

Art of Doubt

Metric

Where do failed imposters go?
Burn the book that says you took the
(Hard road, hard road)
Autumn, the fog rolls low
Over rooftops far below the
(Hard road, hard road)
Springtime, the vespers chime
Blossoms fill the trees that line the
(Hard road, hard road)

Where did all your worries go?
Now I guess we'll never know
How you hit the
Well, how you hit the

You said "don't let your heart give out"
No, I won't let my heart give out
You said "don't let your breath run out"
No, I won't let my breath run out

Well it's true, I push too hard I guess
To use whatever fuel is left
At it's best it's all the art of doubt

Well, I really don't know how we call this peace
'Cause it's a goddamn shame about the wall to wall wars
Pleading self-defence but the story's old
Now there's worth that we're told
There's a promise on the way, yeah
I don't believe what they say

You said "don't let your heart give out"
No, I won't let my heart give out
You said "don't let your breath run out"
No, I won't let my breath run out

Well, it's magical, your meaningless
Habitual, mundane excess
At it's best it's all the art of doubt
Doubt

Now we gotta take it upon ourselves
Next time the kick drum starts
Drag your mind from the gutter babe
All this isolation's sinister
So be kind to yourself
There will never be another you
There's just nobody else that's you

You said "don't let your heart give out"
No, I won't let my heart give out
You said "don't let your breath run out"
No, I won't let my breath run out

Well, it's true, I push too hard I guess
To use whatever fuel is left
Yeah it's true, I push too hard I guess

To use whatever fuel is left
Yeah it's true, I push too hard I guess
To use whatever fuel is left
At it's best it's all the art of doubt
At it's best it's all the art of