

Well the steel in his strings  
Cuts into his fingers  
And the lines that are left  
He knows so well

And the words that he screams  
Sift through the smoke and sweat  
While his wandering mind  
Tries to tell...

To tell him he's uninspired  
In some weary, absent way  
To tell him he's simply tired...

Then the sound rolls in  
And lifts him up and in to the place he should've been  
Then the sound rolls in, and lifts him up and in

And when all has been drained  
He wrestles with the feeling  
Of an unfelt refrain that he knew too well

And the words that he hears,  
Because they compliment  
Are the words that he fears,  
Because they tell...

They tell him he's uninspired  
In some weary absent way  
They tell him he's simply hired here.

Then the sound rolls in.  
And lifts him up and in to the place he should've been  
Then the sound rolls in...