

Cobalt Skies

"Stalker At The Flea Market"

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It's one of those things
You'll watch so carefully
And never see it coming
Then it gets personal
If you take it that way
Personal describes the way
You blame it on yourself
And I never was
A part of it

These arms are folded
And these eyes are on the ground

It was too easy

There's a day on the calendar
A year from now that says
Think for yourself
I wake up to a tape recorder
That tells me to listen to a voice
That I don't believe in anymore
And I never
Want to do that again

These arms are folded
And these arms are on the ground

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