

Orpheo

Andrew Bird

There are places we must go to
To bring these hollow words on back from
You must cross the muddy river
Where love turns to, love turns to fear

They say you don't look
There's only one way
On back from, on back from here
They say you don't look
'Cause it'll disappear

And our eyes they keep on straining
As if to see what lies behind 'em
Through the shells of empty buildings
And great columns of glass

They say you don't look
They say you don't look
'Cause it'll drive you mad
And if it drives you mad
Drives you mad
It'll probably pass

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It'll probably pass