

Tangent

Beth Orton

Lost myself in a tangent of words
Can't decide what I've seen or heard
Cannot sleep for counting sheep
How long does this river run deep?
How long does this river run deep?

Building a map in order to find
What's not lost but left behind
My instinct got bruised
But I still see
I was a victim I'll be no casualty

Just like coming home
Just like coming home
Just like coming home
It was just like coming home
It was just like coming home

He said that you weave deadly tricks
Conjure it up to the worldly hicks
Stare it cold in dull surprise
Spread evil to hell in every tear you cried
Every tear you cried

Building a map in order to find
What's not lost but left behind
I was a victim I'll be no casualty

Just like coming home
Just like coming home
Just like coming home
Could be just like coming home
Coming home

Cut off my toes to spite my feet
Drank your poison,
It didn't taste too sweet
Saw that heaven's in my mind
And it's there for me to find
It's there for me to find.