Inverigo

Thea Gilmore

We are late like a midnight train that's running nowhere
We are sticks, we are stones, we are broken bones, we are hot air
We are under the guillotine trying to fix our hairThere's computers clicking binary genius into the night
There are formulas, remedies, reasons, there is hindsight
There's the smell of artillery, there's the sky alightWe are bedrock, we're underground, we are sharp as the rain
We are gathering pace, we are thunder wrapped in cellophane
We are running from the storms of our youth into more of the sameThere's a motorway service station on a January day
There's a lunchtime radio show, there's the shit that they play
There's the percussion of buttons and keys in a cyber cafWe are some distant TV channel, a lesson grown old
We are rhythm and rhyme, partners in crime, we are fools gold
We are free as the wind through the trees or so we are toldThere's some faded out manuscript paper and an old clarinet
There is cash on the table, there's a tapestry alphabet
There's the moon and the tide and all the songs not written yet
There's the moon and the tide and all the songs not written yet

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/