

Thrice "Circles"

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We talk too much, we talk in circles
Till we're all spinning 'round
Reaching for rings on this merry-go-round

Scenery spins, we call it progress
I've seen this all before
When all's said and done, wake up on the floor

We set sail with no fixed star in sight
We drive by Braille and candle light

We're building towers with no foundation
Just stacking stone on stone
Whatever it takes, mix our mortar with bones

True progress means
Matching the world to the vision in our heads
We always change the vision instead

We set sail with no fixed star in sight
We drive by Braille and candle light

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