

The Valley Of The Shadow Of Planned Obsolescence

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What did you do
With the old one you used to use?
I remember when you two were simply inseparable
Now she seems only disposable and old

Without a call, bound to fall
She was just a model after all
In a line of lonely models
Built to sell
Planned obsolescence works too well
Feeling disposable and old

So what will we do when the colors leave our eyes?
On the day our ashes rise
Will we still be friends?

And how will we know when the final chorus dies?
On the day my spirit flies
I want to be with you
Just holding hands

Remember my space with my top eight so-called "friends"
Now justin timberlake is apparently involved
But I haven't been there for a while
Feeling disposable and old

Back in the day
Following and likes meant other things
And pretty soon another made up world's gonna start
But I think I just rather play the guitar
Feeling disposable and old

What do we do with the things we used to prize?
When my favorite CD's lie in the good will's hands?
How will we know that the world will be just fine
Even if the platform dies
I want to be with you
Just holding hands

Everything dies
Just as sure as the sun will rise
We live in the valley of the shadow of that death
Breathing breath in after breath
Feeling disposable and old

But here's a fact, yes
The Internet's just a fad
I only give it a couple more thousand years or so
Until we surrender the illusions of disposable and old

What would we do if we finally saw the light?
If we dropped this accursed pride could we make amends?

How will we know when it's time to call it time?
On the day my heart beat dies
I want to be with you
The rest is just pretend

Just make believe
I don't want to hold a trend
I want to hold your hands