

## No Explanation

### The Church

You pull the sheets around your throat  
Talking like a harpy again  
I've got this heartache in my coat  
Since I don't remember when  
It's guaranteed to live and to bleed  
And you feed it with your bitterest lies  
Hope you can see what that's done to me  
But I don't care to look into your eyes  
There's no explanation  
There's no complication

Dreamtongued man from the golden land  
Standing with the keys to your door  
I had to laugh as I shook his hand  
Didn't know he'd been here before  
I know him well but I never can tell  
If he sees right through my futile disguise  
Hope you can see what that's done to me  
But I don't care to look into your eyes  
There's no explanation  
There's no complication

Walking alone down the path to your home  
On a silent and sensual day  
It almost could be my very own  
Before I went and lost my way  
Directions aren't clear when you're standing here  
And you cheer me with your faithless surprise  
Hope you can see what that's done to me  
But I don't care to look into your eyes  
There's no explanation