

## Watch

## The Sisters of Mercy

Here's the story  
No time to lose (like the present)  
Now I've lost my friends  
Now I've lost friends  
It's not my party,  
Never will be  
Feeling out-of-place,  
I'm not happy  
A touch of the storm cloud...  
Roughage in a comradeship and conversations  
Conversations, everything's so run-of-the-mill  
We stand still...

And time slips back,  
And time slips back...  
Back to the garden,  
Time slips back  
Back in the dark rooms  
Time slips back  
Back in the dark room  
Back to the dark age  
Put me on the rack  
We stand still  
Time slips back  
Recount movements  
Recount movements  
Watch us grow  
Watch us fall from grace  
Watch us fall flat on our face  
But you always fall on your feet  
Tell me how you always  
Fall on your feet  
Tell me how  
Tell me how  
Tell me how  
Oh tell me how