

Sam Phillips, Standing Still

in the middle of the night i'm growing secrets
holding the choice in my hand
my beating heart
some see an end i see a way out
starting with ashes i'm building fire

we're danced a long time
we've danced too long
out on the floor i'm thinking
i'm standing still

i want them to think i'm dead
turn off the noises that drug my brain
and make me buy
fashion is out of fashion
broken t.v. listens to the wind

we're danced a long time
we've danced too long
out on the floor i'm thinking
i'm standing still

when i turn to look they're making sex
carry obsession to market
i'm so confused
i'm burning in the shadows
you're the only fire made to match

we're danced a long time
we've danced too long
out on the floor i'm thinking
i'm standing still