

## False Alarm

Kt Tunstall

I'm trying to put this thing to bed  
I drugged it in it's sleep  
There isn't many memories  
I'm comfortable to keep  
This ball keeps rolling on  
It's heading for the street  
Keep expecting you to send for me  
The invitation never comes

Each time I turn around  
There's nothing there at all  
So tell me why I feel like  
I'm up against a wall

But maybe it's a false alarm  
And all the answer sound the same  
Just colours bleeding into one  
That hasn't got a name  
Maybe I can't see  
Maybe it's just me

Now the curtains coming up  
The audience is still  
I'm struggling to cater for  
The space I'm meant to fill  
And distance doesn't care

Each time I turn around  
Maybe it's a false alarm...

I'm trying to put this thing to bed  
I drugged it in it's sleep  
Remember what you said.  
Are you comfortable to keep it?