

i saw a modest dream  
the kind that can't speak up  
and lost before it's let out  
in the north we hold our tongues

but down here i believe  
when you pull your hair back it's so easy to see  
this has not been thought through  
there are things that we've done that we cannot undo  
there are things i can't hear when we're telling the truth

at a table out in bethel  
when i was thirteen  
the criminals were saying  
liked how i was silent

the cold was the container  
for the sparseness of our speech  
the expression in our hands  
was all that we'd need

but down here i believe  
that i made a big deal with a girl that can't bleed  
now I see red and black  
and evening that kills i want to take it back  
an evening that kills and i can't take it back

i'm going home back to new hampshire  
i'm so determined  
to lay in lakes and see my sisters  
i will hit my brother and hold my mother

this probably won't work out  
we might not live forever  
while there's nothing to confess  
please pay attention

and i know that it's brief  
there's not nearly enough in one night to have seen  
what you had in your hand  
was much more than the gold that i let go to grab  
so much more than the gold that i let go to grab