

Talk Show, John

I sit at home 'cause i'm able
I sing out loud but complain in the same old way
I shake the tree of a table
She sells me lies but she sings on anyway

I live alone at the stable
Betting twice 'cause the numbers say i'm wrong
I've rolled the tree 'cause i'm able
I've burned the mountain to prove that they all were wrong

What's in a story
What's in a name
Who make you hurry
What cuts the frame

John were have you gone
We've waited so long where have you gone

Has something gone wrong
We've waited so long
Where have you gone

I sit alone 'cause i'm able
I live out life but complain in the same old way
I shake the tree that was stable
She sells me lies but she sings on anyways