

# Spitalfield, 16:49 Army Time

What was the bridge that held this together?

What was the fault that tore this apart?

What were your reasons?

What were my reasons?

I'm still trying to figure out how this works out...

I still tie my shoes, in double knots.

Without me, without us. Without me, without me.. with out us, without me..

I still tie my shoes, double knots. In double, In double.....

I hold my ground suitcase in hand, reality at heart. [2x]