

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

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

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