

## Monte Pittman "The Circle"

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You turn, just to spite me  
You run where I cannot see  
You walk all over me

But you wont, you wont

You know  
what you'll never be  
Bestow all your pleasantries  
You love to incite me

But you wont, no you wont

Everytime I hear the sound  
of footsteps walking up to my door  
I turn around and I don't see your face  
inside my mind anymore

The circle is now complete  
The loser admits defeat  
Taking them by surprise  
And noone will realize

You want what you can't possess  
You love for me to confess  
You say that you were the best  
But you're not no you're not

Turn the spinning wheel and turn me out  
to where there's nothing at all  
Slipping through my fingers losing grip  
and I can still hear you fall

The circle is now complete  
The loser admits defeat  
Taking them by surprise  
And noone will realize

The circle is now complete  
The boundaries are obsolete  
From ashes the flames will rise  
A blessing that's in disguise

It doesn't matter  
what you cannot see  
Some things are better  
A mystery

Turn the spinning wheel and turn me out  
to where there's nothing at all  
They're slipping through my fingers  
losing grip and I can still hear you fall

The circle is now complete  
The loser admits defeat  
Taking him by surprise  
And noone will realize

The circle is now complete  
The boundaries are obsolete  
From ashes the flames arise  
A blessing that's in disguise

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