

It Won't Be Me

Tom Rosenthal

I was looking in the mirror to a saint or a sinner
One of us a runner and one of us a winner
Drawing names out the hats, I was this, I was that
I was fixed, I was broken, asleep or awoken

You get the phone and I'll get the door
You hit the road and I'll hit the dance floor
You get the train and I'll get the tube
You get the wall and I'll break through

My mind is made of history
One of us is crying but it won't be me

I was sailing in a boat of duality
One side frosty, one side free
I was gliding into the wrong situation
Moving on but left at the station

You get the likes and I'll turn it off
You get the bikes and I'll ride along
You change your mind and I'll do the time
You keep it in and I'll do the lonely mime

My mind is made of history
One of us is crying but it won't be me

My eyes are made of destiny
One of us is crying but it won't be me

I'll meet you in the middle
Our roads are going to cross one sunny day
The answers to a riddle, that no one knows
We're not beaten but it's hard and I don't know the end
I want us to remember, only the two of us will ever know
We've only got one face, we've only got the one face to show to the world

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