

Lab Black, Gates Of The Country

April

Back in New York

The 31st floor

It seems somehow everything's changed

The kitchen too small

Plates on the wall

The sound of machinery

May

Where have you been?

Who were you running with?

Wasn't he someone you used to call home?

Where is the ring?

Where is the boy who went travelling alone?

She is much better without me.

She walks through the gates of the country

Her hands at her side

And I smile as I watch her walk by

Somehow I see there are ships in her eyes

She is better off now

June

The curtain is shut

The patterns are cut

The maid who will wake you at dawn

Pulls out a chair

Pulls down your hair

It's just like you wanted

July

What's going on?

What are you running from?

Why are you sleeping alone on the floor?

Some people change

Others hang on till they can't anymore

She is much better without me

She walks through the gates of the country

Hands at her side

And I smile as I watch her walk by

Somehow I see there are ships in her eyes

She is better off now.

She is much better without me

She walks through the gates of the country

Hands in the air

And I smile as I watch her walk by

Somehow I see there are ships in her eyes yeah

She is much better now.