

# Tangent

## Beth Orton

Lost myself in a tangent of words  
Can't decide what I've seen or heard  
    Can not sleep for counting sheep  
    How long does this river run deep?  
How long does this river run deep?Building a map in order to find  
    What's not lost but left behind  
    My instinct got bruised  
    But I still see  
I was a victim, I'll be no casualtyJust like comin' home  
    Just like comin' home  
    Just like comin' home  
    It was just like comin' home  
Comin' homeHe said that you weave deadly tricks  
    Come right back to the worldly hicks  
    Stare it cold in dull surprise  
    Spread evil to hell in every tear you cried  
Every tear you criedBuilding a map in order to find  
    What's not lost but left behind  
    My instinct got bruised  
    But I still see  
I was a victim, I'll be no casualtyJust like comin' home  
    Just like comin' home  
    Just like comin' home  
    Could be just like comin' home  
Comin' homeCut off my toes to spite my feet  
    Drank your poison, didn't taste too sweet  
    Saw that Heaven's in my mind  
    It's there for me to find  
Oh it's there for me to findBuilding a map in order to find  
    What's not lost but left behind  
    My instinct got bruised  
    But I still see  
I was a victim, I'll be no casualtyJust like comin' home  
    Just like comin' home  
    Just like comin' home  
    Could be just like comin' home  
Comin' homeLost myself in a tangent  
    Lost myself in a tangent  
    Lost myself in a tangent

Lost myself in a tangent

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