

Hazelton

Justin Vernon

settle up you're calling up the pain
sitting dead the sinker and the string
you came, you saw, you sawed her brain
cut out all the parts that held your stain

sitting clad you're feeling wild to blame
she's crying as you're climbing down your claim
sitting up you're counting up your names
seen enough to bend him off the frame

you came you saw you sawed her brain
cut out all the parts that held your stain

you clipped you clawed to no applause
you lost the will that bought the lying gauze

so try to be somebody
so try to feel somebody
so try to leave somebody
so hard to be somebody

(where can you run) x 8

so try to be somebody
so try to feel somebody
so try to leave somebody
so try to be somebody