What It Is

Catatonia

It's what's not there that makes
What's there what it is
It's what's not there that makes
What's there what it is...
Seems like we're quite
In demand
More faint praise
Well I'll be damned
Ship's run aground on the rocks
Not all that unorthodox...It's what's not there that makes
What's there what it is...Fate cuts her cloth
Ragged mean
You miss the ceremony
He sleeps, she wakes
Then she tires
Leave us to our frying pan
And fires...It's what's not there that makes
What's there what it is...

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