

Parade

Magazine

They will show me what I want to see
we will watch without grief
we stay one step ahead of relief
you tell me we've been praying
for a bright and clever hell
I think we've been forced to our knees but I can't tell
Sometimes I forget that we're supposed to be in love
Sometimes I forget my position
It's so hot in here
What are they trying to hatch?
We must not be frail, we must watch
Now that I'm out of touch with anger
now I have nothing to live up to
and I don't know when to stop joking
when I stop I hope I am with you
Sometimes I forget that we're supposed to be in love
Sometimes I forget my position
What on earth is the size of my life?

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