

Never thought it would come easy  
slow as turning soil  
that's the only way to reach me that much I am sure of  
bring it to a boil

Just take your time, thoroughly  
let the seasons be the air you  
breathe in and out  
patiently  
wait for spring's returning

Try not to think too far ahead  
the pendulum swings soon enough  
we could stay on this side instead  
but we wanna make it rough

There were times I thought I'd get there  
I know you thought so too  
the days have bled together  
Now anyway will do  
if you're looking I might have it  
but you have to look to see  
the image you have of me  
is what I'd like to be

I was so good at pretending  
and denying when things bothered me  
so shut the front door I'll  
kick in the back  
metaphorically, I'm hoping

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Make it rough 'til they put you in the handcuff  
seeking out minds that are not yet corrupt  
woi-oh woi-oh and away you go  
I'm a go on til the god damn juice gone  
far enough into the journey to feel the satisfaction yes  
action speaking louder than bombs  
we just go on and on, on and on, on and on and on

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