

## Home

## Foxes

What's left hanging  
In the air, In the air  
Break the cycle  
Round and round  
Round and round we go

You play hide and seek  
Now I see, now I see the light  
Eyes spill over  
Start to swim  
Start to swim away

These strange faces  
It was only yesterday we spoke on the phone  
A distant memory from all those years ago  
But now I'm looking at these strange faces  
And I'm not coming home

I never heard you speak like this  
On the phone (on the phone)  
You carry the weight and I take the guilt  
Brings me down  
Brings me down to this

These strange faces  
It was only yesterday we spoke on the phone  
A distant memory from all those years ago  
But now I'm looking at these strange faces  
And I'm not coming home