

Golden Ratio

Ben Watt

High on the cliff overlooking the sea
Been walking an hour under this sky
See the gulls as they fly below
In winter these paths disappear under snow
Here I come and here I go
Is this a momentary golden ratio?
Oh, I could imagine that it was me
Yeah, I could imagine this could be me
Up on the down overlooking the sea
But something inside is pulling at me
It mocks this voice that's speaking now
It slights this loud unworldly appeal
It strolls to the point where this morning ends
And makes an illusion of everything I feel
'What am I thinking this could be me?'
It says, 'What am I thinking this could be me?' I'm down in the lane now and I'm walking home
Let me walk to the beat of my own metronome
Yeah, let my fingers brush the gorse
Give me salt lips for a sea horse
I want no regrets and no remorse
I want to see life as its own resource
Because I've seen those birds as they wheel below
I've seen these paths under winter snow
Here I come, don't let me go
I want a momentary golden, golden, golden ratio
Yeah, let me imagine that it is me
Because I truly imagined that it was me
I was flung open I was alive
I was flung open I was alive
Yes, it was me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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