

You don't have to tell me what you're still looking for,
Two arms to hold you and a voice to say "That's alright, you can
spend the night"
Well, come around.

'Cos I've been there and these are the notes from the overground,
The World Saxophone Quartet, the smell of violets
And a passing friend won't let you down.

Listen to the rhythm of the rain falling,
Say you're gonna change your foolish ways.
Make a promise, break a promise in the same day,
It goes the same way, anyway.
So you pray for silence and its sadness and its violence
To be washed away,
One day.

I understand that state you've reached of being unreachable,
Somewhere out there where only the music plays.
Loneliness and being alone don't always mean the same,
Who needs the movie? You can see the music anyway.

A Sketch For Winter, a Burgundy and sanctuary can make me stay,
When I feel that way.
And if my words don't say the things that they were meant to say,
And if confusion comes and carries all my words away,
And if you still don't understand, I wanna hold your hand,
And look at it this way...

Someone singing's better than the war they're winning
Winging its way, your way or my way, any day, anyway,
Stray