

Matt Goss

"Tangled Web"

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Oh, every silhouette and skyline
And constellations in the city lights
They're passing in and out of my mind
And I'm trying so hard not to fall

And it's the same old situation
The same red blood is flowing through us all
I hear the groaning of creation
And we're trapped up against this wall

Oh, what a tangled web we weave
Of powerlines and city streets
So blow wind, blow
Go on and carry us home
We all just want to see
We want to see

We're always waiting on a landslide
To bury us or set us free
And now my words aren't coming out right
As he opens the door to leave
To leave

Oh, what a tangled web we weave
Of powerlines and city streets
So blow wind, blow
Go on and carry us home
We all just want to see
We want to see

Woooahhh
Woooahhh
Woooahhh
Woooahhh
Woooahhh

Hold me like the setting sun
Hold me like the setting sun
Hold me like the setting sun
Woooahhh

Oh, what a tangled web we weave
Of powerlines and city streets
So blow wind, blow
Go on and carry us home
We all just want to see

Blow wind, blow
Go on and carry us home
We all just want to see
We want to see

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