

Human Race

Jars of Clay

World without end, are you ending?
Labeled a friend you're unfriending
Disposable me, pose-able you
Any position we want to do

Another song you forget by the ending
Plastic we don't know we're spending
My favorite shows have all cancelled
And every patent is pending

Look in my eyes, touch my face
We're limping along in the human race

Our jeans have become complicated
The promise of love is downgraded
Faith in available excess
Proof we were destined to care less

It's life on the wrong side of rapture
Dismiss what we can't manufacture
Compassion just sounds like complaining
Hit the keys but the notes aren't sustaining

Look in my eyes, touch my face
We're limping along in the human race
The sound of your heartbeat is out of place
We're limping along in the human race

We lost everything in the fractures
Uprootings and wanted departures

Look in my eyes, touch my face
We're limping along in the human race
The sound of your heartbeat is out of place
Limping along in the human race

So, look in my eyes, touch my face
We're limping along in the human race