

At the edges of my fingers
Never quite closing round it
Oh, that peace like a river
Always going, but never getting

Seems like maybe it's not all that much a place
As it is a way
And ways don't ever seem to want to
Stay too still for too long

Isn't that what it's all about?
The slow trickling thaw that sets the banks in half
The sweet melody it makes when the canyons crack
I wanna give it all I've got, and I want nothing
I want nothing back

Whatever kingdom come, it probably won't come quick
No mighty clarion to announce it
No single use ark to discard in an instant
Like theseus's ship, we'll fix the busted bits

Till it's both nothing like and everything
It's always been
It's a wonder we expect a thing to
Stay the same at all

Maybe that's what it's all about
We keep fixing what we know is only bound to break
What's worth saving is never worth letting go to waste
I want to mend what I've got, instead of throwing away

Ain't nothing come easy
No, nothing comes quick
It's gonna hurt like hell to become well
But if we set the bone straight
It'll mend
It'll fix
And we'll be well

Ain't nothing come easy
No, nothing comes quick
But I want for you this: that you are well
I want for us this: that we are well