a confession
that no one's allowed to forget
I don't wanna give the impression
that predestination is set
the distance will increase the danger
where certainty's never enjoyed
regarded as equal yet stranger
embark then embrace then destroy
observing the process will change it
and afterwards even if you
subconsciously rearrange it
it doesn't seem any less true
remnants of thought disappearing
and even transcending concern
disturbing but somehow endearing
conditioned to never unlearn
and no one can tell me to listen
and no one can tell me what's right
'cause nobody has my permission
and no one can see in your mind
in your mind
in your mind
in your mind
when magnifications explore
there slowly emerges a pattern
the details you normally ignore
you notice really what matters
there isn't a time or a place
only an ebb and a flowing
a permanent repeating space
occurring, connecting and growing
and no one can tell me to listen
and no one can tell me what's right
'cause nobody has my permission
and no one can see in your mind
in your mind
in your mind
in your mind