



Verse 2 (riffs all the way through)

I've got friends around here  
that leave me feeling  
leaving things to sort themselves out might be mean a million ways to  
to make what's coming  
less antiquated  
We're already working on what will move a Martian mountain

Chorus 2

If we need a recipe we've got pills overwhelming our trust in our own selves  
Where's we be if all you see is kids tied together crossing the street to go to  
Zoos so big and filled with all the things that we worked hard to keep from the garden  
and wolfs' head tees and rubber crabs can't refill the hole left by stresses unraveled

{Solos}

Am riff 4x, Am -> C x4

Verse 3 (First section hits not riff)

Now I'm coming back to  
why we've got to hold on  
to each other like a window onto a thousand droplets  
too many pieces  
of gold and silver  
flying in a big room with holes on every surface

Chorus 3, same as Chorus 1

The first one leads, the next next one's on the news at eleven calling on heaven's scales  
Remedy appropriately the wrath of a newborn, who's trying to follow  
What's been seen and what's been lead, the outlines and colors of brothers and others  
And what they'll be can't possibly account for the troubles, today or tomorrow

Outro, Am riff 4x, band cut out, guitar continue till rock achieved