

Living in Another World

Talk Talk

Better parted
I see people crying
Truth gets harder
There's no sense in lying
Help me find a way from this maze
I can't help myself

When I see tenderness before you left
That even breaking up was never meant
But only angels look before they tread

Better parted
I see people hiding
Speech gets harder
There's no sense in writing

Help me find a way from this maze
I'm living in another world to you
And I can't help myself

Did I see tenderness where you saw hell
Did I see angels in the hand I held
God only knows what kind of tale you'd tell