

Citizen Swing "Owed To 7"

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I woke like any other day
Night had been so kind
It's embrace had been warm
And I forgot for a while
It's been said we need what's familiar
The dam of endearment for what's gone
And I begin to question what I'd done

Fragile are some when the seam comes undone
And consolation comes from what's familiar
Solace so loud that you can't turn it down
And the consolation comes from what's familiar

Now perception so distorted
Alabaster turns to brown
And the walls smile and whisper
And tell you not to doubt
Something resonates inside you
And confusion won't subside
Smell of yesterday so strong
I could forget
Tomorrow's mine

Fragile are some when the seam comes undone
And consolation comes from what's familiar
Solace so loud that you can't turn it down
And the consolation comes from what's familiar

Weary of convictions
Of all it could have been
I'm a fool trapped beneath myself
With a means to an end
But sometimes I am able
Sometimes I am able to free myself

Fragile are some when the seam comes undone
And consolation comes from what's familiar
Solace so loud that you can't turn it down
And the consolation comes from what's familiar

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