

I lit the match
I lit the match
I saw another monster turn to ash
Felt the burden lifting from my back
Do you recognise a nervous twitch
That exposes the weakness of the myth

When your turn comes round
And the light goes on
And you feel your attraction again
And your instinct can't be wrong

Separate the fiction from the fact
I've been little slow to react
But it's nearly time to flick the switch
And I'm hanging by a single stitch
Laughing at the stony face of gloom

When your turn comes round
And the light goes on
And you feel your attraction again
And your instinct can't be wrong

Feel this come and go
Where the true present lies, calling down
Calling down
Yeah, calling

Laughing at the stony face of gloom

When your turn comes round
And the days get long
And you feel your attraction to him
And your instinct can't be wrong

Calling down
Calling down