

I recall once on the church steps
When I moved to kiss your chest
How we paid such close attention
To each sweet and stuttered breath
I should've stopped to paint our picture
Captured honest pure affection
Just to document the difference between attraction and connecti
on

I can see all of my friends and
I break into empty buildings
When the coast was clear
With backpacks full of beer
We'd throw our bottles from the rooftops
At this city-it looked endless
Guess I still don't see the difference between real purpose and
that urgent adolescence

And I remember in a basement sharing sweat
With all these stranger boys and girls
"We'll change the world!" We sang
"We'll change the world!" But
Nothing seems to change and
They say none of them will listen
But I still see much more power in that basement than in heartl
ess politicians

And if we get beaten by this winter
If we get strangled by regret, just
Let our love of life and tension
Gasp in sweet and stuttered breaths, and
Have them lay us in a basement
Smash some bottles on the ground, and
Say we couldn't tell the difference between the feeling and the
sound

Remember not our faulty pieces
Remember not our rusted parts
It's not the petty imperfections that define us but
The way we hold our hearts
And the way we hold our heads
I hope they write your names beside mine on my gravestone when
I'm dead
And when we are dead let our voices carry on
To find a better song
To find a better song and sing along