Hints

Wilco

Do you remember when we would forget?
When we were, I guess, an empty continent?
We stretched our necks to hear below the decks
But our fears were never real enough so we would just project

There is no middle when the other side
Would rather kill than compromise
There is no middle when the other side
Would rather kill than compromise

Adjust your eyes to the light
Let them roll with pride
Focus your mind on the fight
And keep your hand in mine

In the hills, a holiness already happening
Rivers rounding ridges in our fingerprints
A love too big to see us overpowering
And ever since Heaven sends us sacraments with subtle hints

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