Do you see me running down the burning hills
Its the fire chasing us that gives us thrills
We're getting old and we're getting tired
And it's making you ill
It's that choking in your soul telling me you're wanting more

Do you recognise the way I feel
Ts that your weight you're putting on me
Does it symbolise the way you feel (Oh)

Does love burn holes in your ego
I'm the weight around your leg that you can't let go
Square balloon; the wrong shape, the wrong use for you
I tired soul too lost for you to tend too

And am I even getting through?
And am I even getting through?
And am I even getting through t' you?

Am I even getting through to you? Am I even getting through to you? Am I even getting through to you?

Do you recognise the way I feel?
Is that your weight you're putting on me now?
Does it symbolise the way you feel?
Can you tell me how you feel now?

Do you recognise the way I feel?
Is that your weight you're putting on me now?
Does it symbolise the way you feel?
Now, now, now