

In Praise Of

Arid

The time has come
To say it clear
The time has come
For you my dear
You can't be sure of anything
It ain't no use but still you cling

You fight it off
You fight it brave
You try real hard
But you're still a slave
To all of this, everything
Forever waiting in the wings

Singing in praise of, praise of
Singing in praise of, praise of
Singing in praise of your love
In praise of your love

Your sky is bleak
Some off-white
No dark shadows
No bright highlights
You can't be sure of anything
It ain't no use but still you cling

Your tired eyes
Reveal the truth
It's killing me like
It's killing you
'Cause we're never sure of anything
Always somewhere in between

Singing in praise of, praise of
Singing in praise of, praise of
Singing in praise of your love
In praise of your love

Singing in praise of, praise of
Singing in praise of, praise of
Singing in praise of your love
In praise of your love

And time again we're blown off course
And time again we bleed
And once again we find ourselves
Just out of reach
You try real hard, you fight it off
You go at it again
You figure, one more day
You know I just might win

And time again we're blown off course
And time again we bleed
And time again we're blown off course
And time again we're

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