

Idle Sons

"The Space Between All Things"

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The Space Between All Things

All the walls of your house,
Were painted in deep blue,
You're at that indecisive age to choose colours that
reflect you,
And everything and nothing,
Is in the space between all things,
That fascinates as much as it agitates,
Words turn me into what I say,
As you pull your yellow stained fingers,
Through your un-kept hair,
I noticed that the corners of your jeans,
Were folded neatly into squares,
Your thoughts are the strangest place that you've ever
been,
Stranger even than Los Angeles,
It's like a cinema where they never ask you to leave,

So while you wait and are you wait,
And concentrate on being as far away,
From fate so while you wait,
And concentrate on being as far away,

She had a north Atlantic film star grace,
That's why her tears are out of place,
That kind sadness has more style,
So nothing will make her smile,
Except as soon as anything happens,
She'll drag me on the street,
And hand in hand we stand protesting,
While everyone is still asleep,

So while you wait and are you wait,
And concentrate on being as far away,
From fate so while you wait,
And concentrate on being as far away,

So while you wait and are you wait,
And concentrate on being as far away,
From fate so while you wait,

And concentrate on being as far away,

Are you wait,
Are you wait,
Are you wait,
Are you wait...

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