

Eustace

This Day & Age

Who am I without this hope? You're holding on, I'm letting go.
And so I drift out of control; a tragedy without your hope. (Wh
o am I without this
hope?)... Progress is getting away, but I still see it, and I w
ill follow. What would become of me if I stayed here? I'd rathe
r not know... Knock me down,
please knock me down; I'm better off when I'm on the ground. Yo
u say so much without a sound; I'd hear you more if I'd just sl
ow down.