

## Keane

# "Strangeland"

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Lover, I remember laying out a map  
Throwing our possessions in the van  
Your tapes piled on the backseat  
And a camera in your hand  
Dressed for our arrival in the Strangeland

Strangeland blind  
You got no reason  
You got no rhyme  
You get no time to put things right  
To put things right

You drove across the border  
As the winter rains ran dry  
And, only fit for birdsong, filled the sky  
You threw your head back  
Screaming as we raced across wet sand  
And leapt into the waters of the Strangeland

Strangeland blind  
You got no reason  
You got no rhyme  
You get no time to put things right  
To put things right

You wound the rope around me  
And you pulled the knots in tight  
And shook me like a bad dream from your sight  
And now the things I've done to forget you  
Well, it's not what I had planned  
The sweetest thoughts get twisted in the Strangeland

Strangeland blind  
You got no reason  
You got no rhyme  
You get no time to put things right  
To put things

Strangeland dreams  
You tore my baby away from me  
We get no time to put things right

To put things right

You get no time to put things right

To put things right

To put things right

To put things right

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