

Rites Of Spring, Other Way Around

Maybe what you've seen isn't part of me at all
It must belong to someone, but not to me

Maybe I was too quick - too quick to turn my head
But I had to go - just to get around

Other way around
The world it wants you weak
Another way around

I was so young - I didn't know what it meant
to be hurt and then to hurt

I was so young - and it's getting harder still
just to get around - the other way around

Maybe tomorrow - hope won't come stillborn today
And maybe tomorrow - sounds won't fill in for words to say

And we'll get around
We'll get around
The other way around