

# Chris Whitley, Din

Well, when I got your letter, I could not contain  
The urge to go beyond our inheritance again  
And the drug of ages, in pages of your pen  
I got to put it down  
Maybe you got glazed by all the shit you had  
To taste for to descend, to let me in  
Maybe it's okay now if you turn and run away  
Anesthetic days of crusades and consent, the idiot intent  
And though our love was likely your disease is so competent  
You're so proud of the few risks you've taken, child  
But no it's nothing new, we all continue  
Maybe it's okay now  
If you turn and run away, well, yet again  
Vacant above the din, vacant above the din  
[Incomprehensible]  
I tried to dissuade the agents in your mind  
Who'll rape and campaign until you resign  
And I'd return your letter but I'm feeling unrefined  
I'd rather put you down  
Vacant in the eyes as you conform  
And compromise yourself in sense  
And like pretense  
Maybe it's okay now  
If you turn and run away, well, yet again  
Vacant above the din, above the din  
Above the din, above the din