

# Katie Melua, The Flood

Broken people get recycled  
and I hope that I will sometimes be thrown over pathways  
what I thought was my way home  
wasn't the place I know  
no I'm certain nothing's certain  
what we are becomes our prison  
my possessions will be gone  
back to where they came from

flame  
noone is to blame  
as natural as the rain that falls  
here comes the Flood again

See the rock that you hold onto  
is it gonna save you?  
when the earth begins to crumble  
why do you feel you have to hold on?  
imagine if you let go

flame  
noone is to blame  
as natural as the rain that falls  
here comes the Flood again

push away the weight that pulls you down  
Light the waves that free from the dark

don't trust your eyes  
its easy to believe them  
know in your heart  
that you can leave your prison

don't trust your mind  
it's not always listening  
turn on the lights  
and feel the ancient rhythm

don't trust your eyes  
its easy to believe them  
know in your heart  
that you can leave your prison

flame  
noone is to blame  
as natural as the rain that falls  
here comes the Flood again