

denied

Steve Gornall

The telephone is ringing, disconnect the line
The tension, oh, it's building but I'm alright
Yeah, I'm alright and the stars are colliding
So you might as well, oh, you might as well let me go
 The television is burning, I set it on fire
 The wheels, they keep turning but I'm fine
 Yeah, I'm fine and what about the questions
 We had locked up inside
 Somewhere, somehow
 We've been denied
 Hand in hand we walk behind pretending
 Defending while our souls our tied
 It's only the third hour, my conscience subsides
 But something will remind that you lied
 Yeah, you lied and what about the consequences?
 This can't be right

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