

## Unpicking a Puzzle

Bernard Fanning

The bottom of the bottle, roll me in the vines  
And bury me so deep, all my bones turning white  
With silence is a gold, and secrets will abound  
The hostage in your conscious, will have tape across his mouth

But tell me how will you find, space for my love  
If you spend half your time tryna cast it off  
Unpicking a puzzle can't be undone  
Unpicking a puzzle can't be undone

The simple repetition, of a lifetime mistake  
The road to your ruin was, the easiest to take  
Chronic indecision, and determine of the vase  
And ragged superstition babe, your future down to waste

Tell me how will you find, space for my love  
If you spend half your time tryna cast it off  
Unpicking a puzzle can't be undone  
Unpicking a puzzle can't be undone

Where you gonna run to now  
Where you gonna hide your pain  
And how you gonna live this down  
You were bind in every promise you make  
At the bottom of the barrel, drowning in the mud  
The hostage hums the melody, the conscious is keeping time  
At the bottom of the garden, tangled in the brier  
God is making music, the devil is making wine