

## 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