

# 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