

Was it wrong to have perceived a spark?
And being so much in the dark,
Would any light appear to be a beacon?

And if someone thinks the world of you,
In the face of nothing new,
No surprise if one's resolve is...

Weekend and weekdays go by in a crawl,
A private general malaise,
Until you trip and you properly fall,
Ending a year of a month of Sundays.

The world of you, the world of you,
I think I think the world of you,
I see no fault in my world view,
If my world is the world of you.

You can pour the past out of your pen,
Turn the page and start again,
Writing till the wrongs are long forgotten,

So you're beautiful and sharp and drawn,
To romantic marathons,
Running on while exercising...

Caution gets thrown to the wind and wolves,
The heart out-foxes the brain,
Hunting the half that could fill the hole,
Building up something from pieces of pain.

The world of you, the world of you,
I think I think the world of you,
I see no fault in my world view,
If my world is the world of you.

The world of you, the world of you,
I think I think the world of you,
I see no fault in my world view,
If my world is the world of you.

If my world is the world of you,

Now my world is the world of...