

It's a tape, looped back on itself
That's a jab, at my failing health
Then it clicked, you grind a gear or two
And suddenly, the broken record's you

And that's a different story
Yeah that's a different story
And I start to bore me
That's a different story

Getting closer
To the clover
Getting closer
And it's over
And I can't hear you
I can't hear you

Your voice is muffled, like it's dipped in wax
Hard to place, it's a faded fax
In a leaf, of a once-sharp point
In a groove, spinning endlessly

And that's a different story
Yeah that's a different story
And I start to bore me
That's a different story

Getting closer
To the clover
Getting closer
And it's over
And I can't hear you
I can't hear you