

Fairport Convention

"The Treachery Of Images"

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The volume is up again. Closing the spaces left within
this room.
To watch instead, it's light somehow will wash this out,
this image,
From playing out with programmed time.
I'm moving in circles here, just watching this gun, these
hands,
These hours are losing count.
Waiting, wishing, there was a way to stop this.
I can't help it now. This light somehow will wash it out,
this image,
From playing out and keeping time.
Believing in all I fear, I'm breathing out, this repeating
line.
The last thing I'm seeing, is bleeding in through the
sound.
Just turn it up again. But I don't know this... wash out the
images.
And hoping that it might that it just might, not come
Again you turn and watch the screen, get up do
anything you can.

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