

Never thought it would come easy
slow as turning soil
that's the only way to reach me that much I am sure of
bring it to a boil

Just take your time, thoroughly
let the seasons be the air you
breathe in and out
patiently
wait for spring's returning

Try not to think too far ahead
the pendulum swings soon enough
we could stay on this side instead
but we wanna make it rough

There were times I thought I'd get there
I know you thought so too
the days have bled together
Now anyway will do
if you're looking I might have it
but you have to look to see
the image you have of me
is what I'd like to be

I was so good at pretending
and denying when things bothered me
so shut the front door I'll
kick in the back
metaphorically, I'm hoping

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Make it rough 'til they put you in the handcuff
seeking out minds that are not yet corrupt
woi-oh woi-oh and away you go
I'm a go on til the god damn juice gone
far enough into the journey to feel the satisfaction yes
action speaking louder than bombs
we just go on and on, on and on, on and on and on

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