

Year After Year

Matt Maeson

Thrashing my body out on 6th street
Stumbling in, I hit my head
I don't mean to make you angry
Don't I know it makes you red

But I promise you, I'm trying
You know my story and sometimes I lose the grip

I've been trying to describe it
From a different point of view
If I knew that I was dying
I'd spend all my life on you

Year after year becomes a mystery
Dizzy from all the ups and downs
Always a part sunk in surrender
Rooted in more than here and now

Promise me you won't stop trying
You know my story
And you're the best part of it

I've been trying to describe it
From a different point of view
If I knew that I was dying
I'd spend all my life on you

Year after year
Still this symbolic still this confusing
Year after year
We're both here winning, we're both here losing?
Year after year
I see the toll, I see the bruising
Year after year
When you start to slow, I'll keep you moving

I've been trying to describe it
From a different point of view
If I knew that I was dying
I'd spend all my life on you