

Cool Hand Luke, Sideways

Last night my shadow ran from me
It bowed its head in shame
I can't bear my reflection
I can't even write my name

Sometimes I choose to
Forget about You
Sometimes I choose to
Ignore the truth

Just like the man from chapter three
I tried to hide
From fleeting
Familiar
White light

Sometimes I choose to
Forget about You
Sometimes I choose to
Ignore the truth

How sweet the name
How sweet the face
That I long to touch
With dirty hands

I'm seeing sideways
Because I've fallen down again
And it's so hard to find my way