

Back to You Again

Jason Webley

Standing in a crowd and looking 'round,
Looking for a pair of eyes, pair of eyes,
Pair of eyes that are looking back at yours.
A little scared, a little proud,
Just a little paralyzed, paralyzed, paralyzed.
Everything you've ever felt before,
Everything you've ever felt and more,
Is coming back again,
Is coming back to you again.
Let the wind blow through the dorr,
Relax your fingers, let it fall away.
Sitting 'round the floor, you're looking tired,
You tell me that you're scared to die, scared to die,
Scared to die, and a little scared to live.
The little light, the little fire,
Still there just behind your eyes, behind your eyes,
Behind your eyes.
Let the waves come through your door,