

Torches Together

mewithoutYou

Why burn poor and lonely under a bowl.
Under a lampshade or on the shelf
Beside the bed where at night
You lay turning like a door on it's hinges?
(First on your left side, then on your right side, then your left side again)
Why burn poor and lonely?
Tell all the stones, we're gonna make a building.
We'll cut into shape & set into place or you'd rather be a window,
I'll gladly be the frame reflecting any kind of words.
We'll let in all the blame
(And ruin our reputation all the same)
Never mind out plan making,
We'll start living.....anyway,
Aren't you unbearably sad?
Then why burn so poor and lonely?

We'll be like torches
we'll be like torches
We'll be torches together! torches together
well be like torches
we'll be like torches
With whatever respect, our tattered Dignity demands
Torches together, hand in hand

Why pluck one string - What good is just one note?
Oh, one string sounds fine i guess....We were once 'One Note',
We were lonely wheat quietly ground into grain
(What light and momentary pain!)
So why this safe distance, this curious look?
Why tear out single pages when you can throw away the book?
Why pluck one string when you can strum the guitar?
Strum the guitar!
strum the guitar!
strum the guitar!
With no beginning, with no end
Take down a guitar and strum the guitar
strum the the guitar if you're afraid,
And I'm afraid and everyone's afraid
And everyone knows it but we don't have to be afraid anymore

You played the flute but no one was dancing
You sang a sad song but none of us (4x)
you played such a sad song....such a sad song