Not those towels, she said
They're not for the beach
You know, I got them on my wedding day
Anyway, it looks like rain
Are you sure you want to go out there?
And I said I didn't know

Your whole life
Living in the echo
Holding on like a gecko
Who am I
Telling you to let go?

No, no
I'm never gonna change you
You make your own chains
Just to break through
To who knows what
Well you clearly do

I don't know, she said
How you bear to live without
Flowers in your living room
It's not so bad, I said
I see them when I walk outside
Anyway I get hay fever

A swimming pool at the guest house
Get in, then you have to get out
I did not ask for this new towel
Fading footprints on the tiles
Words engraved on a sundial
"Don't waste time
For this is what life itself is made of"

Break through the
Break through the chains
Break through the
Break through