

Perfect Symmetry

Keane

I shake through the wreckage for signs of life
Scrolling through the paragraphs
Clicking through the photographs
I wish I could make sense of what we do
Burning down the capitals
The wisest of the animals
Who are you? What are you living for?
Tooth for tooth, maybe we'll go one more
This life is lived in perfect symmetry
What I do, that will be done to me
Read page after page of analysis
Looking for the final score
We're no closer than we were before
Who are you? What are you fighting for?
Holy truth? Brother, I choose this mortal life
Lived in perfect symmetry
What I do, that will be done to me
As the needle slips into the run out groove
Love, maybe you'll feel it too
And maybe you'll find life is unkind and over so soon

There is no golden gate, there's no heaven waiting for you
Oh boy, you ought to leave this town
Get out while you can the meter's running down
The voices in the streets you love
Everything is better when you hear that sound
Woah, woah, woah
Spineless dreamers hide in churches
Pieces of pieces of rush hour buses
I dream in emails, worn out phrases
Mile after mile of just empty pages
Wrap yourself around me
Wrap yourself around me
As the needle slips into the run out groove
Maybe you'll feel it too, maybe you'll feel it too
Maybe you'll feel it too, maybe you'll feel it too
(Spineless dreamers hide in churches)
Pieces of pieces of rush hour buses
I dream in emails, worn out phrases

Mile after mile of just empty pages
Spineless dreamers hide in churches

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