

Keane, Perfect Symmetry

I shake through the wreckage for signs of life
Scrolling through the paragraphs
Clicking through the photographs

I wish I could make sense of what we do
Burning down the capitols
Wisest of the animals

Who are you, what are you living for
Tooth for tooth, maybe we'll go one more

This life, is lived in perfect symmetry
What I do, that will be done to me

Write page after page of analysis
Looking for the final score
We're no closer than we were before

Who are you, what are you fighting for
Holy truth, brother I chose this mortal life
Lived in perfect symmetry

What I do, that will be done to me
As the needle, slips into the run out groove
Love, maybe you feel it too

And maybe you find, life is unkind
And over so soon
There is no golden gate
There's no heaven waiting for you

Oh boy you otta leave this town
Get out while you can
The needle's running out
The voices in the streets you love
Everything is better when you hear that shout
Wooooahhh
Wooooahhh
Wooooahhh

Spineless dreamers, hide in churches
Pieces of pieces of rush hour buses
I dream in emails, worn out phrases
Mile after mile of just empty pages

Wrap yourself around me
Wrap yourself around me

As the needle, slips into the run out groove
Maybe I'll feel it too
Maybe you'll feel it too
Maybe you'll feel it too
Maybe you'll feel it too

I dream in emails, worn out phrases
Mile after mile of just empty pages