

Saw it all in your eyes  
Crossed and shining, through your endless lane  
It's not a sign but a dirty question left unanswered  
Where's my conscience, she's gone dancing  
But I still can't explain

Woah baby, you gotta hear the song that I'm queueing  
Woah baby, you've got it going on, got it going on

Saw it all in our time  
Now you've been choking, I'm still walking now  
It's a state of mind that leaves the lonely shot unanswered  
Where's my conscience, she's still dancing  
And I still can't explain

Woah baby, you gotta hear the song that I'm queueing  
Woah baby, you've got it going on, got it going on

Woah baby, you gotta hear the song that I'm queueing  
Woah baby, you've got it going on, got it going on

And you don't need to find me  
And you don't need to find me  
And you don't need to find me