

# Thea Gilmore

## "Inverigo"

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We are late like a midnight train that's running nowhere  
We are sticks, we are stones, we are broken bones, we  
are hot air  
We are under the guillotine trying to fix our hair

There's computers clicking binary genius into the night  
There are formulas, remedies, reasons, there is  
hindsight  
There's the smell of artillery, there's the sky alight

We are bedrock, we're underground, we are sharp as  
the rain  
We are gathering pace, we are thunder wrapped in  
cellophane  
We are running from the storms of our youth into more  
of the same

There's a motorway service station on a January day  
There's a lunchtime radio show, there's the shit that  
they play  
There's the percussion of buttons and keys in a cyber  
café

We are some distant TV channel, a lesson grown old  
We are rhythm and rhyme, partners in crime, we are  
fools gold  
We are free as the wind through the trees or so we are  
told

There's some faded out manuscript paper and an old  
clarinet  
There is cash on the table, there's a tapestry alphabet  
There's the moon and the tide and all the songs not  
written yet  
There's the moon and the tide and all the songs not  
written yet

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