

Idlewild "In Remote Part / Scottish Fiction"

Visit "[In Remote Part / Scottish Fiction](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In the beginning, there were answers
Then they came along and changed
All these questions and their answers seem to change

So I'll wait 'til I find
The remote part of your heart
When nowhere else will let us
Choose a comfortable start

We stop in every passing place
To watch the world move faster than we do
Watch it pass with our eyes closed
The way we usually choose to

So I'll wait 'till I find the remote part of your heart
When nowhere else will let us choose a comfortable
start
And even if the breath between us smells of alcohol
We call it confusion in the best way possible

It isn't in the mirror, it isn't on the page
It's a red hearted vibration
Pushing through the walls of dark imagination
Finding no equation

There's a red road rage
But it's not road rage
It's asylum seekers
Engulfed by a grudge

Scottish friction, Scottish fiction

It isn't in the castle, it isn't in the mist
It's a calling of the waters as they break to show
The new black death with reactors aglow
Do you think your security can keep you in purity?
You will not shake us off
Above or below

Scottish friction, Scottish fiction

