

# The Only One

Manchester Orchestra

I am the only one that thinks I'm going crazy  
And I don't know what to do  
And I am the only son of a pastor I know  
Who does the things I do  
But if it was you  
I don't think that it would matter  
And if it was true  
Then I just wouldn't matter

I was amazed at the color and shapes you do  
A paper part for two  
I am the only son of a bastard I know  
That knows the bastard too  
Because it was you  
I called it a different story  
But if I was you  
I'd make this a simpler story

I bet you did what you did  
When you did it  
To do it again  
By the time you were done with it  
I bet you did what you did  
When you did  
Just to tell every friend that you have  
That the Lord did it

I finally knew that I simply couldn't matter  
You finally knew that you simply couldn't matter  
I guess it's true you never knew  
The passive power of the truth  
Would let me lose  
If I could write another phrase  
We might be better off this way  
But there's no use