

In a search for the words, I filled page after page  
Still not sure what to say  
And the knot in my chest is not in my chest  
It's just a trick of the brain

Could you share a little piece of your sunlight  
Or carry me off in the cold night?  
I don't really care where I land  
Could you teach me how to walk in the moonlight  
Or show me how to bury these old knives?  
I'd like to get 'em out of my hands

So I'm back at the start to try my new hand  
This all looks the same  
But now I'm further along, I'm not at the start  
Another trick of the brain

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Or carry me off in the cold night?  
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