

# 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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