

Fly On the Wall

Paul Weller

Where angels meet - their words are whispers
As sea touches shore - the clouds move swiftly
And me, so small
Compared to it all
Like a fly on the wall
As pieces sweep
Their meaning is still no clearer
And under my feet
There's nothing to stop my own free fall
Down and down i go
And compared to it all
I'm a fly on the wall
Our children sleep
Resting our hopes and wishes
The night in between
I'm casting my scope, just fishing

Songwriters

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