

# Human Race

Jars of Clay

World without end, are you ending?  
Labeled a friend you're unfriending  
Disposable me, pose-able you  
Any position we want to do

Another song you forget by the ending  
Plastic we don't know we're spending  
My favorite shows have all cancelled  
And every patent is pending

Look in my eyes, touch my face  
We're limping along in the human race

Our jeans have become complicated  
The promise of love is downgraded  
Faith in available excess  
Proof we were destined to care less

It's life on the wrong side of rapture  
Dismiss what we can't manufacture  
Compassion just sounds like complaining  
Hit the keys but the notes aren't sustaining

Look in my eyes, touch my face  
We're limping along in the human race  
The sound of your heartbeat is out of place  
We're limping along in the human race

We lost everything in the fractures  
Uprootings and wanted departures

Look in my eyes, touch my face  
We're limping along in the human race  
The sound of your heartbeat is out of place  
Limping along in the human race

So, look in my eyes, touch my face  
We're limping along in the human race