

Balance

All Get Out

Standing still
I dropped a quarter in your wishing well
Echoed back
I don't want to feel this, I don't want to feel that
I don't want to be here, I don't want to be that

Lover you love me
Everybody know it's true
And I get self involved
I don't know if I'm well

You pull your weight in burden
Both your hands are hurting
Are you coming home this year, next week
Burn the pastors kids
And find a new lament
Make a home to bury pointless dreams
Just don't, don't let go

Come on, I love you
Come on, I love you

Georgia bound
All you bastards just making me look bad
I'm starving now
I don't know if I'm well

You pull your weight in burden
Both your hands are hurting
Are you coming home this year, next week
Burn the pastors kids
And find a new lament
Make a home to bury pointless dreams
Just hold on

Hold on, hold on
Hold on, hold on

Just don't, don't let go
Don't let go

Don't let go