

Don't Be Sad

The Weeks

God took a razor, cut holes in our face
2 to hear, two to see, 2 to smell, one to taste
An unshaking hand with precision and grace
Showing everyone gets lonely sometimes
No one was righteous
We all came out wrong
Some of us were too short too fat or too tall
He kept on cutting and we sewing up cloth
Trying to build someone built for a savior

Don't be sad, we were all thrown away
But there is enough of us crumpled up people
We'll find somebody somebody
Take a look in my bag, it's the meaning of youth
Nothing but emptiness, innocence, cigarettes and a dead brown r
ecluse

Please keep me out of your history books
I'll be known for the places and hands that I shook
He cut us to sinner and singers and crooks
But he just couldn't get what he longed for
We wandered around and we learned how to speak
We wanted so badly to pray or to preach
Some all-seeing father so far out of reach
So I didn't even bother trying
Don't be ashamed if you're seeking a friend
It's a beautiful reason to die in the end
It's why we're all here just searching mistakes
A little too much like father
We're destined to be little stains in the paint
You can pick us and chip us and throw us away
But some color will shine through from some yesterday
So you'll never forget where you came from