

Circles

Passenger

it's been years
since we carved our names
on a clocktower door
before everything changed
we were big eyed boys
with the salt on our skin
and we'd throw our kites to the wind

and they'd fly on and on and on and on
on and on and on and on
on and on and on and on

it's been years
since we whispered soft
with the torch light on
and the big light off
we were tired boys
with the soap on our skin
and we'd fall asleep to the wind

and we'd dream on and on and on and on
on and on and on and on
on and on and on and on

cos we're circles
we're circles you see
we go round round the sun
in and out like the sea
i'll circle round you
you will circle round me

and in years
when the torch light thins
and the clock tower's gone
and the big light dims
we'll no longer be boys
we'll have lines on our skin
and they'll throw our dust to the wind