

Nothing I heard was worth repeating
But I wouldn't put it down
Nothing I saw was worth believing
No saviors hanging 'round

And was it you with all that know how?
Just given what for
Read the words but your story
Just doesn't get told

Something here doesn't seem like it did yesterday
I know it's just me
The prize for the cynic comes due today
And I know it's for me

And when you get your bird flying
And your soul's left the ground
Something seems to be getting closer
What you've left, what you've found

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