

You're a bitter kind  
I love you so  
Sour is my mind  
From what you sow  
How I let it grow

Call them radiant, call them mothers eyes  
Home's a narrow space for me to find  
Your beguiling state and endless heights  
I'm just not moving right  
Just not moving right when it's just not you

Under neon lights  
Where I wake  
I'm not feeling right  
So they say  
Rough kind of a day

Don my clothing, robes of ageing white  
Rattled windows on the old green line  
Do you feel it like I hope you might  
I'm just not seeing right  
Just not seeing right when it's just not you