

I'm a mountain that has been moved
I'm a river that is all dried up
I'm an ocean nothing floats on
I'm a sky that nothing wants to fly in

I'm a sun that doesn't burn hot
I'm a moon that never shows its face
I'm a mouth that doesn't smile
I'm a word that no one ever wants to say

I'm a mountain that has been moved
I'm a fugitive that has no legs to run
I'm a preacher with no pulpit
Spewing a sermon that goes on and on

Well, if we take all these things and we bury them fast,
And we pray that they turn to seeds, to roots, and then grass
It'd be alright, it's alright, it'd be easier that way

Well, if the sky opened up and started pouring rain
Like it knew it was time to start things over again
It'd be alright, it's alright, it'd be easier that way

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