

Our Own Ebb & Flow

Make Do and Mend

Well I drove by the cemetery wondering,
who will write our eulogies?
'Cause I've been having some trouble lately
believing god is more than winter whistling in these trees.
And I've been counting my blessings carefully wondering,
who will come to satisfy this wait?
And I've been humming Hail Mary's safely hoping
someone out there is going to save us from this rain.

But sunrise, sunset I feel the same.

The ins and outs, the hides and seeks
of shaky faith and my modern belief,
that for right now there's nothing that I need
worth writing home pretending I can't see.

And I've been wondering, how will you understand
why I've been falling fast from Heaven's holy hands?
It's just the centuries of inconsistencies
in the way we think that's wearing me thin.

We weren't born afraid,
we were made this way.

The ins and outs, the hides and seeks
of shaky faith and my modern belief,
that for right now there's nothing that I need
worth writing home pretending I can't see,

oh its make believe,
and we're all we need.
that its make believe,

But the ins and outs, the hides and seeks
of shaky faith and my modern belief,
that for right now there's nothing that I need
worth writing home, worth writing home.

its make believe
its make believe