

Counterpoint (Live in Amsterdam, 19/02/2009)

Delphic

Late at night, I'll run through streets and empty corridors.

I'll find my counterpoint, inside a red room locked behind a door. I keep holding my head up, holding it up.

Holding my head up, holding it up.

But you just don't come back, around.

It seems to me that we will never be. And tell me nothing's wrong, nothing's wrong, nothing's wrong today.

Just tell me nothing's wrong, nothing's wrong, nothing's wrong today. Late at night, I'll run through the streets
and empty corridors.

I'll find my counterpoint, inside a red room locked behind a door. Behind a door. And someone tell me,

Nothing's wrong, nothing's wrong, nothing's wrong today.

Just tell me nothing's wrong, nothing's wrong, nothing's wrong today. Oh, everything I want.

Oh, everything I'm not.

Is suddenly gone. And tell me nothing's wrong, nothing's wrong, nothing's wrong today.

And someone tell me, nothing's wrong, nothing's wrong, nothing's wrong today, today, today, today. Today

Today

Today Nothing

Nothing

Nothing

Nothing

Nothing

Nothing And someone tell me,

Nothing

And someone tell me,

Nothing

And someone tell me,

Nothing

And someone tell me,

Nothing

And someone tell me,

Nothing

And someone tell me,

Nothing

And someone tell me,

Nothing

And someone tell me,

Nothing

And someone tell me,

Nothing

And someone tell me,

Nothing

Songwriters

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