

Katie Melua, The Flood

Broken people get recycled
and I hope that I will sometimes be thrown over pathways
what I thought was my way home
wasn't the place I know
no I'm certain nothing's certain
what we are becomes our prison
my possessions will be gone
back to where they came from

flame
noone is to blame
as natural as the rain that falls
here comes the Flood again

See the rock that you hold onto
is it gonna save you?
when the earth begins to crumble
why do you feel you have to hold on?
imagine if you let go

flame
noone is to blame
as natural as the rain that falls
here comes the Flood again

push away the weight that pulls you down
Light the waves that free from the dark

don't trust your eyes
its easy to believe them
know in your heart
that you can leave your prison

don't trust your mind
it's not always listening
turn on the lights
and feel the ancient rhythm

don't trust your eyes
its easy to believe them
know in your heart
that you can leave your prison

flame
noone is to blame
as natural as the rain that falls
here comes the Flood again