

River to Consider

White Denim

Thrown together like a collection of quotes
When the work consisted entirely of jokes
While we wade through the questions
For which we got answers prepared
We build a ladder because we think
It's too safe to take the stairs

It feels familiar
And it comes naturally
Nothing peculiar
No sense of tragedy
There is no wisdom
Unkept by vanity
We'll find acknowledgment
At the end of our sanity
There is no use for you or I
But two must lead

When will we know when the time is right to concede?
What will we risk if we sit around in disbelief?
There is no use for you or I
But two must lead
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But two must lead

Pawned off like an appliance without a practical meaning
Where do we fit preoccupied with being?
An illustration of ourselves
Growing up from the ground

I'm finding reasons all the time for you to stay mine
Instead of right-in-front-of-left and left-in-front-of-right
Our definitions will outlast what they define
What will it take, if it won't take your time?
Our definitions will outlast what they define
What will it take, if it won't take your time?

Long dogs piling secret gestures on the pavement feeling
Our reeling ferocity as it unfurls in crooked fingers every day
Growing up from the ground
Unnatural like electric light bulbs
We are a river to consider