Other Way Around

Rites of Spring

Maybe what you've seen isn't part of me at all It must belong to someone, but not to me

Maybe I was too quick - too quick to turn my head But I had to go - just to get around

Other way around The world it wants you weak Another way around

I was so young - I didn't know what it meant to be hurt and then to hurt

I was so young - and it's getting harder still just to get around - the other way around

Maybe tomorrow - hope won't come stillborn today And maybe tomorrow - sounds won't fill in for words to say

And we'll get around We'll get around The other way around