

Subjects are thrown around the room  
Looking for the ones that got away  
A feeling of soft anticipation  
Another confrontation I won't make  
But how do we do it  
We turned into something else entirely  
We fake it  
But I wanted it so desperately to be real

Run, run, holding on to some pieces that you left behind  
Hold now, as I walk away, you're the one that finds me out  
Run from the only thing left that I hold close

I'll be letting you in  
You've got the feeling you've been followed under your skin  
It will be weighing on your shoulder, believe it  
If I could express it in a different dialect or in a delicate way  
I'd capture the phrases inside the cage beneath my chest  
And keep it locked for days  
I wanted you so desperately to believe me

Run, run, why are you running from another conversation?  
Someone that I've been planning on, you're the one that finds me out  
There's nowhere, now I found you, that I won't go

I'm always letting you in  
You've got the feeling you've been followed under your skin  
It will be weighing on your shoulder  
You've got that seed in you  
You've got that seed in you

Run, run, what are you running from?  
Let all your small steps expose your secrets  
You don't have to speak for me to believe it  
But what do you mean?

Shaking your faith, you've got the feeling  
you've been followed under your skin  
It will be weighing on your shoulder  
You've got that seed in you  
You've got that seed in... I'm letting you in  
You've got the feeling you've been followed  
Are you listening to anything I've said?  
You've got that seed in you

Shaking your faith, it was the hardest thing to swallow  
Pretending you don't miss me  
You've got that seed in you  
You've got that seed in...  
While letting you in, I'll be thinking about tomorrow  
And every time we cross those lines  
You've got that seed in you  
You've got that seed in...  
Oh no, as I walk away, everyone had found me out