

# One Mind

## Blindside

I used to be making future plans  
As I would dance  
At your funeral that's me  
The superman I always wanted to be  
Pretending blindness  
I didn't want to find this  
Something I left behind  
But always with me  
Somehow protecting me  
Somehow trying to convince  
This blind man to see  
Blindside  
What am I going to say  
When you come my way  
What am I going to do

When you come through  
Past present  
How on earth did my lifestyle  
Become this pleasant  
Basically I'm this kite  
Flying around in this great big night  
Birdman feeling free  
But my strings attached to the man below me  
If birdman wanted to fly on his own  
He would be a slave to the storm  
Can I  
I won't  
Go on walking without

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