

Why is it always, when I open my mouth  
I clash with whatever you do  
When we dance together your rhythm and tempo  
Cuts through my quick step and tune  
You cry, I, I, can't take anymore  
But you can't find the bloody door  
Oh you might think we're free  
'Til we slip back into memory

We're joined by a purpose that will not release us  
'Til we have come to some terms  
Some love and acceptance, not hate and repentance  
These skills are things to be learned  
You cry, I, I, can't take anymore  
But you can't find the bloody door

Oh you might think we're free  
'Til we slip back into memory

I love you so  
I'm stuck, can't you let go  
Let's try again  
This time we will be friends  
I cannot change  
All my tracks have been laid  
Playin' the game  
It's just, it's just a memory

Lost in memory  
Here's to memory