

Cassandra, keep it down
I don't think they can hear you now
Don't think they heard you first time 'round
No they can't hear you, no Cassandra,

Cassandra, it won't make sense
not if you think and think again
But still they do say, "life is forgiving
and ends up partnered with beginnings"

And daily, you saw it come
and you gave warning, but couldn't run
and so you watched until it was broken
and knew the foresight delays no motion
I know it's awful, I know it's bruising,
I know you can't see past the conclusion
but still the world turns upon it's axis
and we make circles so we can match it

And read our lines though we've had no practice

Cassandra, keep it down
I don't think they can hear you now
Don't think they heard you first time 'round
No they can't hear you, there's no answer
And maybe there's something great
that gives us meaning, if we wait
but still I'm human, I'm broken-hearted
I see your sundress and your sunglasses
I hear your question, and how you ask it
"What use is love if it always passes?"
"What use is love if it always passes?"

And though they do say, "Life is forgiving,"
what use is life to those who aren't living?
And though they do say, "Life is forgiving,"
what use is life to those who aren't living?