

# Fly On The Wall

Paul Weller

Where angels meet - their words are whispers  
As sea touches shore - the clouds move swiftly  
And me, so small  
Compared to it all  
Like a fly on the wall  
As pieces sweep  
Their meaning is still no clearer  
And under my feet  
There's nothing to stop my own free fall

Down and down I go  
And compared to it all  
I'm a fly on the wall

Our children sleep  
Resting our hopes and wishes  
The night in between  
I'm casting my scope, just fishing

Uhh, and in spite of it all  
Oh, I look at me so small  
And compared to it all  
I'm a fly on the wall

And compared to it all  
I'm a fly on the wall