

James "Fairground"

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Why is it always, when I open my mouth
I clash with whatever you do
When we dance together your rhythm and tempo
Cuts through my quick step and tune
You cry, I, I, can't take anymore
But you can't find the bloody door
Oh you might think we're free
'Til we slip back into memory
We're joined by a purpose that will not release us
'Til we have come to some terms
Some love and acceptance, not hate and repentance
These skills are things to be learned
You cry, I, I, can't take anymore
But you can't find the bloody door
Oh you might think we're free

'Til we slip back into memory
I love you so
I'm stuck, can't you let go
Let's try again
This time we will be friends
I cannot change
All my tracks have been laid
Playin' the game
It's just, it's just a memory
Lost in memory
Here's to memory

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