

# The Circle

## Ocean Colour Scene

Saturday afternoon  
The sunshine pours like wine  
Through the window And I know golden June  
Can turn an empty gray  
Against your window And I feel like I'm on the outside  
Of the circle If I walk by the trees  
I'll catch the falling leaves  
If the wind blows But I know all this means is  
Whiling on the hours  
Watching sideshows And I feel like I'm on the outside  
Of the circle Will I turn my coat to the rain  
I don't know  
But I'm going somewhere I can warm my bones Fare you well I'll carry me away  
And sing to those I know  
Upon their birthdays And I won't feel like I'm on the outside  
I won't feel like I'm on the outside  
I won't feel like I'm on the outside  
Of the circle

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