

Colin Giles

"Circles Erratica"

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Sometimes i'm invisible
I'm nowhere to be seen
Kick like a tin can in the shape of a man
Try so hard to break in so i can burst out
Perspectives ever changing leaving me in doubt

I've got a chronic disorder
I'm balanced between
The edge of a razor
Trying to cut clean
I've got my eyes on the road
I'm trying to keep steady
I've got my hands on the wheel
I feel i'm nearly ready

Hope that me who's dreaming
And that's not me who's screaming
Want to wake up warm
In a tattered down tarn
Still for all the killing
There's nobody winning
I want to spit it out
I want to scream and shout

Lying in the gutter
I heard someone mutter
We'll creep in the shadows
Trying to get home
Like the swing in the see-saw
Hard to keep steady
With some rearranging
I feel i'm nearly ready

Sometimes i'm invisible
I'm nowhere to be seen
Kick like a tin can into a sugarade man
Hope that me who's dreaming
And that's not me who's screaming
Want to wake up warm
In a tattered down tarn
Lying in the gutter

I heard someone mutter
We'll creep in the shadows
Trying to get home
I've got my eyes on the road
I'm trying to keep steady
I've got my hands on the wheel
I feel i'm nearly ready

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