

Fly On The Wall

Paul Weller

Where angels meet - their words are whispers
As sea touches shore - the clouds move swiftly
And me, so small
Compared to it all
Like a fly on the wall
As pieces sweep
Their meaning is still no clearer
And under my feet
There's nothing to stop my own free fall

Down and down I go
And compared to it all
I'm a fly on the wall

Our children sleep
Resting our hopes and wishes
The night in between
I'm casting my scope, just fishing

Uhh, and in spite of it all
Oh, I look at me so small
And compared to it all
I'm a fly on the wall

And compared to it all
I'm a fly on the wall