

Ultravox, Some Of Them

Some of them are changing day to day
Some of them flicker then they fade
Some of them are triggered off by any crazy thing
Some of them are all that's left
Some of them are just dead regrets
Some of them are shining out through everything I see
Some of them
Some of them
Some of them
Some of them are brittle, some are sad
Some of them are aching, some are glad
Some of them are gone so long they're hard to recognise
Stand close to the long parade
Watch them passing by in their million ways
Walk on through the evergreens
Pass from scene to scene through all these yesterdays
Some of them are friends just as they were
Some of them are gentle, some can fret
Some of them are crowding closer every passing year
Some of them live in photographs
Some of them still give me a laugh
Some of them I've out-absorbed (?) as they're changing me
Some of them
Some of them
Some of them