

Familiarity

Punch Brothers

It's on
Again you hate it but you know it then
You know it and so do your friends
And you can sing together when
It's on
Pretend you love it because you love them
As you explode out of your phones (amen)
to make some music of your own (amen)
You can hate it softly to yourself alone
A man among amens

A ringing bell, or programmed drums or both
I couldn't tell but I rejoice

A smoke machine or a swinging thurible
it was hard to see but I lifted up my voice
We've come together over we know not what...

A call to prayer, or the last for alcohol
we didn't care; We knelt and bowed our heads

Or did we dance? Like we may never get another chance to disconnect
We've come together Over we know not what to say I love you

I love you, I love you
I mean it, I want feel it
God help me feel it
I love you
God knows I mean it
God help me feel it
God knows we mean it
God help us feel it...

We lie in bed
The wireless dancing through my head
Until I fear the space between my breath
I see an end to where I don't love you like I can
Cause I've forgotten how it feels (amen)
To love someone or thing for real (amen)
Darling when you wake, remind me what we've done
That can't be shared, or saved, or even sung
It's on
Again you nod your head and take my hand
Though im not sure where we'll go (amen)
To worship more than what we know (amen)
As long as you're there I won't be alone
A man among amens