

Ecstatic

"Circle Line"

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He can't hit or split the mold he's made
His working life, strife, his paperweight of hate
And clocking in again is his only sin

Girl not so tall, her menthols, knitted shawl
Burning candle both ends and running into walls
Late to tipping tables and making ends make sense

I'm always coming back to the same spots, same stops
Same pots and pans and plans I had before
With no destination

Old face with many years
Dissappeared in a generation
Of remembering too late instigation
Dies alone with none to she'd a tear

I'm always coming back to the same place, same space
Same day to day and way I've lived before
Still no destination

Come clean and see
Restore what I chose to ignore

So slow to realise
These steps ahead
Are my ambition

It's a shifting sand
Not some place to stand
A journey of the end

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