

# Moby, New Dawn Fades

A change of speed, a change of style.  
A change of scene, with no regrets,  
A chance to watch, admire the distance,  
Still occupied, though you forget.  
Different colours, different shades,  
Over each mistakes were made.  
I took the blame.  
Directionless so plain to see,  
A loaded gun won't set you free.  
So you say.

We'll share a drink and step outside,  
An angry voice and one who cried,  
'We'll give you everything and more,  
The strain's too much, can't take much more.'  
Oh, I've walked on water, run through fire,  
Can't seem to feel it anymore.  
It was me, waiting for me,  
Hoping for something more,  
Me, seeing me this time, hoping for something else.