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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 Controntahon 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, Ot which we have no undersv nding. Weaving spirals but leaving no trace. I can't get used to the strange eerie feeling Ot moving in circles I can't wipe the smile off my face. Changing; one way is by revolution When it seems the only to 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 Ot 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.

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