

Say Hello

Wye Oak

Hard to bless through the rain clouds
We tried to get home
To select another [?]
When it hit the ground again
Hard [?] breakage in me
I felt my arrow bow
I have so little time left in me
I knew how much to know

Five-hundred aerial miles to go
My hair is roasting, we smell like smoke
And there is no distance long enough
But still the lengths to which we go
Our achievements and our powers, yeah
And our promises and hopes
Five-hundred aerial miles to go

How else did I think I would
Find you, but we'll always be good
Squinting hard at the printed word
By the failing light of the sun
We want our wishes to bow to us
But they have a life of their own
Oh, let the sunlight tarry on
But I just want to say "hello", hello

Five-hundred aerial miles to go
The earth flames red in heat and smoke
And there is no distance long enough
But still the lengths to which we go
Our beliefs and our distractions
Our performances and codes
Five-hundred aerial miles to go

I want to take [?] to mean
There is no such thing as truth
It is hard to admit you were all wrong
Accept some things are not for you