eels, Mass

It's really more than I can say,
Lookin' at this tower,
Angels are off duty and asleep,
In these wee hours,

And there's no place I can go,
And the noise inside my head,
It comes and it goes,
It comes and it goes,

There's really nothing that I can stop,
So I guess I'm gonna try,
Climbing up this tower,
Walking up the stones,
Stocking feet,
To the clock,

This is one place that I know,
And the face in front of me,
It comes and it goes,
It comes and it goes,

Not some lucky charm,
But something to hold onto,
That could hold on to me,

And there's no place that I can go,
And the noise inside my head,
It comes and it goes