

Via Audio, Collaboration

Tables turned
When you're beside yourself
You get lost, lost in the transition
You get lost, lost in the transition
You get lost, lost in the transition
Of no companion.

I am involved in such a curious strain (?)
I need my friends, family, and security
I want friends, family, and security
I need friends, family, and security
But I am given this nakedness.

Opposed to clothed security
Restless you are, I am as well
Your potential, my potential
Two souls needing new clothes
Now we're completely clothed
Completely clothed
And suitably dressed, yeah, suitably dressed