

# Eulogy

Jon Foreman

In my rearview mirror dreams  
I see myself staring back as a kid  
Asking whether I believe in all those songs the same way I did

He says, "now you've got a wife and kids  
In the scars that life alone can give  
Do you still honestly believe that we were meant to live?"

It's what the race car drivers say when they press on the gas  
It's not the driving fast that kills you, it's the stopping fast  
So let this fire only burn with what could never last

Every day I write the eulogy  
For everything I used to be  
I'm still aiming for a better me  
I am the mosaic of a shattered man  
Broken and becoming  
Broken and becoming who I am

I am a patchwork tapestry of these defeats  
Finally admitting I was wrong  
All the shattered, ruined dreams that I release  
Broken parts of me I thought we're strong  
The world I thought was always and forever, and would never go away

Scattered ashes of my past finds that mosaic glue  
Only that which has been broken once is fit to use  
You're where all my broken parts are finally restitute

Every day I write the eulogy  
For everything I used to be  
I'm still aiming for a better me  
I am the mosaic of a shattered man  
Broken and becoming  
Broken and becoming who I am  
Who I am

The mosaic of a shattered man  
In my rear view mirror dreams  
In my rear view mirror dreams  
I'm forever being born  
As even the grave gives birth to green

Every day I write the eulogy  
For everything I used to be

Every day I write the eulogy  
For everything I used to be  
I'm still aiming for a better me  
I am the mosaic of a shattered man  
Broken and becoming  
Broken and becoming who I am