

Through to Myself

David Gray

Three tower blocks glinting in the midday sun
Two ice cubes melting in a glass of white rum
Head for the places that I've never gone
(I can't get through to myself)
(Just can't get through to myself)

Eight beggars choking on a slice of red pie
Two rivers freezing in a broken goodbye
No hesitation, just a kick in the eye
(I can't get through to myself)
(Just can't get through to myself)

And we do a lot of learning everyday
Or so it seems
But the road it keeps turning
And I'm right back here again

Blue leather jacket and a helium voice
(I can't get through to myself)
My head is reeling from too much choice
(I can't get through to myself)
(I can't get through to myself)
(Just can't get through to myself)
(I can't get through to myself)
(Just can't get through to myself)
(I can't get through to myself)
(I can't get through to myself)