

Out of Range

Brand New

Hide in a stork's mouth
Sleep 'til it's dark out

All dressed up holding your receipts for the numbers that you picked
You in a box full of your mistakes and a leaden crucifix

If hearts were all made like they were balls of yarn
Well they've all got the strings that get tugged on your heart
Some are different lengths
Some would be stronger than others
And some would be the colors of your mothers and fathers

Do old structures stand
The same as any older man
A place where something used to live
But in the end just turns cold

Am I a torn up, tattered, worn out piece of fabric
Not suitable to stitch up a rip
'Cause I'd like to be tightly braided
Gold and silver bracelets
The type you'd like to wear round your wrist

As we lay
We start to pray

And in the places you go
You'll find these people you know
All sewing patterns into clothing that you've called your own
And in these smaller designs
There's something larger you might find
That people's hands have worked together to make up the parts of you.