

# David Gray, I Can't Get Through To Myself

Three tower blocks glinting  
in the midday sun.  
Two ice cubes melting  
in a glass of white rum.  
Head for the places that  
I've never gone.

(I can't get through to myself.  
Just can't get through to myself.)

Eight beggars choking  
on a slice of red pie.  
Two rivers freezing  
in a broken goodbye.  
No hesitation,  
just a kick in the eye.

(I can't get through to myself.  
Just can't get through to myself.)

And we do alot of learning  
everyday or so it seems  
but the road it keeps turning  
and I'm right back here again.

Blue leather jacket and a helium voice.  
(I can't get through to myself.)  
My head is reeling from too much choice.

(I can't get through to myself.  
I can't get through to myself.  
Just can't get through to myself... etc)