

## The Grocery

Manchester Orchestra

I don't know where I'm going but I'm going anyways  
So you leave the apartment, grab the gun under the bed

I want to reach above the paradox where nobody can see  
Want to hold a light to paradigm and strip it to its feet  
I want to feel the way my father felt, is it easier for me?  
I want to know if there's a higher love oblivious to me

So you walk in the grocery and you unload several rounds  
"Don't you dare move a muscle," cardboard cutout ads

I want to reach above the paradox where nobody can see  
Want to hold a light to paradigm and strip it to its feet  
I want to feel the way your father felt, was it easy for belief  
?  
I want to know if there's a higher love he saw that I can't see

Looking back, it's obvious now  
You believe him or you don't

So you load up your pistol and you press it to your lips  
And you squeeze on the trigger, all it does is clicks

I want to reach above the para-blind where nobody could see  
Want to hold a light to paradise and see if I could sleep  
I want to feel the way our fathers felt when it swept them off  
their feet  
I want to know about that higher love you saw that can't be seen

The only obvious equation, you believe it or you don't

I've been trying to find the right way to get out of here  
I've been trying to find the right way to get out of here

This is the only way to go  
This is the only way