Marty Willson-Piper "Even Though You Are My Friend"

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In the distance, there's a hill There's a house upon the hill On this side it's dark On the other side it's green I bite my nails, I touch my face How long before I reach that place The sky is pressing down And it tears me from my sleep I fall onto the ground And the gorse rips at my skin I scratch my eyes and open wide How long before the other side Even though you are my friend This is the end, this is the end Even though you cannot see It's up to you, it's not up to me

The dizzy spell has gone
The tablet dissolved
The ache has left it's mark
A not forgotten scar
I try the door, it's locked
And time stands still, the broken clock

In the hallway where I stand
I see pictures on the wall
They're all places that I've been
And I've loved
The back door and the front door are
Exactly the same
The floors are the ceiling and the
Walls the window pane

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