

Isolee

"Three-Minute Convert"

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It came as no surprise
When we stopped playing at
The same time
'Cause we've got no sound to
Fill the void
After someone like you

Cymbals, horns we play
It did not help in any way
They're only cosmetics
Bound to crack
Under your burning sun

So we stayed in the shade
Just waiting for you
To sing the next verse
To help us get through
And when we get to the bridge
Our spirits renewed
We can take the refrain and
Sing it to you

Tunes and chords and scales
Yes I know them all too well
But no matter how i strum and hum
I can't get it right

Oh lord I've seen the blues
It's not major but it's true
And you've got my songs to
Fill my room
Now fill me up too

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