

This could be the day  
That I've waited for  
Tell me something  
The keys on the tip of your tongue  
You know  
No-ones ever late  
We've heard it all before  
Tell me something you grabbed my arm and said  
You're sending me, on a solid thought  
Your revolution and you're shooting sparks  
the deed is really done  
Tip of glowing mind  
Tip of you own tonngue  
Paid to call and talk this way  
You're selling me the time last time you were squashed  
That I've ever heard before win six-feet small

You're sending me, on a solid thought  
Your revolution and you're shooting sparks  
I call you're voice when O'm rolling home  
I'll promise anything when you're shooting sparks