

Shadow Boxing

Newton Faulkner

If you're feeling what I'm feeling
Pass it on and let it show
Stop lying to yourself
If you're seeking what I'm seeking
Drop your gun and let it go
Stop denying it to yourself

The mark of your time, the touch of the line,
The instant it drops you're filled too desire,
We could survive if only it we tried to feel what we like,
We're closer tonight

So hope that it gets home
So hope that it gets home

Cuz I feel like shadow boxing
When in the end that's simply freedom
Sitting there at home with her
Sitting there at home with her

If you're feeling what I'm feeling we were binded long ago
You and I and noone else
If you're dreaming what I'm dreaming close your eyes and feel at home
Light the fire in yourself

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