

Merging Into You

Maxïmo Park

When you walked into the room
I knew there was nothing I could do
When you walked into the room
I thought, "Here comes trouble"
You saw the cover of my book
And you thought that I was worth a look
I was aching for a chance
To start a conversation

We were getting on
But there were ghosts in the room
Too much to contemplate
But I was clearly consumed
You had a role to play
But the casting was wrong
You looked quite amused

I was merging into you
And it seemed like the natural thing to do
I was younger, younger than I knew
You invited me into your rented room

Well we swayed right through the room
I knew there was nothing I could do
There are choices that we make
That have their own momentum
In a dark Victorian room
The summer hill street lights were creeping through
There are moments that we face
That hold their own magnetism

We were getting on
But there were ghosts in the room
Too much to contemplate
But I was clearly consumed
You had a role to play
But the casting was wrong
You looked quite amused

I was merging into you
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I could recognize your distinctive stride
From a quarter mile, I'm telling you
I could recognize your distinctive smile
At a quarter mile

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You invited me into your rented room