

Echoes

Flyte

The curtain blocks the sunshine
As you argue with yourself
Your only frames of reference
Are the books upon your shelf

You've always been a genius
The world just doesn't know it yet
But as soon as you're dead and gone
They'll be hearing your echo

The scene where Donald Sutherland
Got hot between the sheets
Had really got her going
So you turned away to sleep
And the longer you're together
Seems the less you get along
But no one remembers love
They remember the echoes

And the crowd it stretches out
As far as you and I can see
As the band, they start to play
For that one moment, we feel free

But nobody hears the song
All they hear are the echoes