Everything Is Simple

Widowspeak

Everything is simple 'til it's not
Learned to love the ropes when you were caught
See they could be braided a different way
And sinking into nothing – you learn to stay

Singers tend to hide the truth
Or you hear it, if it speaks to you
But what do you expect, it serves them well
To edit anything that's fit to tell

I'm no better, and I'm no worse
I'm still around but it's a curse
And you'll just do the best you can
And time will call you a good man

And sing your praise, because you would
Sing it yourself because you could
But what do I expect, it serves you well
To edit anything that's fit to tell

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Everything is simple

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