## Kt Tunstall "False Alarm"

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I'm trying to put this thing to bed I've drugged it in its sleep There isn't many memories I'm comfortable to keep

This ball keeps rolling on It's heading for the streets Keep expecting you to send for me The invitation never comes

Each time I turn around There's nothing there at all So tell me why I feel like I'm up against a wall

But maybe it's a flase alarm
And all the answers sound the same
Just colours bleeding into one
That doesn't have a name
Maybe I can't see
Maybe it's just me

Now the curtain's coming up

The audience is still I'm struggling to cater for The space I'm meant to fill

And distance doesn't care

Each time I turn around There's nothing there at all So tell me why I feel like I'm up against a wall

But maybe it's a flase alarm
And all the answers sound the same
Just colours bleeding into one
That doesn't have a name
Maybe I can't see
Maybe it's just me

I'm trying to put this thing to bed I drugged it in its sleep Remember what you said Are you comfortable to keep it?

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