

## **Beth Orton**

### **"Tangent"**

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Lost myself in a tangent of words  
Can't decide what I've seen or heard  
Can not sleep for counting sheep  
How long does this river run deep?  
How long does this river run deep?

Building a map in order to find  
What's not lost but left behind  
My instinct got bruised  
But I still see  
I was a victim, I'll be no casualty

Just like comin' home  
Just like comin' home  
Just like comin' home  
It was just like comin' home  
Comin' home

He said that you weave deadly tricks  
Come right back to the worldly hicks  
Stare it cold in dull surprise  
Spread evil to hell in every tear you cried  
Every tear you cried

Building a map in order to find  
What's not lost but left behind  
My instinct got bruised  
But I still see  
I was a victim, I'll be no casualty

Just like comin' home  
Just like comin' home  
Just like comin' home  
Could be just like comin' home  
Comin' home

Cut off my toes to spite my feet  
Drank your poison, didn't taste too sweet  
Saw that Heaven's in my mind  
It's there for me to find  
Oh it's there for me to find

Building a map in order to find  
What's not lost but left behind  
My instinct got bruised  
But I still see  
I was a victim, I'll be no casualty

Just like comin' home  
Just like comin' home  
Just like comin' home  
Could be just like comin' home  
Comin' home

Lost myself in a tangent  
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