Ian McCulloch

I'm still trippin' on high wires
My mind is frozen, but my soul's on fire.
I'm still wishing on the stars above
Just to give you what I'm dreaming of.

To be found, to be found, to be found
Going down, going down
To be found, to be found
It's some kinda love; it's working me over
It's some kinda love; it's working me out
It's some kinda love; it comes out of nowhere
It's some kinda love; you know what I'm talking about

Can't feel the way I should

Never ever thought I'd feel that good

No direction and no way in

Playing games I knew I'd never win

Going down, going down, going down

To be found, to be found, to be found

It's some kinda love; it's working me over

It's some kinda love; it sworking me out

It's some kinda love; it comes out of nowhere

It's some kinda love; you know what I'm talking about