

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