

## Nestle

Far

And he always wrote  
And he always called  
And he never lied  
'cause he never said anything at all  
In a world of dirt I am raining,  
I'm eroding  
But which one of us?  
In a chorus of maybes, I realize...  
When I started this, I was thinking of my Father  
Now a holy ghost  
Now see one become the other  
One become me I realize...  
Nestle, I won't ever let you go