

Open-Ended Life

The Avett Brothers

Pack a change of clothes
and a pillow for the road for when we drift off to sleep
Put the sketches and the notes in a box labeled "burn with furniture"
We will watch the fire burn the whole entire house we built down to ashes
From the mirror we'll admire how the flame quickly retires
we won't waste no long goodbyes on the smoke or foolish lies
that finally passed us

Let's find something new to talk about
I'm tired talkin' 'bout myself
I spent my whole life talking to convince everyone
that I was something else
And the part that kinda hurts
is I think it finally worked
and now I'm leaving
I get the feeling things have changed
but the mystery to me
is where and when along the way
did anyone decide that they believed me

I was taught to keep an open-ended life
and never trap myself in nothin'
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When we settle down in another nowhere town
let's tell our neighbors
We won't be here long
and we'll be quiet but don't go asking any favors
I can't stand the unexpected, uninvited visits from too many strangers
My trust has dwindled down
and I can leave here just as abruptly as I came here.

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