

# Comin Around

Faithless

Both physical and sensory  
My entity  
Indivisible from nature's hoard of treasure  
This identity

Vast, beyond measure  
I share with the Oceans  
Dark matter  
And you  
And you

Mirrors  
Smoke and mirrors  
We're here, yes  
But really not

Vacant  
With so much room inside  
In such a hurry  
With nowhere to stop  
With nowhere to stop

In such a hurry  
With nowhere to stop  
In such a hurry  
With nowhere to stop

All our lives we wake up chasing the wind  
Catching shadows and losing our dreams  
But if all you want is out  
I'm comin' around

To myself  
It's been years and I could use the help  
To carry us back to that place  
But if all you want is out I'm comin' around

I'm comin' around  
I'm comin' around

Mirrors  
Smoke and mirrors  
It's hard to face myself  
It's hard to face myself

Vacant  
With so much room inside  
It's hard to stop yourself  
It's hard to deal with myself

All our lives we wake up chasing the wind  
Catching shadows and losing our dreams  
But if all you want is out  
I'm comin' around

To myself  
It's been years and I could use the help

Show me where's the window to escape  
'Cause if all you want is out I'm comin' around

I'm comin' around