

All That Hammering

Mary Black

I used to think joy, was the break between sorrow,
Like peace was the break between wars,
I'm still partly new now, but mostly older,
And I can not say I'm so sure.

I never trusted happiness, as far as I could throw it,
Always preparing for the worst, 'cause I would know it,
All of that hammering in the dark, like a new noah working on his ark,
On his ark.

I may look back at today and feel foolish,
My old view was right all along,
I will rush in, where no angels are walking,
And fight for the right to be wrong.

'cause I never trusted happiness, as far as I could throw it,
Always preparing for the worst, 'cause I would know it,
Of that hammering in the dark, like a new noah working on his ark,
On his ark.

Between my potential and the deep blue sea,
There's a rock and a diamond either side of me,
Between our potential and the break of day,
There is nothing at all in our way,
Nothing in our way.