

## Canterbury

### "Eleven, Twelve"

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We don't live we're tired with aching muscles.  
We don't live we're tied up; they've tied us up to  
strings.  
I've come full circle in my head it doesn't seem that  
detailed.  
We don't live we're tired; we're always sleeping.  
We don't live we're tied up, well here we go again.

On the run and I'm tired but I'm restless.  
It's catching up I can feel it when the wind blows.  
Maybe all that I need is to surrender  
And feel some burn from the fire in the unknown.

Now my love (now my love), it's time to grow old a rich  
man.  
Now my dear (now my dear), come if you want on an  
adventure.  
Nooooowww

They don't live they're tired with angry voices.  
They don't live they're tied up; they'd cut them if they  
ran.  
I'm wasting time, that's all I have,  
So it's more like I'm wasting life.

They don't live they're tired; I've seen them sleeping.  
Just wake up, wake up, you're living in a dream.  
I'm the seeds that will one day be a jungle,  
I'm the clouds that will one day bring you thunder,  
I'm a ghost, you're the house that I'm haunting,  
You're the flame, I'm the fire in the unknown.

Now my love (now my love), it's time to grow old a rich  
man.  
Now my dear (now my dear), come if you want on an  
adventure.  
Nooooowww

(Eleven Twelve)

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