

Cantilever

The Church

You and I
Something else
So afraid, doubtful light

You and I
On our own
So full blown in the night

A for the angles and the algorithms
B for your brains, what ya did with 'em
C, see what we've done, see what we've become
Delightful, delicious and divine

You and I
So exposed
Flaring out into white

You and I
I suppose
Never quite getting it right

E for the elite and the easy way
F for the phantom limb you still obey
G, gee I feel weird, I feel strange
Holy, horrific, and hard

I don't know what you want to be
I only know how I adore thee

Remembering times I was on the inside
And I ran to your side
You helped me to hide
The trap was so smooth
Up the back in your booth
With a bird in your hand
A hand on your heart
The stuff that we did
The stuff that we hid
The stuff that we drank
And the blank that we drew
It was always me
It was almost you

I don't know what you want to do now
I only know nothing you won't allow

Think about it when I'm after a bit
And I'm down in the dumps and I'm needing a hit
And your cut was so clean
The split was so fair
The water was green
When you came up for air
And the things that we saw
The things that were true
The things that we wore
It was always me
It was almost you

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