

# Biting The Soles Of My Feet

## The Electric Soft Parade

You don't get out much, you're hardly locked inside  
And nothing ever gets you down  
You don't get up to much, and nothing comes of it  
And nothing ever gets you down

And as the day came rushing in  
I realised what could have been  
And everything I ever saw  
Came quickly as had not before

Do you and I see it the same way?  
I think about it everyday

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And life goes on, and life goes on  
And life goes on, and life goes on  
And life goes on, and life goes on  
And life goes on, life goes on

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