

# Counterpoint

## Function

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 I keep holding my head up holding it up  
Holding my head up, holding it up  
And 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 Everything I know  
Everything I know  
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

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