

A Plea For Purging

"Away, Away"

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He takes a breath
And she wants to leave
And he can't wait to show her things that
She's never seen before.

But the weather is cold now
And she's still wrapped up
In things that can keep her warm.
Unlike him he's the one that
Would heat up the winter's air
To keep her close.

[CHORUS:]

Away, away.
They'll get away.
I keep on retaking the photographs
They will never change
The way we kiss goodbye,
The way we hold our hands,
The way we walk alone,
The way we have no plans
This is something that I'd like to forget.

These numbers repeat themselves.
These phone calls have no destination.
I'm dialing just anything to hear a voice tonight.
I'm desperate for your attention.
I'm all ears and I hear nothing again.

Now the phone call is over
And I'm still wrapped up in things I have said before.

[CHORUS]

Away, away.
(X4)

[Spoken]

You're not perfect sport, and let me save you the
suspense.
This girl you met, she isn't perfect either.

But the question is: Whether or not you're perfect for
each other.
That's the whole deal, that's what intimacy is all about.
Now you can know everything in the world sport,
But the only way you're finding out that one is by giving
it a shot.

Away, away.
They'll get away.
They keep on retaking the photographs
They will never change
The way we kiss goodbye,
The way we hold our hands,
The way we walk alone,
The way we have no plans.

Away, away.
(X2)

This is something that I'd like to forget.
(X3)

The phone call is over and I'm still wrapped up in things
I have said before.
(X2)

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