

# Keane, Bedshaped

Many's the time I ran with you down  
The rainy roads of our old town  
Many the lives we lived in each day  
And buried altogether  
Don't laugh at me  
Don't look away

You'll follow me back  
With the sun in your eyes  
And on your own  
Bedshaped  
And legs of stone  
You'll knock on my door  
And up we'll go  
In white light  
I don't think so  
But what do I know?  
What do I know?  
I know!

I know you think I'm holding you down  
And I've fallen by the wayside now  
And I don't understand the same things as you  
But I do

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Don't look away

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