

Comfort? Sofa chair pacifying words  
A touch on the shoulder to tell me that you'd heard  
Understanding to attention just in case you heard it wrong  
A fear of contradiction cos your feeling can't belong  
To this given situation that no-one can take away  
A smile, a nervous glance, "Well I'll be back some other day"  
But you really had to go and left this atmosphere behind  
So now it's back to circumstance, solutions hard to find  
As I turn the burning embers of a past that recently  
I'd found harder to remember than I thought was good for me  
But once confirmed the truth had pulled that 'recently' to shreds  
Now the obvious lies bleeding and the future holds my breath  
Shall I turn the page and start again?  
Or throw the book away  
Shall I tell you of these feelings?  
Or find something new to say?  
It's the act of making choices  
Asking questions, hearing voices  
Mixing pain and self-resentment  
With a knowledge that contentment  
Is a process of selection  
Cos in every situation  
There are good and bad directions you can go  
You can wallow in the fantasy  
Regenerating memories  
Or use the open scenery  
Impulse flow more easily  
If all the good things disappear for what seems like eternity  
Remember you created them by being what you'll always be  
Receiving input, giving back what makes you tick in time  
Natural instinctive tack running up the spine  
Use your central nervous system  
To help make up your mind  
Looking out with indecision  
Wastes a lot of time  
If it feels good take the risk  
And here I am talking like this  
And saying 'you' instead of 'me'...  
Experience is globally perceived as being basically  
A common sense capacity to understand the variety of influence  
upon the way we are  
Having gone so far  
There is no reasoning can stop us once we've reasoned what we've got