

## In Praise Of

Arid

The time has come  
To say it clear  
The time has come  
For you my dear  
You can't be sure of anything  
It ain't no use but still you cling

You fight it off  
You fight it brave  
You try real hard  
But you're still a slave  
To all of this, everything  
Forever waiting in the wings

Singing in praise of, praise of  
Singing in praise of, praise of  
Singing in praise of your love  
In praise of your love

Your sky is bleak  
Some off-white  
No dark shadows  
No bright highlights  
You can't be sure of anything  
It ain't no use but still you cling

Your tired eyes  
Reveal the truth  
It's killing me like  
It's killing you  
'Cause we're never sure of anything  
Always somewhere in between

Singing in praise of, praise of  
Singing in praise of, praise of  
Singing in praise of your love  
In praise of your love

Singing in praise of, praise of  
Singing in praise of, praise of  
Singing in praise of your love  
In praise of your love

And time again we're blown off course  
And time again we bleed  
And once again we find ourselves  
Just out of reach  
You try real hard, you fight it off  
You go at it again  
You figure, one more day  
You know I just might win

And time again we're blown off course  
And time again we bleed  
And time again we're blown off course  
And time again we're

Singing in praise of, praise of  
Singing in praise of, praise of  
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