

# Analyse

## Dolores O'Riordan

A self-fulfilling prophecy  
Of endless possibility  
You roll in reams across the street  
    In algebra, in algebra  
The fences that you cannot climb  
The sentences that do not rhyme  
In all that you can ever change  
    The one you're looking for  
    It gets you down  
    It gets you down  
    There's no spark  
    No light in the dark  
    It gets you down  
    It gets you down  
    You traveled far  
    What have you found?  
    That there's no time  
    There's no time  
    To analyse  
    To think things through  
    To make sense  
    Like cows in the city  
They never looked so pretty  
By power carts and blackouts  
    Sleeping like babies  
    It gets you down  
    It gets you down  
    You're just playing a part  
    You're just playing a part  
    You're playing a part  
        Playing a part  
    And there's no time  
        There's no time  
        To analyse  
        Analyse, analyse  
        Analyse