

Xavier Rudd, Where Do We Fit

Same when I left you
Now the same upon return
As your pages flip over
You seem to let them burn
You drink from the bottle
That stole your friend
Your friend
Your friend
Now the seasons
They come and they go
I watch the blossoms
As the bees take their own
I peer through the water
That floods my eyes
My eyes
My eyes

I want you in my life
I feel I need you in my life
But I can't have you
Not tonight
Not these days
Not these days
Not these days
Not these days

I watch our children
As they play in the sand
Speaking those words
That only you can understand
I know inside of you
You feel that they are gold
You know there's time
They are not yet old

They want you in their lives
I feel they need you in their lives
But they can't have you
Not tonight
Not these days
Not these days
Not these days
Not these days

I hope these things
They come alive inside you
And you recognise
I hope these things

They come alive and bite you
In the night
I see you standing with each child
And laughing
As you feed their smiles
I hope these things
They come alive and bite you
In the night
Because we
We need you
In our lives
Because we
We need you
In our lives

Because these days are
These days are nothing
Tell me where do we fit in
These days are
These days are nothing
Tell me where do we fit in