

## North By Northwest

Waiting for a chance  
(waiting for a chance)  
and in the daylight waning  
(to win your heart or soul)  
loss or gain I'm  
waiting in the strange  
(waiting in the strange)  
silence that still surrounds you  
sounds too quiet to change  
(silence of your soul)

I run from the hounds  
(I run from the hounds)  
mystery chases me and  
runs me into  
(the selling of your soul)  
grounded by the light  
(grounded by the light)  
shines in your eyes and maybe  
I'll rest for the night.  
(Your sheltering heart)

Your heart beside me, softly beats beside me.

Waiting in the dark,  
(waiting in the dark)  
taking too long to see the truth of me and  
(truth of)  
her life in my heart  
something that softly grows and grows into  
the better part of me

Your heart inside me, softly beats inside me

I chase after her,  
mountains and depths of feeling, reeling into the  
dark and silent  
night falls and sunrise  
pulling her into my arms  
into my heart  
and into my life

## Northern Fields

Part1  
Your Kitchen

Your kitchen could never stand up to the light of day.  
Dismissed as just not worth it when your rules get in the way.  
You know I'm only wondering if it's true or not,  
but did you change the equation until you liked the sum you got?

Well my my my,  
it doesn't really matter.  
I've got problems of my own.  
why why why  
go up and down your ladder,  
I've got ladders of my own.

Part 2  
Northern Fields Part 1

Could never enter lightly,  
into these plans you stage.  
Can see my life contained upon your page.  
Remember walking silent,  
beneath these cold cold stars?  
When all my life I've waited for your heart.

You can only hide your eyes, so many times.

And now the silent causes, from which this past is laid,  
outweigh the promises that we have made.

My feet in quiet patterns,  
across this snowy waste,  
my breath in misty gasps, my senses take.

We can't always hide our eyes, this is all we have.

### Part 3 McNalley's Rant

The sun goes down behind the ivory towers  
where the money pours in by the hour.  
A billion dollars changes hands each day,  
ask for a dime, they got nothing to say.

I'm wasting my time, I'm wasting my mind  
and its all I can do to say to you,  
"Don't talk like that"

I miss the ocean, I miss my home,  
I feel the tide turn in my bones.  
With my shopping cart at Young and Bay,  
I see the the tide turn twice a day.

I'm wasting my time, I'm wasting my mind  
and its all I can do to say to you,  
"Don't talk like that"

I'm wasting my time, I'm wasting my mind  
and its all I can do to say to you,  
"Don't talk like that"

### Part 4 Interlude

### Part 5 Northern Fields Part 2

And now the silences passes, from which our past is formed.  
outlive the brighter days of this endless storm.

My feet in quiet patterns across this snowy field.  
My breath in misty gasps, my senses reel.

We can't always hide our eyes, this is all we have.

Can you even remember the things you said to me?  
The things that made us whole, the things you never see.