If I Were To Write The Song/Get Through This

Cartel

Ring the verse, let it in, said softly begin If it feels like the first time, don't let it end Cause it wanders by like something that could have been

If i were to write the song that could penetrate your ears Would it calm your trembling soul? Would it ease your every fear?

Can we go back to the place where we all used to see through Everything blinding us, now you don't understand anything anymore And you shiver at the sight... You're afraid to show that you're only so human tonight

Could one song solve all our problems? Could it have the strength to heal? Or would it cripple and destroy And leave nothing unrevealed?

Might it uproot every lie And force us all to cower Underneath it's tremendous weight In the wake of all its power

Can we go back to the place where we all used to see through Everything blinding us, now you don't understand anything anymore And you shiver at the sight... You're afraid to show that you're only so human tonight

Oh, did you know, did you know Did you know better? Don't you know, don't you know Don't you know better? Don't you know, don't you know Don't you know better? Don't you know that

You shiver at the sight... You're afraid to show that you're only so human tonight

If I were to write the song That could somehow change the world... Would it be a calm surrender Or a fight to the death? Would it give something to live for Would we give our final breath? Would it be a roaring opera Or as sweet as a child's kiss? Would it sound like all the others Or would it sound something like this...?

[Get Through This]

I feel the pastures growing greener I feel the waves They come, they come all over me I feel the pastures growing greener I feel the waves

They're coming over me And everything's all right And everything's all right I hear the others wondering where I've been I hear my mother She's worried sick And then I hear the others wondering where I've been I hear my mother She's worried sick And then she weathers me and holds me to my own She mothers me and keeps me hanging on But I'll get through this Will you? But I'll get through this Will you? But I'll get through this Will you? I'll get through this In the Southern, the air will keep you warm In the Western, the air is as dry as a bone In the Southern, the air will keep you warm In the Western, the air is as dry as a bone And I've been wondering about that change And I, I, and I've been wondering about that change But I'll get through this Will you? But I'll get through this Will you? But I'll get through this Will you? And I'll get through this