

## Right on Through

Son Volt

Waking brow, descending sun  
To scenes that strum, still sawing away  
Break for the wayward and for the stranger  
["We're all in this danger,"] said the screed on the wall

Through it all, through it all  
Force of will and wishful thinking  
We straggle and scrape  
And slog right on through

Here's to plotting the true  
Here's to the string player's lament  
Here's to a marching slow pace  
Here's to the last funeral song

Through it all, through it all  
Force of will and wishful thinking  
Straggled and strayed  
We've sawed right on through