

Past is Past

The Get Up Kids

This is not extraordinary
The is just the sand that turns to stone
Flowing with the tributary
Facing every moment as it comes
We fall down. All float on
Until we've found we belong

Time may heal the wound but when the
Bone is set you still can see the scar
The bruise is still a blacken blue still
Blood will flow into and from the heart

All these lies, all this blame
Cannot fight an arrow's aim

Raise a glass and toast the morning
The storm has gone. Today's another day
The water may be rising but the
Day is young, it's good to be awake

Past is past wise men say
All that time that forms these chains
But all our lives are just today

On and on and on and older
Why do we face what we face?
I just can't say