

Spiritual Beggars, The Space Inbetween

Cold as a moon
Too late to turn now
Pictured this day
so differently
Both sides of hope...
But the space inbetween
is filling us an uncomfortable mood

Sorry... said the you think voice inside
But I don't think you will find it

CHORUS:
How long do you think you'll keep it up?
(Well, I don't think you'll find it...)
A little conversation, maybe?
A different outflow of our minds
Happy faces, anyone
Insecurity... Shine through

Sorry... said the you think voice inside
But I don't think you will find it

CHORUS (2x)