

History sits and she tells her stories  
Bitter and twisted without power  
Sitting watching feeding her jealous mouth  
The future looks back to learn her lessons  
Memories fade while experience beckons  
I'm caught in the middle which way should I go

Gravity's pulling me, but heaven is calling me and

My head's spinning the world's twisted  
My head's twisted the world's spinning

This generation is full of religion  
Fed up with a diet of nothing  
Give me the real thing flowing through my veins  
This is the day, this is the hour  
Show me the truth 'cause I want to be blinded  
I want to run, which way should I go

Gravity's pulling me, but heaven is calling me

My head's spinning, the world's twisted  
My head's twisted, the world's spinning round, and round

These are the days that we'll look back upon when we're old  
Give me tomorrow 'cause I cannot wait another day