

Contact The Fact

The Sound

You mean the world
The real world to me
So watching you go
Is like watching a film in slow motion
Everything I touch
Turns to dust
And everyone I turn to
Turns on me

Strange the way
We accept our lot - living together
Strange the way
We self-destruct - dying together
All the beauty gets taken for granted
All the pain gets put in the way
Put in our way

Contact's the fact - I need it
Contact you because I need you

Take me out
You take me out of myself
You can take what you want from me
Because I know you
Hate it when I'm crazy
It's a side of love
You never wanted to see

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