

Steve Kilbey, This Ashphalt Eden

I walk alone, this ashphalt eden I must have outgrown
Just flesh and bone, no indication, no way to get home
Now feel their hands, and their demands
And understand the way that it could have been
I remember myself as I wanted to be
When you walk past my cage I'm gonna set myself free
If it was obvious then, well it's just history
It's too late, it's too dark to see

They speak their names
They still walk in fire and can't feel the flames
They stake their claims
But this place was taken before trespassers came
Now feel their hands, and their demands
And understand the way that it could have been
If it was obvious then, well it's just history
It's too late, it's too dark to see