

The Making Of Us All

Hothouse Flowers

Once there was a place where all the faces were familiar
Then there was a chase when every day seemed similar
The bus rolled on the darkest hours of the night
It was quiet outside you could hear the man on the moon

Headin' inside and all the boys were frying
No failure like of success, success that come too soon

And the days go by
And the waters run dry
Maybe the rise and fall could be the making of us all

Where did it go?
Still looking
Why did it go?
Still asking
How did it go?
Still wondering
What was it at all?
Still growing

And the days roll by
And the waters run dry
Maybe the rise and fall could be the making of us all

Takes off in the brightest hours of the daytime
The birds are singing the music of the winter sun
Headin' inside find reconciliation
No women like losing when losing is on the run

And the days go by
And the waters run dry
And the rise and fall could it be the making of us all?

And the days go by
And the waters run dry
And the rise and fall is the making of us all

Yeah - it is the making of us all

And the days go by
And the waters run dry
And the rise and fall could be the making of us all?

And the days run by
And the waters run dry
And the rise and fall could be the making of us all?
And the days roll by
And the waters run by
And the rise and fall could be the making of us all?

And the days roll by
And the waters run by
And the rise and fall that is the making of us all

And the days roll by
And the waters run by

As the rise and fall, it is the making of us all