

Symmetry (the Way Things Have To Be)

Jane Siberry

Or say you're in a room
And there's a beautiful fire
And you're looking out the window
(At the snow and the winter streets below)
But your eyes keep returning to the fire

This is what I'm thinking
The reason your eyes keep returning to the fire
Is because it divides your sight
Into left and right, and dark and light and dark
Like a fine dividing wire

Here's another thing
That I noticed last night
When he kissed me over there
He usually kissed me over here, too

I must have known it in my heart
And with my inner sense of art
Because when I kiss him over there
I never kiss him over here

It's the way of the world
People do it everywhere
If you're going to do it over here
Then usually they do it over there too

Symmetry is the way things have to be
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Or say you're at a table
And you have your forks and knives
Do you move them around
'Til you get them just right?
(This is while you're talking to someone)

Or you work in a nightclub
And you notice that
Even though you try to seat everyone on one side of the room
They always spread themselves out evenly from this side to that
Like atoms in a model

It's the way of the world
People do it everywhere
If you're going to do it over here
Then usually they do it over there too

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Or say you're in an air show
And you're flying with two other pilots
And you want to do it right
Because you like to do it right

And one guy is flying
At the tip of your left wing

And the other guy's off
Doing his own thing
Would it bother you?
It bothers me

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