

The Church, I Kept Everything

I kept everything
Mornings and days paraded through space
And stripped of all their meaning

I saved everything
But this afternoon I just ran out of room
I haven't got the foggiest

Yeah (yeah, yeah) let me get this straight
If it's a matter of luck (yeah, yeah)
Or a matter of fate

I'm a tiny little flash in a damaged universe
You know what makes it better only makes it worse

Trying to find you
Try to remind you
Trying to find you

I see everything
Glitter and glamour, the bitter, the hammer
That smashes up the evening

I heard everything
Buzzes and creaks, cymbals and shrieks
I haven't got a feeling left

Wait (yeah, yeah)
Let me sort this out
If it's a question of faith (yeah, yeah)
Or a question of doubt

You're an undiscovered wonder in a desolated place
I wonder who's representing you, handling your case

Trying to find you
Try to remind you
Trying to find you

(Yeah, yeah)
(Trying to find you) (Oh, oh)