

# Steve Kilbey, This Ashphalt Eden

I walk alone, this ashphalt eden I must have outgrown  
Just flesh and bone, no indication, no way to get home  
Now feel their hands, and their demands  
And understand the way that it could have been  
I remember myself as I wanted to be  
When you walk past my cage I'm gonna set myself free  
If it was obvious then, well it's just history  
It's too late, it's too dark to see

They speak their names  
They still walk in fire and can't feel the flames  
They stake their claims  
But this place was taken before trespassers came  
Now feel their hands, and their demands  
And understand the way that it could have been  
If it was obvious then, well it's just history  
It's too late, it's too dark to see