

The Circle

Ocean Colour Scene

Saturday afternoon
The sunshine pours like wine
Through the window

And I know golden June
Can turn an empty gray
Against your window

And I feel like I'm on the outside
Of the circle

If I walk by the trees
I'll catch the falling leaves
If the wind blows

But I know all this means is
Whiling on the hours
Watching sideshows

And I feel like I'm on the outside
Of the circle

Will I turn my coat to the rain
I don't know
But I'm going somewhere I can warm my bones

Fare you well I'll carry me away
And sing to those I know
Upon their birthdays

And I won't feel like I'm on the outside
I won't feel like I'm on the outside
I won't feel like I'm on the outside
Of the circle