

Tim Finn, Still The Song

Still the song keeps playing
It's coming from an open doorway
And everyone is listening
To what the music has to say
On a Sunday afternoon
The middle of town might as well be the moon

Still the song keeps playing
Still the song

Still the song keeps playing
It's everybody's consolation
To sing along and feel better
It doesn't matter what went wrong
When your staring at the sky
There's nothing to see cos the feeling has died

Still the song keeps playing
Still the song

And as long as that song lasts
We're moving together
We're holding fast

Are you loveless on this cold day
You feel like you're walking on your own grave
But somehow you know it's not for always

Still the song keeps playing
Still the song
Still the song keeps playing