

The In-between Place

Crash Test Dummies

I can't tell what's true
So it's harder to lie
I haven't got the proofs
My equations run dry
I'm in the in between place,
Where the seam meets the cloth
Where the lily pad's face
Shines up out of the bog
I've still got my mind
My body, and my heart
I can still be unkind
I can still come apart

I'm in the in between place,
Where the seam meets the cloth
Where the lily pad's face
Shines up out of the bog
Where the line in the sand
Is drawn with a stick
'Til the winds sweep the land
And blow the air thick
The place where the sky
Meets up with the land
Where the 1 watches 1
That it longs to command

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