

Subjects are thrown around the room
Looking for the ones that got away
A feeling of soft anticipation
Another confrontation I won't make
But how do we do it
We turned into something else entirely
We fake it
But I wanted it so desperately to be real

Run, run, holding on to some pieces that you left behind
Hold now, as I walk away, you're the one that finds me out
Run from the only thing left that I hold close

I'll be letting you in
You've got the feeling you've been followed under your skin
It will be weighing on your shoulder, believe it
If I could express it in a different dialect or in a delicate way
I'd capture the phrases inside the cage beneath my chest
And keep it locked for days
I wanted you so desperately to believe me

Run, run, why are you running from another conversation?
Someone that I've been planning on, you're the one that finds me out
There's nowhere, now I found you, that I won't go

I'm always letting you in
You've got the feeling you've been followed under your skin
It will be weighing on your shoulder
You've got that seed in you
You've got that seed in you

Run, run, what are you running from?
Let all your small steps expose your secrets
You don't have to speak for me to believe it
But what do you mean?

Shaking your faith, you've got the feeling
you've been followed under your skin
It will be weighing on your shoulder
You've got that seed in you
You've got that seed in... I'm letting you in
You've got the feeling you've been followed
Are you listening to anything I've said?
You've got that seed in you

Shaking your faith, it was the hardest thing to swallow
Pretending you don't miss me
You've got that seed in you
You've got that seed in...
While letting you in, I'll be thinking about tomorrow
And every time we cross those lines
You've got that seed in you
You've got that seed in...
Oh no, as I walk away, everyone had found me out