

Under Tongue

Even Rude

Everything's sad, in the beginning or the end. Who did you fight? What did you win?

Pictures of pieces, pieces of youth are candles in the sand, fables of truth and love and happiness.

Why? It's under there. I know...

If I'd've asked you why you wanted to die would I have got my answer?

What have they done to you? What have they left for your friends? You just had to go for truth, little man.

Red ones ache what the blue ones heal. You just had to go for youth, little man.

It was another time when the water was rancid and dancing bears thought they could all use a friend.

Spinning in chairs to get higher and higher as spaceships collided in your fathers den.

It's fathers and dreams, and feathers in the wave. It's the forces of nature seeking something in return for all that they gave.

Does it make sense to you now? Can you walk through the clouds? Are you what you wanted to be? Probably smarter than me...

Little man. So far from home. Might fall the same way. Can you sleep on your own?

If I'd have been around, I'd have brought you down. Come on man, use your head. If I'd have been a better friend and been around, you know that I'd have brought you down!

Does it make sense to you now? Can you walk through the clouds? Are you what you wanted to be? Probably smarter than me...

Take my word my friend, you're not the only one.

Take my word my friend, you're not the only one.

Take my word my friend, you're not the only one.

Take my word he's gone.