

One in the Same

My Morning Jacket

On the way back home, how long did it seem?
Three days or four, snow glazed all the trees
My mother held me like a motorcycle
So warm, we sang melody

Campin' out all night, slow moves with the light
Of all the things which you've seen
Was the motorcycle
So warm, you sang melody

At that moment I'd know
Just how close we could be
And though it always was mine
It always seemed new to me

Ten thousand colors in all
Eyes like caves on my cheeks
To all the people I've loved
Don't think poor of me

It was until I woke up
That I could hold down a joke or a job or a dream
But then all three are one in the same
Yeah, all then are one in the same
And all then are one in the same