

# I Kept Everything

The Church

I kept everything  
Mornings and days paraded through space  
And stripped of all their meaning

I saved everything  
But this afternoon I just ran out of room  
I haven't got the foggiest

Yeah (yeah, yeah) let me get this straight  
If it's a matter of luck (yeah, yeah)  
Or a matter of fate

I'm a tiny little flash in a damaged universe  
You know what makes it better only makes it worse

Trying to find you  
Try to remind you  
Trying to find you

I see everything  
Glitter and glamour, the bitter, the hammer  
That smashes up the evening

I heard everything  
Buzzes and creaks, cymbals and shrieks  
I haven't got a feeling left

Wait (yeah, yeah)  
Let me sort this out  
If it's a question of faith (yeah, yeah)  
Or a question of doubt

You're an undiscovered wonder in a desolated place  
I wonder who's representing you, handling your case

Trying to find you  
Try to remind you  
Trying to find you

(Yeah, yeah)  
(Trying to find you) (Oh, oh)