

Our house wrapped in disrepair,  
A small mouse peeked out from a hole beneath the stairs  
Nearby to where my dad sat in his favorite chair,  
Thinking about the gov't and muttering a prayer  
So I scattered some oats in hopes she'd stay  
And sat still to stop from scaring her away-  
But she hurried on her little way  
And scurried around my mind  
Ever since,  
Every day

Open wide my door, my door, my Lord  
(open wide my door)  
To whatever makes me love You more  
(open wide my door)  
While there's still light to run towards

I'm water, you're the dry wood  
Equal parts misguided and misunderstood  
But all the neighborhood  
Watched a fire burn from where they stood  
As the smoke said  
"we're not half as bad as G-d is good"  
Still there's a whisper in my ear,  
The voice of loneliness and fear, so I say:

"Devil, disappear!  
I'm still (ehh... technically...) a virgin  
After 27 years-  
Which never bothered me before,  
What's maybe 50 more?"

She came back for the oats  
But she brought along a "friend"  
(this never ends)  
The harder the rain,  
The lower the flowers in the garden bend  
(this never ends)  
I'd rather never talk again  
Than to continue to pretend  
That this never ends