

We are not so different, you and I
No matter what we think
We're kicking against the traces, bludgeoning
Trying to make it sink

We're stepping into the unknown
Peeling layers of the onion right down
'Cause that is part of my style to
Risk to be left with nothing
In pursuit of chasing something out of hand
I know, I know don't tell me

I've been on this earth, I know the moon like a friend
I hear a tune or someone sing, feel the beauty in them
These words, woman we have some children
I got memories with you, I wonder, how it ends
It's beautiful yes, what we have chosen
With love in our hands we have made this garden
And I think I can ride although I'm not a horseman
But I have a patient mind and it's open

We don't want to walk into the gray
Solo rolling with no map in hand
So we reach out for someone to grasp
Keep from sinking into the sand

Pick it up now brother help another pick it up
Don't get stuck in the destruction looming near
Pick it up now brother help another pick it up
This is the revelation of the year

Picking up all the pieces here and there
To see if one might fit
Spinning them around and sideways and up and down
It kinda stings a bit

Digging through all the ditches
Just unwinding all the stitches, into thread
Then hang it out to dry so
What was I expecting 'cause collecting balls of lint up in my hand?
I know I know don't yell at me

I know you're tired of the same routine
You have a look on your face
I think I know what it means
Out of sorts in a vast machine
A worker bee up in the scene never will be the queen
And yes sometimes you have to sting
Expose the schemes to unlock the dreams
Ignite quicker than the gasoline
To mask everything again in a smokescreen

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