

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