

## Budapest "Clock Face"

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I was miles away  
Thinking about something yesterday  
Something I'm doing more each day  
All the time  
Is it a message  
Is it a sign  
Is it the time to draw a line  
How do I know  
It doesn't feel natural  
Feels too slow

If I don't know then who else will  
It's getting to the point it makes me I'll  
And I don't know if I can turn a page  
Yeah

It feels so wrong the pressures on  
I can't ignore it any longer  
I turn my clock to face against the wall  
This'll be a phase that's all

Only my expectant eyes  
Looking for diamonds in the skies  
The only one looking for this prize  
White in a sea of black  
I'm gonna go I won't come back

I spike myself I kick and scream  
I drag my feet  
I won't come clean  
I check my weight and fall upon the page  
Yeah

It feels so wrong the pressures on  
I can't ignore it any longer  
I turn my clock to face against the wall  
This'll be a phase that's all  
I drag my feet  
I check my weight  
I turn my clock to face against the wall

Oh, if I don't hear then I ask you

But everybody's singing the same old tune  
I dig my heels  
I will not learn the words  
Oh yeah

It feels so wrong the pressures on  
I can't ignore it any longer  
I turn my clock to face against the wall  
This'll be a phase that's all

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