

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