

City and Colour

"Moving In Circles"

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Talking; one way is an interrogation, Make it two ways,
You've got a conversation But three ways makes for a
Confrontation Ain't that rich? Because the odd number
Makes for separation And separation leads to
Fragmentation And before too long you're back to the
First situation, Ain't that a bitch? It's spinning me round
And round It's like losing your way in a crowd, Losing
Your way . . . losing your way.

(Chorus)

I feel we're moving in circles,
Of which we have no understanding.
Weaving spirals but leaving no trace.
I can't get used to the strange eerie feeling
Of moving in circles
I can't wipe the smile off my face.
Changing; one way is by revolution
When it seems the only way to change the
constitution
It takes too long for natural evolution
Ain't that rich?
(Before too long there's retribution, it's all part of the
institution).

But it seems like a case of plain substitution,
When self-delusion leads to persecution
And before too long you're back to the first solution
Ain't that a bitch?
It's spinning me round and round
It's like losing your way in a crowd
Losing your way . . . losing your way.

(Chorus)

I feel we're moving in circles
Of which we have no understanding

Weaving spirals but leaving no trace.
I can't get used to the strange eerie feeling
Of moving in circles.
I can't wipe the smile off my face.

