

Katie Melua, Perfect Circle

A mask is easily placed,
On a betrayed and broken face.
A disguise to hide the past,
When you mapped out my skin and made the memories last.
Some things are never erased,
And I have run when I've been chased,
By recollections of you and me falling off our homemade castle

And even when I'm walking straight I always end up in a perfect circle.
Oh I try but I just can't wait,
To break out of this perfect circle.
'Cos giving into old temptation,
Is like that common twitch.
Oh the silly stupid realisation,
The more you scratch the more you itch.

Why am I fighting, what's it for,
Must let my mask drop to the floor.
My scars I shouldn't hide from the people who are on my side,
Rolling up my sleeves to fight against,
All the things I locked up and all the things I fenced.
But it's time to let it out so we can build a brand new castle.

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