

Keane "Perfect Symmetry"

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I shake through the wreckage for signs of life
Scrolling through the paragraphs
Clicking through the photographs

I wish I could make sense of what we do
Burning down the capitals
The wisest of the animals

Who are you? What are you living for?
Tooth for tooth, maybe we'll go one more

This life, is lived in perfect symmetry
What I do, that will be done to me

Read page after page of analysis
Looking for the final score
We're no closer than we were before

Who are you? What are you fighting for?
Holy truth? Brother I choose this mortal life

Lived in perfect symmetry
What I do, that will be done to me
As the needle slips into the run-out groove
Love - maybe you'll feel it too

And maybe you'll find life is unkind
And over so soon
There is no golden gate
There's no heaven waiting for you

Oh boy you ought to leave this town
Get out while you can the meter's running down
The voices in the streets you love
Everything is better when you hear that sound
Woooahhh
Woooahhh
Woooahhh

Spineless dreamers hide in churches
Pieces of pieces of rush hour buses
I dream in emails, worn-out phrases

Mile after mile of just empty pages

Wrap yourself around me

Wrap yourself around me

As the needle slips into the run-out groove

Maybe I'll feel it too

Maybe you'll feel it too

Maybe you'll feel it too

Maybe you'll feel it too

I dream in emails, worn out phrases

Mile after mile of just empty pages

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