

Kevin Tellie, The Theory Of Fall

The TV's on way too bright and everything's passing me bye
All these gold's falling to the ground and I just noticed you down there
When my four months feel like four days
My mind fades to them and fades away

Throw me back on the drawing board
And paint me in again

All these old photographs
Play me so cold, but keep me so warm
Living in my own photographs
And breathing only this black and white

This road is one way and it' heading down
I'll kiss your mouth when I return
The warmth is so silent that this draining summer is all I hear
Will you whisper in my ear'.. Something meaningless

All these old photographs
Play me so cold, but keep me so warm
Living in my own photographs
And breathing only this black and white

I can't find a thing again today
But only you see into my eyes and through my face
I wish now not to erase my memory
Cause I just opened my eyes to all that's passed me

All these old photographs
Play me so cold, but keep me so warm
Living in my own photographs
And breathing only this black and white

I just opened my eyes to all that's passed me