

You of All People

Wye Oak

They will make mistakes with us
Confuse the audience with their work
And hold their hand up to the light
To see how much a life feels worth

You believe it's chemical
The product of some random nears
But I fear they're not so cheating death
The truth it hangs above our heads
The exit day

Ah oh ah ah ah
You of all people
Ah oh ah ah ah
You of all people

I get the feeling to look up
At something larger than myself
And reach for what is not allowed
No matter how I love the ground

No matter how you glom the dirt
You fight against your own two hands
You feel the fingers down your spine
Mistake the passion for the crime
Every time

Ah oh ah ah ah
You of all people
Ah oh ah ah ah
You of all people

Ah oh ah ah ah
You of all people
Ah oh ah ah ah
You of all people