

They tell me you walk on the water now
I know who showed you the stones
You pray that I banish my appetite and lie there alone

I hope that you've practiced your instrument
I fear it will take you away
You ain't the type to be traveling, so why not just stay

Here it is morning for some folks
And twilight for those of us left
Who sleep while the soldiers get sunstroke
And make little fools of ourselves

Are we supposed to get good at this?
What does it mean to give up?
Why did I call you? I shouldn't be giving a fuck
Answer these questions for everyone
So maybe they'll stop asking me
What really happened and where is your masterpiece?

Here it is morning for some folks
And twilight for those of us left
Who give up the dangers of sunstroke
And make little fools of ourselves

They tell me you walk on the water now,
but I know who showed you the stones

I need some things to look forward to
Maybe these colors will fade
I never meant to get bored with you
But I never meant to stay