

Colours Run "Alphabet Soup"

Visit "[Alphabet Soup](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Speaking in tongues with alphabet soup
Procedural shows in the mid-afternoon
Does everyone know what they came here to do
But me, oh no not me
The book that shines underneath my sheets
Is all I need
Walking the dog, searching for signs
I must have been born with an ingrowing mind
The light of the fair shivers and slides
All over suburban homes
Strangers sharing the world alone
What plan, what goal

Well, it's my fault that you don't listen
Trade me in for a new condition
I'm alright, it's the world that's spinning

Left alone, all things will sicken

If I could unlearn all that I know
I'd see my life reversed
Watch the blessings grow from curses
Why should I change
To suit a pointless world

It's my fault that you don't listen
Trade me in for a new condition
Let me draw my own confusions
Knowledge leads to self-delusion

Swept awake by the frigid morning
Caught by the bus as the day is yawning
Crawl to work and die at my desk
Least they'll say I didn't die in bed

Visit [Colours Run](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.