

The Other Side

The Dismemberment Plan

There are times when you will not like the sound of my voice
There are days when a warm look from a strange face will make me
forget my name

There'll be nights when you wonder where the party's at now
And you wonder why you never split this beat scene when a higher
life awaits

There'll be days when you don't know how you picked the wrong
life

In a second when it's over in our own minds -- and it's gone
without a sound

There are fights that'll hear things that we know we don't mean

And we say 'em 'cos we don't know what we both want and we can't
get to the other side

There are years that'll fly like wind across a flood plain
Unaware of it's own weight, free of friction, and immune to it's
own speed

There are weeks that'll crawl like slugs across a hot road
Only moving 'cos it just don't know how to stop on a search for
God knows what

And there are songs that'll make your skull ring like a dropped
cup

Resonating with the reasons why you worked through -- and the
reasons why you stayed

For the long nights when you found a new resolve that I never
knew was there

For the cold eye and the warm embrace now

For the righteous vibe that I need like the air I breathe

There are times when you'll think you've got my funny number
figured out

There'll be days when I don't feel like I ever knew you all
that well and there are lines, drawn around, behind, above and
over everyone

In an effort to figure out the place and time, the right, the
wrong, the yours, the mine, and I'll be damned if I feel like I
will ever know anything

But if don't keep moving on that last hill,

We'll never know what's on the other side