

Mint

"Inexorable"

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In an ever-setting mould
Sinatra watching me
I will wear my soul on my sleeve
This way is not my colour

Tarred with the same old brush
The picture painted many times
But I'll put on my bravest face
Don't knock it till you've tried it son
Oh no I'm sleeping in my clothes again

Yeah, I think I'm slipping
Is it the sand that's shifting or me
This rope's not gripping
I think I'm sinking slowly down

Now the flickering's starting to fade
The orange patches blur
And the blinkers loosening now
The light that once was blinding me...

And this view's not too bad at all
Don't know what my problem was
And I can't seem to find the knob
Still I'll keep on trundling on
I think I spoke too quietly again

Yeah, I think I'm slipping
Is it the sand that's shifting or me
Yeah, this rope's not gripping
I think I'm sinking slowly down

(solo)

Yeah, I think I'm slipping
Is it the sand that's shifting or me
Yeah, this rope's not gripping
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