

I can't cry, I can't apply a word to sum it up
Under stress I can't repress the moment it erupts
Hear the sound of paper drums and shredded paper voice
Got to turn up 'Keep Hanging On' as if I had a choice

Prairie fires and pitchfork choirs inspire as they create
Turn it up, It's too far down, until we can relate
Minnesota New Day Rising first day in the store
Take the couch at someone's house and wait around to score

Nervous children making millions: you owe it all to them
Power trios with big-ass deals: you opened for it then
I can see, I can see, I can see it all with my one good eye
For a start take two Grant Harts and call me when you die