

Comfort? Sofa chair pacifying words
A touch on the shoulder to tell me that you'd heard
Understanding to attention just in case you heard it wrong
A fear of contradiction cos your feeling can't belong
To this given situation that no-one can take away
A smile, a nervous glance, "Well I'll be back some other day"
But you really had to go and left this atmosphere behind
So now it's back to circumstance, solutions hard to find
As I turn the burning embers of a past that recently
I'd found harder to remember than I thought was good for me
But once confirmed the truth had pulled that 'recently' to shreds
Now the obvious lies bleeding and the future holds my breath
Shall I turn the page and start again?
Or throw the book away
Shall I tell you of these feelings?
Or find something new to say?
It's the act of making choices
Asking questions, hearing voices
Mixing pain and self-resentment
With a knowledge that contentment
Is a process of selection
Cos in every situation
There are good and bad directions you can go
You can wallow in the fantasy
Regenerating memories
Or use the open scenery
Impulse flow more easily
If all the good things disappear for what seems like eternity
Remember you created them by being what you'll always be
Receiving input, giving back what makes you tick in time
Natural instinctive tack running up the spine
Use your central nervous system
To help make up your mind
Looking out with indecision
Wastes a lot of time
If it feels good take the risk
And here I am talking like this
And saying 'you' instead of 'me'...
Experience is globally perceived as being basically
A common sense capacity to understand the variety of influence
upon the way we are
Having gone so far
There is no reasoning can stop us once we've reasoned what we've got