

## It Will All Make Sense In The Morning

Halou

Is this dirt and mud or is it flesh and blood?  
When I reach my hands in, I don't know where I end.  
This will all make sense in the morning.  
This will all make sense in the morning.

Are these roots and leaves or is this a part of me?  
When I reach my hands in, I feel life absorbing.  
This will all make sense in the morning.  
This will all make sense in the morning.

Oh, it's a little strange.  
Oh, it's a little strange.  
It'll all make sense,  
It'll all make sense in the morning.