Tangent

Beth Orton

Lost myself in a tangent of words
Can't decide what I've seen or heard
Can not sleep for counting sheep
How long does this river run deep?
How long does this river run deep?
Building a map in order to find
What's not lost but left behind
My instinct got bruised
But I still see
I was a victim, I'll be no casualty
Just like comin' home
Just like comin' home
Just like comin' home
It was just like comin' home
Comin' home
He said that you weave deadly tricks
Come right back to the worldly hicks
Stare it cold in dull surprise
Spread evil to hell in every tear you cried
Every tear you cried
Building a map in order to find
What's not lost but left behind
My instinct got bruised
But I still see
I was a victim, I'll be no casualty
Just like comin' home
Just like comin' home
Just like comin' home
Could be just like comin' home
Comin' home
Cut off my toes to spite my feet
Drank your poison, didn't taste too sweet
Saw that Heaven's in my mind
It's there for me to find
Oh it's there for me to find
Building a map in order to find
What's not lost but left behind
My instinct got bruised
But I still see

I was a victim, I'll be no casualty
Just like comin' home
Just like comin' home
Just like comin' home
Could be just like comin' home
Comin' home
Lost myself in a tangent
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