

# All These Things

Third Eye Blind

My mom recovered - alcoholic  
Gave me opera and Jackson Pollock  
Said all these things, all these things are yours  
She said you're not blessed, and you're not cursed  
In the end you write your verse  
Yeah all these things, all these things are yours

Let that feeling born in shadow  
Let it make you, make you strong  
And the demons you've got to carry  
carry you on, and on, and on

John Coltrane's addict ways  
Took us all to better days  
Said all these things, all these things are yours  
Am I right? Am I wrong?  
In the end just write your song  
Cause all these things, all these things are yours

Let that feeling born in shadow  
Let it make you, make you strong  
And the demons you've got to carry  
Carry you on, and on, and on

Cause all these things, all these things are yours  
All these things, all these things are yours  
All these things, all these things are yours

What happened to you man  
I've been there too  
Cause all these things, all these things are yours

Let that feeling born in shadow  
Let it make you, make you strong  
And the demons you've got to carry  
Carry you on, and on, and on

Let that feeling that you carry  
Nah nah nah