

# Shadow Boxing

Newton Faulkner

If you're feeling what I'm feeling  
Pass it on and let it show  
Stop lying to yourself  
If you're seeking what I'm seeking  
Drop your gun and let it go  
Stop denying it to yourself

The mark of your time, the touch of the line,  
The instant it drops you're filled too desire,  
We could survive if only it we tried to feel what we like,  
We're closer tonight

So hope that it gets home  
So hope that it gets home

Cuz I feel like shadow boxing  
When in the end that's simply freedom  
Sitting there at home with her  
Sitting there at home with her

If you're feeling what I'm feeling we were binded long ago  
You and I and noone else  
If you're dreaming what I'm dreaming close your eyes and feel at home  
Light the fire in yourself

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