

Statues

OMD

The way you moved I can't explain
The mood subsides and grows again
I've lived alone, I've held a hand
I've tried to care and understand

What is faith and when belief?
And who knows how these things deceive
I never said and though I tried
If I could leave and sleep tonight

I can't imagine
How this ever came to be
Can't imagine
How this ever came to be