

This could be the day
That I've waited for
Tell me something
The keys on the tip of your tongue
You know
No-ones ever late
We've heard it all before
Tell me something you grabbed my arm and said
You're sending me, on a solid thought
Your revolution and you're shooting sparks
the deed is really done
Tip of glowing mind
Tip of you own tonngue
Paid to call and talk this way
You're selling me the time last time you were squashed
That I've ever heard before win six-feet small

You're sending me, on a solid thought
Your revolution and you're shooting sparks
I call you're voice when O'm rolling home
I'll promise anything when you're shooting sparks