

We Are to Follow

Blindside

These streets are as cold and wet
As my eyes, flesh and bones are longing home
I was taken out of context
And to think You had me not speaking for a month or two
But it's not you, I know
It's just me waiting
Waiting for the sun to come out We are to follow, what if I could stand still and get moved?
We are to follow, we are nothing running blind
We are to follow, we are so sick of it now
We are to follow, but I'm scared to be left behind
We are to follow, nothing now The TV dies more and more for each day
And the beauty of your eyes
(In my hand)
Makes the flashing lights behind me On the wall look even more pale
Four o'clock and the sky is getting red
And here I am, just me waiting
Waiting for the sun to come out I'm throwing myself at you
And I'm holding on for dear life
Can I scream out of tune in this choir?
God help me scream
What if I would stand still and get moved

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