

Keane, Bedshaped

Many's the time I ran with you down
The rainy roads of our old town
Many the lives we lived in each day
And buried altogether
Don't laugh at me
Don't look away

You'll follow me back
With the sun in your eyes
And on your own
Bedshaped
And legs of stone
You'll knock on my door
And up we'll go
In white light
I don't think so
But what do I know?
What do I know?
I know!

I know you think I'm holding you down
And I've fallen by the wayside now
And I don't understand the same things as you
But I do

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Don't look away

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