Myth

Keane

You built it up brick by brick
Put your heart into this baseless myth
Nurtured it like a child
And dressed its wounds when it ran wild

You stopped to fix your face
Someone else stepped in and took your place
Now everything you once knew
Is running circles around you

A car door slamming in your road
It jolts you like a kick inside
A year old message on your phone
That catches you when you can't hide

I see you in the service station sign
I see you in the supermarket line
I see you silhouetted on a wall
But I don't see myself there at all

This vessel of Balsa wood
Is the fag end tail of amoeba-hood
The busying cast confer
And get their taste of the drama

You stare through mindless daytime shows
And curse yourself for growing old
The sterile scent of shaving foam
Reminds you of another world

I see you in the roofless sombre sky
I see you when the lovers stop outside
I see you silhouetted on a wall
But I don't see myself there at all

I see you in the sweetness of our child
I see you in the supermarket aisle
I see you when I'm kneeling on the floor
But I can't see myself anymore

Hard times got the upper hand
Stole our feeble plans
The faces, shot me, spin me round
But I won't lie down

Hard times shake me to the bone
Face bruised, bloody nose
Shell shocked, crawling on the ground
Still I won't lie down

No I won't lie down
No I won't lie down
I won't lie down

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