

## Part Past Part Fiction

The Chills

Sitting in a foriegn setting  
Bands in backgrounds always play  
Their phoney lonely cacaphony  
It didnt have to be this way

Some place alone, yeah yeah  
And no one known, yeah yeah  
So far from home here, yeah yeah, yeah yeah  
Oohh oohhh, ooohh

I really didn't choose to leave you  
To tear myself away so long  
To travel and unravel all the fabric we'd sewn  
So now something's wrong  
And the world we used to know has gone

Some place alone, yeah yeah  
And no one known, yeah yeah  
So far from home here, yeah yeah

Years of awkward confrontation  
I'd like to set your mind at ease  
But stuck here in these muddled ages  
I find the words won't please

Where could we dwell  
Within our past alive and well  
Escape from all that's hard to bear  
To where the child that you were creeps near, without  
fear

Scary things aren't always clear  
To hide in fiction and nostalgia can be eerie too  
You cannot drive and stare rearview  
Oohh oohhh, ooohh

Some place alone, yeah yeah  
And no one known, yeah yeah  
So far from home here, yeah yeah, yeah yeah