

Connells, The "Holding Pattern"

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Once in a while I can see through

What is real and what is show.

Saving my colds for your purest thoughts.

It may come and it may go.

Chorus:

In a holding pattern, standing still as statues in a row.

It's so hard to change the pose.

And if movement mattered, I can still be moved, so ask
again

"Will they line us up in a row?"

Give me a glimpse of some distant time. (?)

Let me know what's in store.

Keep me in mind when you cross yourself.

I couldn't ask for anymore.

(repeat chorus)

(repeat chorus)

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