

There Is So Much More

Brett Dennen

When I heard the news,
my heart fell on the floor.
I was on a plane on my way to Baltimore.
In these troubled times it's hard enough as it is.
My soul has known a better life than this.

I wonder how so many can be in so much pain,
while others don't seem to feel a thing.
Then I curse my whiteness
and I get so damn depressed.
In a world of suffering,
why should I be so blessed?

I heard about a woman who lives in Colorado.
She built a monument of sorts behind the garage door,
where everyday she prays for all whom are born
and all whose souls have passed on.
Sometimes my trouble gets so thick,
I can't see how I'm gonna get through it.
But, then I'd rather be stuck up in a tree
than be tied to it.

There is so much more.

I don't feel comfortable with the way my clothes fit.
I can't get used to my body's limits.
I got some fancy shoes to try and kick away these blues.
They cost a lot of money but they aren't worth a thing.
I wanna free my feet from the broken glass and concrete.
I need to get out of this city.
Lay upon the ground stare a hole in the sky,
wondering where I go when I die.
...When I die.