

The Play

Hinds

Guide me to a hill
So this cloud that chases me drops to my feet
If you wanna stay there with me, it could be nice
'Cause I don't know who I am now
And I miss how I used to be
Because the only way I find myself
Is through my memory

'Cause all I do is question
Which is the real version of me

I don't want your compassion
'Cause I was built for action
Fuck tomorrow if it fails me again

4-6-6 miles ago
Every destination would make me feel bold
I miss the ignorance that I once had
Because I even lost my name
Someone replaced it for fame
And now the only way I find myself
Is when I'm on the play

And all I do is question
The multiple reflections of me

I don't want your compassion
'Cause I was built for action
Fuck tomorrow, I'm upset today

Come destroy my world
Before I waste my time
Before we all get old
'Cause all I do is question
Which is the real version of me

I don't want your compassion
'Cause I was built for action
Fuck tomorrow if today never ends