

Instinct

Crowded House

I lit the match, I lit the match
I saw another monster turn to ash
Felt the burden lifted from my back
Do you recognize the nervous twitch
That exposes the weakness of the myth? When your turn comes 'round
And the light goes on
And you feel your attraction again
And your instinct can't be wrong Separate the fiction from the fact
Been a little slow to react
But it's nearly time to flip the switch
And I'm hanging by a single stitch
Laughing at the stony face of gloom When your turn comes 'round
And the light goes on
And you feel your attraction again
And your instinct can't be wrong Feelings come and go
Where the true present lies
Are calling down, are calling down, are calling
Laughing at the stony face of gloom When your turn comes 'round
And the days get long
And you feel your attraction to him
And your instinct can't be wrong Calling down, calling down

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