

Shearwater "Corridors"

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Walk him up and down the corridors
Till his arms are tired
Till his lungs are tired

Starve him of the air, the dimming light
Till his eyes are wide
Till his eyes are wild

Till he sees the other side

Chain him to the burning carousel
Till the horses tire
Till the horses tire

Burn away the bearings of his life
Till his eyes are wild
Till his eyes are wild

But stave off suicide
Oh, my, my, m-m-my
M-m-my, m-my
M-my, m-my, m-my, m-my
M-m-my

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