

## 8 (Circle)

Chicane

Philosophise your figure  
What I haven't held  
You called, I came, stayed tall through it all  
Fall and fixture just the same thing

Say nothing of my fable, no  
What on earth is left to come  
Who's agonised and gnawed through it all  
I'm underneath your tongue

I'm standing in your street now  
And, and I carry his guitar  
And I can't recall it lightly at all  
But I know I'm going in

Too much for me to pick up, no  
Not sure what forgiveness is  
We've galvanised the squall of it all  
I can leave behind the harbour

To walk aside your favour  
I'm an Actuary King  
I'll keep in a cave, your comfort and all  
Unburdened and becoming