

The Instrument

Wye Oak

Suffering
I remember suffering
Feeling heat and then the lack of it
But not so much what the difference is

I was there
You were there and I was there
I can't hold onto my anger
Though, sometimes it would do me good

Oh, look away
And anyway
You only live to be seen as such
You wanted too much

Picture me
The idea of me anyway
The instrument you once ignored
It is an open of its encore

Back and forth
Slowly that it bloody walks
It sees love and it sees witnesses
But not so much what the difference is

And witnesses the bravery
Except here I am, the rule of love
The light of hope
The mutant fate
And I know the day
And I know the love

Oh, look away
And anyway
You only live to be seen as such
You wanted too much