

you're tired and you say you're angry  
you're thankful for this blessed rain  
and you think you'd know  
but your old friends have to tell you again

your books taught you all you know  
your tastes and patterns and your tv shows  
but you can never follow where they won't let you go  
sometimes it's so hard to know

you want to display your charms  
on this bright night  
you want to display your charms  
on this bright night  
you want to display your charms  
over these circus christmas lights

your cares your misanthropy  
your distant gaze is missing me  
and your jewellery that's what blinded me  
from the reality

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over the sea  
over the land and the city