

I recall once on the church steps  
When I moved to kiss your chest  
How we paid such close attention  
To each sweet and stuttered breath  
I should've stopped to paint our picture  
Captured honest pure affection  
Just to document the difference between attraction and connecti  
on

I can see all of my friends and  
I break into empty buildings  
When the coast was clear  
With backpacks full of beer  
We'd throw our bottles from the rooftops  
At this city-it looked endless  
Guess I still don't see the difference between real purpose and  
that urgent adolescence

And I remember in a basement sharing sweat  
With all these stranger boys and girls  
"We'll change the world!" We sang  
"We'll change the world!" But  
Nothing seems to change and  
They say none of them will listen  
But I still see much more power in that basement than in heartl  
ess politicians

And if we get beaten by this winter  
If we get strangled by regret, just  
Let our love of life and tension  
Gasp in sweet and stuttered breaths, and  
Have them lay us in a basement  
Smash some bottles on the ground, and  
Say we couldn't tell the difference between the feeling and the  
sound

Remember not our faulty pieces  
Remember not our rusted parts  
It's not the petty imperfections that define us but  
The way we hold our hearts  
And the way we hold our heads  
I hope they write your names beside mine on my gravestone when  
I'm dead  
And when we are dead let our voices carry on  
To find a better song  
To find a better song and sing along