

Strangeland

Keane

Lover I remember
Laying out a map
Throwing our possessions
In the van

Your tapes piled on the backseat
And a camera in your hand
Dressed for our arrival
In the Strangeland

Strangeland blind
You got no reason, you got no rhyme
You give no time
To put things right [x2]

You drove across the border
As the winter rains ran dry
And only fateful birdsong
Filled the sky

You threw your head back screaming
As we raced across wet sand
And lept into the waters
Of the Strangeland

Strangeland blind
You got no reason, you got no rhyme
You give no time
To put things right [x2]

You wound the rope around me
And you pulled the knots in tight
And shook me like a bad dream
From your sight

And now the things I've done to forget you
Well it's not what I had planned
The sweetest thoughts get twisted
In the Strangeland

Strangeland blind
You got no reason, you got no rhyme
You give no time to put things right
To put things-

Strangeland dreams
You tore my baby away from me
We get no time
To put things right [x2]

You give no time
To put things right [x4]