One Mind

The Numbers Band

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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