

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