

Choking

Angus & Julia Stone

Choking on these words
You can leave now
Oh, haven't you heard?
You can leave now We stand there like statues
From different cities
Both warriors of the same war
Both victors of our territories Why do I feel so small?
Oh, you've got it all figured out
What will be, will be Fine work from a sailor's hand
Who's always running away
In between all your complex ideas
Found out how love should be When you get the time to feel anything
Anything real for me
Oh, you've got it all figured out
What will be, will be Fine words from a sailor's son
Who's always running away
I don't want your sympathy Don't quote me another phrase
I understand all your philosophies
But it hurts me just the same Choking on these words
You can leave now
Oh, haven't heard?
You can leave now

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