

The Less We Know

Ocie Elliott

Your eyes look bored, your brow's mean
Looking upon your lit up screen
And the story that plays out is not clean
You can't un-see what you've seen

I go walking out, the storms upon me
And I'm wandering about upon the stone
And the evening sky is storming too
Was I better off, the less I knew?

We're coming up in odd days
Experience so many ways
And one person's easy path's another's maze
And yet we go on unfazed

You go strumbling out, just past the township
See the dog trees swaying above the ground
And the cold upon your skin it feels so true
Were you better off, the less you knew?

And all I see is grey's and greens
With all the other colours in between

Are we faking out, just trying to get through?
And we're drinking now, to not be blue
Meanwhile life is raging in you
Were we better off, the less we knew, oh?

The less we know, the less we know
The less we know, the less we know
The less we know, the less we know
Are we better off, the less we know?