

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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