

# The Sound

Noah Gundersen

Nothing ever comes like it did when you were in it  
Just a memory of a kid, just a washed out finish  
Just a pain-in-the-ass Johnny Cash middle finger  
No shooting up drugs, no quitter is a winner

Nothing ever comes like it did when you were in it  
Keeping nothing for yourself like a stone cold killer  
Now you're passing your people like a ship in the night  
Looking to every stranger for a fight

Nothing ever comes, ever comes if you call it  
Choking like a dog, like a dog on a collar  
Open up your mouth, your mouth if you want it  
Listen for the sound, the sound, the sound is coming down

Hoping that you like, that you like how you're living  
Relying on the kindness of strangers that you will be forgiven  
How many times, how many times will you shit on what you're given?  
How many times, how many times 'til you shut up and listen?

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