

Procession

Michael Cunningham

There is no end to this
I have seen your face
But I don't recognize all these things
You must have left behind
It's a problem, you know
That's been there all your life
I try to make you see the world without a view
That just turn black and white
At night, it gets cold and
You'd dearly like to turn away
The escape that fills
Makes you want to turn on heel
Alone, alone, alone, alone
There is no end to this
I can't turn away

Another picture but the scene
It's still the same
There is no room to move
Or try to look away
Remember, life is strange
Life keeps getting stranger every day
I try so hard but this attitude's
A type that won't subside
No matter what they say
Remember, heart beats you, late at night
Your heart beats you, late at night
Your heart beats you, late at night
Your heart beats you, late at night

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