

On the Mend

The Milk Carton Kids

The mice tell bedtime stories
Lullabies turned blue
A crib song for the baby who has figured out the ruse

I travelled half way 'round the world to tell a story with no end
The dirt under a nation
Forsaken, on the mend

I could say that for a moment it all made perfect sense
No one holding posture, nothing heaven-sent
Hold the hand that leads you, there's no god here to believe
What matters moves around us in the air we breathe

There's nowhere left to sit
It's the dirt ground or a broke-down bench
Four walls and a roof - they say the house that Jesus built

A child knows the kindness of a woman at her end
In song she found salvation
Forsaken, on the mend

I could say that for a moment it all made perfect sense
No unholy posture, nothing heaven-sent
Hold the hand that leads you, there's no god here to believe
What matters moves around us in the air we breathe
What matters moves around us in the air we breathe

In the air we breathe