

Babel knows language
Knows strong words, weak sin
This is all determined by the bedroom
I sleep in
I am not figure a of speech, just speaking
Hold on, love on, hold on

Walk it on down the river Jordan
Hold your breath hide, they're coming running
Move your legs fast don't stop, start gunning
Move on run on love on

Evil men, good girls, late nights, bad fights
Let your talent buy you everything
People's ears don't make you near or closer to God
Or me

It's alright

If you're looking for the end of the world
Then I found it
Sleeping on a floor just like we promised
This can be a well with an empty bucket
Not always what you deserve

So write the letter, burn the letter, write yourself another
Angry at God then call your mother
She'll provide the proof you're going to grow dear brothers
Love and love and love and love on
Sitting in the backseat
Still sitting in the backseat

No more writing from my head, my head
My worn out head
I think about you all day, this is all the holiday I know
I know It's not worth complaining
But it's always only in your bad dreams

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry
I'm lonely, I'm lonely, and there's nothing you owe me