

Zak Claxton "Come Around"

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It makes me tired, waiting for whatever
Practice patience in the grand design
I try to have a conversation
But I lost my voice, and then I lost my shine

I'm not too old to play the game
You may think I don't look the same
But before... the day... fades...
You'll see me come around

It's not easy finding things to put together
You rush ahead, feeling left behind
I hear my basic fundamental
Ringing out of tune, and almost out of time

I'm not too old to play the game
You may think I don't look the same
But before... the day... fades...
Oooh, you'll see me come around

Try and see, the shapes of things to come
I concentrate but I strain my eyes
I've lost my depth perception
Everything is shallow, and I can't read the signs

I'm not too old to play the game
You may think I don't look the same
But before... the day... fades... away...
Oooh, you'll see me come around
See me come around
You'll see me come around

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