# Fadeaway

## Pragmatic Theory

I sat in the room with a view
The girl in the photograph knew
Can't you see?
Why is she laughing at me?I stumbled through the dark unaware
The face in the hall isn't there
Tomorrow has gone
Where do the voices come from?Watching the leaves as they blew
Lost in the room with a view
Climb the walls
You did not know me at allI fell through a hole in the floor
The audience cried out for more
Fadeaway
It's just another dayHit heaven far too high
Hit heaven far too high
Hit heaven far too high
...

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