

## With Any Sort of Certainty

### Streetlight Manifesto

You don't know where the sun goes every night, every night.  
Or where the moon goes, when it's light (when it's bright), when it's light (when it's bright).  
I won't mind, as long as it's there in time.  
Oh, as long as they're there in time,  
I won't mind, I won't mind, I won't mind.

If I go blind,  
Tell me, will you be my eyes?  
Oh, tell me, will you be my guide,  
If I go blind, if I go blind, if I go blind?

Oh my god, I will hold my tongue and I'll breathe easily,  
If anyone can say with any sort of certainty that there is something to believe.

Did you ever think that we'd be three steps from the ledge,  
Contemplating awful things and thinking about the end?  
Nobody mentioned that the pieces wouldn't fit,  
You can rearrange them all you want, but the puzzle it was rigged.

We swore we'd never stray,  
Right before we went our separate ways.  
And now we're looking back,  
We're second guessing all the choices that we made.

No one knows where the soul goes when we die, when we die.  
Some say to nowhere, some will say the sky (to the sky), to the sky (to the sky).  
It's all the same, and surely some will find it strange.  
But I prefer the mysteries remain  
Unexplained, unexplained, unexplained.

Oh my god, I will hold my tongue and I'll breathe easily,  
If anyone can say with any sort of certainty that there is something to believe.

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Right before we went our separate ways.  
And now we're looking back,  
We're second guessing all the choices that we made.

Who'd have thought we'd fought so long,  
We started to see  
Our enemies turn into friends, our friends to enemies  
And we sat somewhere in between.

But I heard someone say,  
They knew that someday,  
That everything would fall into its place.  
And everything would be fine.

And I really, truly, honestly,  
Without a doubt want to believe,  
That everything will be alright.

Oh my god, I will hold my tongue and I'll breathe easily,  
If anyone can say with any sort of certainty that there is something to believe.  
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Contemplating awful things and thinking about the end?  
Nobody mentioned that the pieces wouldn't fit,  
You can rearrange them all you want, but the puzzle it was rigged.

We swore we'd never stray,  
Right before we went our separate ways.  
And now we're looking back,  
We're second guessing all the choices that we,  
The shallow fantasies we,  
The ugly promises we made.