

What They Mean When They Say

Sinch

Focusing myself
Finding clues in you and everyone else
Rots on a shelf
Believing men were saints
Sometimes these things aren't really supposed to work out this way
So what can you say
And finally there's no time like the moment to
Shine right through
I'm starting to understand what they mean when they say
This is gonna hurt
I'm still laughing at myself
Suspicious visions lay it all on somebody else
Cause I can't be held
Responsible for fame
Write down these words I can't understand what I create
It may be too late
And finally there's no time like the moment to
Shine right through
I'm starting to understand what they mean when they say
This is gonna hurt
If I'm asking
The wrong questions
Could you point me the right way
Cause what I've been searching for
Is something real, well defined
With Buddha's heart and Nostradamus's thorn in my side
Let the feelings come to light
And the sound, it's our life
We can keep it up all night
And day sideways endlessly through and down
Round and round and round and round and round and round
Till finally there's no time like the moment to
Shine right through
I'm starting to understand what they mean when they say
This is gonna hurt
This is gonna hurt