

Opening the Hymnal / Babies

Cursive

Welcome one,
And welcome all
To our small town,
The lyrics are the voice
Of the neurosis of a city
inside each house
you'll find the guilt
The fables and folly
Of the residents residing in...

Fourteen hymns for the heathens...

Baby, baby, baby
This world must seem
So immense compared to the womb,
And baby baby,
Your head must seem
So much smaller than you assumed
Your whole world
Seems to center around you
Be easy to make the mistake
That maybe you're why the world was made,

Baby, baby, baby,
You learn so fast,
You seem to carry a special gift
Maybe you've been given
To this world to make a difference

Such delusions we all struggle with
But the beautiful truth of it is
This is all we are,
We simply exist
You're not the chosen one
I'm not the chosen one
But we don't need anyone
Let's not choose anyone