

I fought my feelings and got in the way
Could've been easier like a decade of days
Projection, young marriage, lighting the stage
I wanted feelings, that got in my own way

Then wrote that letter that had nothing to say
Staccato vision like a kingdom of days
All lonely, or not lonely, century away
But still a vision as if help's on its way

Someone who will lead you to someone
Who will lead you to someone
Who will lead you to the one
At the end of the century

The air is clearer a decade away
Singing to a mountain that was empty all along
All lonely, young marriage lighting the way
She wanted feelings that got in her own way

Someone who will lead you to someone
Who will lead you to someone
Who will lead you to the one
At the end of the century

Someone who will lead you to someone
Who will lead you to someone
Who will lead you to the one
At the end of the century

Someone who will lead you to someone
Who will lead you to someone
Who will lead you to the one
At the end of the century

A century, how long is that?
Three billion, one hundred and fifty five million
Nine hundred and seventy three thousand, six hundred seconds
Eight hundred and seventy six million hours
Or thirty six thousand, five hundred days
Almost as long as one of those endless dark nights of the soul
Those nights that never end
When you believe you'll never see the sun rise again
When a single second feels like a century

A century (x9)