

Even the air in here has jelled
I move slowly towards the door
It's all static
I don't need this anymore

It's slow going
It's slow

You put something in your secret place and now it's gone
This ain't the way you thought it'd happen
Don't look at me
I've been here in my place all along

And my feet are made of lead
And my legs are cast in stone
This pen it leaves no trail of ink
I can hardly dial the phone
There's a stiffness in everything
In my bones and in this house
I've got to find someone who knows
I've got to work it out

I wasn't trying to prevent you keep you straight in line
I was only trying to protect what I thought you gave as mine
It's slow