## **Wordless Chorus**

## **My Morning Jacket**

So much goin' on these days Forget about instinct, it's not what pays Pleasure, up and down my smile A carton of eggs think, it's all worthwhile

Tell me spirit, what has not been done? I'll rush out and do it, or are we doin' it now?

Fissure is the thrill of day Forget about feeling, that's not what pays But you know, all of this can change Remember the promise as a kid you made

We are the innovators They are the imitators Come on, hey don't you know how we started We forgot about love, but weren't brokenhearted