

I say this, because of that sign
I can't say that word, because of Indian money
There's a light in their eyes, that I mistrust
And I can't leave you alone there are so many reasons

Tight hard shapes, meaning only one thing
You know it all mounts up, nothing left to inhabit
We stay quiet missing nothing at all
This is the real life story about to realise something

And I'm almost there, I'm almost ready
See the light shape in the sky
Feel the door's shape in a dark room

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Quiet fears, for some of the time
Apparent resistance, push ahead with the worry
And I've said this before
A bad case of understanding
If I said this once I would have made excuses

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