

The Connells, Holding Pattern

Once in a while I can see through
What is real and what is show.
Saving my colds for your purest thoughts.
It may come and it may go.

Chorus:

In a holding pattern, standing still as statues in a row.
It's so hard to change the pose.
And if movement mattered, I can still be moved, so ask again
"Will they line us up in a row?"

Give me a glimpse of some distant time. (?)
Let me know what's in store.
Keep me in mind when you cross yourself.
I couldn't ask for anymore.

(repeat chorus)

(repeat chorus)