

The Misunderstanding

OMD

Well, we know where the true one lies
And you can't say, it's our imagination
Just because we cannot find the proof

We've shared this thought for some considerable time
It's increasingly unlike the rest
For as we get older, we've become less aware

Security lies at the heart of our lives
Attaching ourselves to ourselves
We're extinguished but we're still alive

Misunderstood, but our intention is good
We were not questioned on our replies
It does you no good, though you think that it should
And it would given half a chance

If there's compassion in your hearts
Now that you've seen enough
We've given of our best, for God's sake you know

Please, please, please, please, please, please, please
Please can we go home, is this the time or place to say goodbye
?

Regardless, I'll find my final cue
We'll sneak out the back door and close it