

What's Wrong With Everything

Balance and Composure

Keep your head up boy he said to me.
Can't you let this go?
I'll never have my turn again,
but I never really know.

You call yourself a cowboy,
but you just can't let things go.
You sold your soul to a woman
who left you for her heavenly home.

Give up all you've hoped for,
to ever work out in this life.
How you can you even go on
without your saddle, without your wife?

Follow me to the water,
where it flows still no one knows.
And down there no one seems to bother.
The world is wicked but no one knows.
So let the water rise to your eyebrow,
where a tiptoe can save your life.
But your feet are weak now,
from all that searching,
through the darkness,
in search of light.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah
I'm coming home.
[x2]