

Howard Jones, The Presence Of Other

This time, its different
Be sure, I mean it
Cant go on trading on ideas that I just dont own
A life with some meaning, a life with some sense
I want, to blame you
Give you, my power
I keep it all on the inside, keep it locked in the dark
I keep it all on the inside, keep it locked in the dark
People telling me its not my responsibility
But it is my problem and its my life, my life
I must believe the solutions, to the problems, are in my hands

Feel the presence of other
Love the resistance it presents
Different from and outside of me
Pushing me to find what is self

Slow down, just talk
Sit down, right here
Must be an answer to the question of birth and death
A world with some meaning
A world with some peace
Inside, its turbulent, outside, reflects it
Hear you knockin on the inside
Hear me breathe answer please
Hear you knockin on the inside
Hear you breathe answer me
People telling me what they think that I should be
Only thing that I can be is myself, myself
I must believe in my choices to create value out of everything

Feel the presence of other
Love the resistance it presents
Different from and outside of me
Pushing me to find what is self
Feel the presence of other
Love the resistance it offers
Different from and outside of me
Pushing me to find what is self

This time, its different
Im sure I mean it
Slow down, just listen
Its my life, its my life