

# Hanging Around

## Moke

I wonder what it's like  
Seeing through your eyes  
You've offered me to have a try  
But I was always late

The filters that I use  
Give me an excuse  
I take away what's real  
I feel it and it blows my fuse

I hang around  
For another round  
I'm hanging around  
For another round

I'm hanging on  
To the same old song  
I hang around  
For another round

Until something stops me  
I wonder what it's like  
Walking by your side  
To think before I talk

And to move at the same speed as you walk  
I want to have a weight  
To keep me in your state  
I'm watching from above  
I love it but it's not for me

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