

# Some of Them

Ultravox

Some of them are changing day to day  
Some of them flicker then they fade  
Some of them are triggered off by any crazy thing

Some of them are all that's left  
Some of them are just dead regrets  
Some of them are shining out through everything I see

Some of them  
Some of them  
Some of them

Some of them are brittle, some are sad  
Some of them are aching, some are glad  
Some of them are gone so long they're hard to recognise

Stand close to the long parade  
Watch them passing by in their million ways  
Walk on through the evergreens  
Pass from scene to scene through all these yesterdays

Some of them are friends just as they were  
Some of them are gentle, some can fret  
Some of them are crowding closer every passing year

Some of them live in photographs  
Some of them still give me a laugh  
Some of them I've out-absorbed (?) as they're changing me

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