

Time (Again) for the Golden Sunset

The The

I used to be indecisive
But now ... I'm not so sure
There's little sign of feeling
When you look into their eyes
The politician's sighing
That nothing's going wrong in our world tonight
Nothing ... (we don't understand)

There's no point in speaking
"Help me if you can"
Is this a retribution to compensate for a lack of understanding
?
I think we should pretend
That nothing's going wrong in our world tonight
Nothing ... (we don't understand)
And I'm doing the best that I can

Am I locked up forever in a picture of despair?
I've put my spirit onto paper and into words
I've opened my eyes and I've realised
Who I really am

I thought I loved you but I think I must be wrong
There's another feeling in my heart
This sense of pride is silencing my sorrow
I find it hard to come alive
When I'm hollowed out ... from the inside