

May We All

Dispatch

He went to Hyannis to let go of Alice for the third and final time
I asked him if it worked when he got back, he said he didn't have the time

The time to tell me anything or the time to let her go
But I guess it wasn't a good time to press
So I guess I'll never know, I'll never know

On the way back looking straight ahead, we were hypnotized by the road
Saw the coins on the dashboard truck and decide that they could float

In the air I looked down at the time, and mistook it for the radio
I thought about the little choices we made along
And the song played on as if it didn't know

May we all be forsaken:
Like the soldier trying to leave, the mother trying to sleep

May we all be mistaken:
About our current state, about the current of hate

Bleeding on and on and on to sell our soul
Asked me why I was crying, said I stubbed my toe
And I wanted to blame the roots of the trees
For pushing up the concrete but now I know

In the air I looked down at the time
And mistook it for the radio
I thought about the little choices we made along
And the song played on as if it didn't know

May we all be forsaken:
Like the black man trying to breathe
Or the woman that's never believed

May we all be mistaken:
About our current state, about the current of hate
Bleeding on and on and on and sell our soul
Ask me why I was crying, said I stubbed my toe
And I wanted to blame the roots of the trees
For pushing up the concrete but now I know

May we all be forsaken:
Like the soldier trying to leave, the mother trying to sleep
May we all be mistaken:
About our current state, about the current of hate
May we all be forsaken:
Like the black man trying to breathe, or the woman that's never believed

May we all be mistaken:
About our current state, about the current of hate