

Journey After (War Fatigues)

Flobots

These songs won't write them selves and its going no where..
These words I seen them some where
This path I walk by daylight
This bending corner is upon us don't know what to say by
May I may I take you forward?
I'm who you've always wanted
You don't know the order
Numbers I can make them plummet
I'm already at the summit
I already speak your language
You save yourself from anguish
I make myself a sandwich
I see the trickle of a brook over a fallen body
He wears the thistle we mistook him assault and robbery
So when they halt the bombing
Come meet me at the clearing
As results are coming we can see if practice matches theory
And then assess our losses and then we learn our lessons
Then we count the tragedies and triumphs and traumatic stressing

Get back - Get back - Back
Get back - Get back - Back
Get back - Get back - Back
Get back - Get back - Back

Cause these songs won't write them selves' and its going no where
When it's all worn off where do ya go
These songs don't write them selves' and it's going no where
When it's all worn off where do ya go
When it's all worn off where do ya go (When its all worn)
When it's all worn off where do ya go (worn off)
(When its all worn off)
When it's all worn off where do ya go
When its all worn off when its all worn (off)
When it's all worn off where do ya go
Where do ya go where do ya go

In the shadowed expanse between the distance of our hopes
I span from here to now with gossamer ropes
A broken bridge the only edge shakes with every passing step
We cannot repair all the things we have not kept
I've not wept enough in recent years to keep my eyes from drying up
I've slept enough in recent days to keep the flags of my dreams flying
The echoes of my empty heart are the closest things I have to screams
Fire at end and beginning so I fall to in-between
I wrought a treatise on busted guitar strings
Choked on cholesterol sentiments from aorta to arteries
With better aim then Artemis, gave key stone to arch enemies
Who swum in our midst like clown fish with sea anemones
Among death knells and threnodies and sex sells extremities
And health plans that promise better living through chemistry
I lost my identity, tossed to anonymity it's my apocalypse now
I'm saying now serenity

We didn't start the fire but provide the kindling
(When it's all worn off where do ya go)
We didn't start the fire but provided the kindling

(When it's all worn off where do ya go)

When it's all worn off where do ya go
When it's all worn off where do ya go
When it's all worn off where do ya go
When it's all worn off where do ya go (where do you go-oo)
When it's all worn off where do ya go(off)
When it's all worn off where do ya go

Meet me at the clearing
Meet me at the space
Now that the ons and offs of the bombs have stopped
Upon this common spot our common thoughts calm us
Costs promises lost comments draw us closer
Yes sir no sir pressures over
Open mouths for closure
Cry for how I lacked compassion
Emotion
How I cast the net
The ocean
How I grasped your neck
The motion
You grasped for breath
I half confessed this

Friendship shell shocked
Made at the guillotine
My sis
My oath
Made at the crossroads
My trick is forgiveness
Yours isn't
Impossible
Fugue state I'm no philistine
You yelled stop I didn't hear you
Lovers leap from the mezzanine
Through hell hot on the path of gasoline
Know Christ know cross road block
Slick ice cold stop slow cries crowed
I denied you thrice I denied you that isn't right
Tried to cheat the game but had to decide
Played your turn ran out of your life
Boss codes at the crossroads
That isn't right
I'm glad you're alive

Wounds so fresh
After my tongue licked clean - and so clean
Traded the pain with numbness - clean enough the pain is numb
I won't defend what I've done just - could a been cleaner but I
Pray there's some kind of benefit from it - prayed and wasn't mean enough
I would never do what I did - my good meanings just
I would never do what I did - made it worse what I did
Coulda been a good little boy - I'm a coulda been cleaner left an
Big bad wolf wanna comeback kid - abscess of indifference
Rags, wounds, incisions - cold feet in a blizzard of indecision
War fatigues - yes I wore fatigues
Fields cleanse - made you hafta cleanse my bayonet
Til healed when it's all worn (OFF!!!!) - perform the surgery(eeee-oooo)
where do ya go
When it's all worn off where do ya go
When it's all worn off where do ya go (off)
These songs won't write them selves and its going no where..