

[The Loop]

[Verse 1]

Standing there at the windows
While outside the cold wind blows
Staring into the dark night
Waiting for the next headlight
Searching for some silly signs
Imagine them to be straight lines

[Verse 2]

Standing there outside on the porch
Watch the sun as the heavenly torch
Listen to any approaching sound
Leaving again or staying around
Putting numbers in stupid rows
Believe this means that it shows

[Chorus]

It's history repeating
The loop keeps occurring
Standing there at the windows
Where are the shows?

[Bridge]

Walking inside pushing the curtains
Deep inside clear nothing is certain
Still watching the streets and hoping
Desperately sure to never be coping
Like in a cage circling around
Fooling me searching a hidden bound

(electric guitar solo)

[Chorus]

It's history repeating
The loop keeps occurring
Standing there at the windows
Where are the shows?

[Outro]

The windows
So cold and so clear
Crawling into