

These things...

These things...

These things...

These things

These things

These things

We believe in aren't what they seem

Will we wake from this dream?

And I'll sympathise, with open eyes

I'll bless the skies, you come home

Is there any wonder or point to what i do?

I'm skin and bone forever

And you've beaten me black and blue

These strings

These strings

These strings

They relieve me so i can sing

And i play for nothing

And I'll sympathise, with open eyes

I'll bless the sky, you come home

Is there any wonder? a point to what i do?

I whisper as loud as london

And it's beatin' me black and blue

And I'll sympathise, with open eyes

I'll bless the skies, you come home

Is there any wonder, or point to what i do?

I'm skin and bone forever

And it's beatin' me black and blue

Is there any wonder?

Girl, you've beaten me black and blue