

# Forgetting Is Believing

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Been there always  
Could be there again  
Bended all ways

To Bend it back again

It's a truce  
Standing toe to toe  
Yeah bold  
To throw in the first blow  
To leave a couple teeth to spit out

We swam out away  
I hope we don't start to cramp  
At least it's not a raise  
Can always float on our backs

Well Its true  
Its true in what they say  
It's a hoax  
And you don't even know  
You just laugh  
Laugh and when you don't  
You just stare  
And it's not even there  
Its a joke  
And it's always a big deal

To people it don't matter at all  
They call in all the folks that you know  
And their voice is always so very small

If we lend our gaze  
Its light can not come back  
So hold your breath Babe  
There's always one more left  
We set a good pace  
Its a kind of sort of thing that always wins  
And when we finally cross the line  
We're dragging behind  
Your stroke will be the least that defines  
There is always a distance between a shout and a whistle  
Between a shout and a whistle  
Between a shout and a whistle