Pieces Of Heaven

Mark Owen

Some people change,
Some stay the same,
Someone came into today,
Somewhere someone passed away,
And under a stone,
Just skin and bone,
No one wants to be alone,
When all we have is all we own,
What are all the voices saying?
Where are all you people going?
And if there's a God,
Then why won't he talk to me?
We cry, we learn,
We think about the things we're crying for,
We try, we burn,
And then we try and try again,
When the troubles come,
When we're not so strong
We need to breathe to carry on,
Still looking for pieces of heaven
Cat in a box,
Watching the clocks,
Chase my heart around the block,
Pictures of an astronaut,
And all the above,
Creatures in love,
Making plans then getting off,
Waiting for the rain to stop,

Where do words go when they're spoken?
Why do some minds never open?
And if there's a God,
Then why won't he talk to me?
We cry, we learn,
We think about the things we're crying for,
We try, we burn,
And then we try and try again,
When the troubles come,
When we're not so strong

We need to breathe to carry on,
Still looking for pieces of heaven

Sweet dreams
Go under, over
Slipstream,
Above me
We cry, we learn, we walk
We try, we burn, we talk
We cry, we learn, we walk
We try and we burn
When the troubles come,
When we're not so strong
And we need to breathe to carry on
Still looking for pieces of heaven
Still looking for pieces of heaven

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