

Global Concepts

Robert DeLong

I think it burns my sense of truth
To hear me shouting at my youth
I need a way to sort it out
After I die, I'll re-awake
Redefine what was at stake
From the hindsight of a god

I'll see the people that I used
See the substance I abused
The ugly places that I lived
Did I make money, was I proud?
Did I play my songs too loud?
Did I leave my life to chance
Or did I make you fucking dance?

Symmetry exists only in our mind
Our brain is seeing squares
So I woke up with entropy defined
But the forms still lingered there, in my head

I'll see the people that I used
See the substance I abused
The ugly places that I lived

Did I make money, was I proud?
Did I play my songs too loud?
Did I leave my life to chance
Or did I make you fucking dance?

Global concepts aren't common the world round
But we share a mortal frame
That if you can't hear reacts to every sound
But no two people move the same

I think it burns my sense of truth
To hear me shouting at my youth
I need a way to sort it out
After I die, I'll re-awake
Redefine what was at stake
From the hindsight of a god

I'll see the people that I used
See the substance I abused
The ugly places that I lived
Did I make money, was I proud?
Did I play my songs too loud?
Did I leave my life to chance
Or did I make you fucking dance?