

You'd Sing Too

First Aid Kit

You'd sing too
If you found yourself in a place like this
You wouldn't worry about
Whether you were as good as
Ray Charles or Edith Piaf

You'd sing
You'd sing
Not for yourself
But to make a self
Out of the old food
Rotting in the astral bowel

Or the loveless thud
Of your own breathing
You'd become a singer
Faster than it takes
To hate a rival's charm

And you'd sing, darling
You'd sing too