

Ocean Colour Scene, Outside Of A Circle

Saturday afternoon
The sunshine pours like wine
Through your window
But I know that golden June can turn an empty grey
'Gainst your window
And I feel like
I'm on the outside of a circle
And if I walk by the trees
I catch the falling leaves
If the wind blows
But I know that all this means
Is whiling on the hours
Watching side-shows
And I feel like
I'm on the outside of a circle
Will I turn my coat to the rain
I don't know
But I'm going somewhere
I can warm my bones
Fare you well
I'll carry me away
And sing to those I know
Upon their birthdays
I won't feel like like I'm on the outside...
I won't feel like like I'm on the outside...
I won't feel like like I'm on the outside of a circle