

8 (Circle)

Chicane

Philosophise your figure
What I haven't held
You called, I came, stayed tall through it all
Fall and fixture just the same thing

Say nothing of my fable, no
What on earth is left to come
Who's agonised and gnawed through it all
I'm underneath your tongue

I'm standing in your street now
And, and I carry his guitar
And I can't recall it lightly at all
But I know I'm going in

Too much for me to pick up, no
Not sure what forgiveness is
We've galvanised the squall of it all
I can leave behind the harbour

To walk aside your favour
I'm an Actuary King
I'll keep in a cave, your comfort and all
Unburdened and becoming