

The Door

Turin Brakes

So take the fast road and get goin' now
Before you leave no trace
Time in this place was closer than my friends
Remember my eyes not my face

Ain't no sense has no sense it invents
Another man unfolds
I'm standing next to myself the sink
Staring into the black hole

I panic at the quiet times
Decisions at the door
I panic at the quiet times
Fate leaves me to much more

On the inside it hurts less
The outside seems so cold
I need to climb, gotta find some tenderness
Before I get too old

Sun come from behind, it hurts my eyes
It dries my hair so nice
I watch the boiling sea, meet the open sky
But my soul still feels like it's ice

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