

# Jack Johnson, The Faultline

And by the way you know the hope will make you strange  
Make you blink, make you blink, make you sink  
It will make you afraid of change and often blame  
The box with the view of the world and the ones who fill the frame

I turn it up, but then I turn it off because I can't stand  
when they start to talk about the  
Hurting and killing who's shoes are we filling  
the damage and ruin and the things that we're doing  
Got to, we got to stop, we got to turn it all off, we got to  
rewind, start it up again

Because it fell across the fall line  
And nothing's sacred anymore  
Na na na na na na na na

Somebody saw him jump, yeah but nobody saw him slip  
I guess he lost a lot of hope and then he lost his grip  
And now he's lying in the freeway in the middle of this mess  
Guess we lost another one, just like the other one  
Energetic apathetic version of another person  
Check out his outsides, ain't nothing in there

He fell across the fall line  
and nothing's sacred anymore  
Na na na na na na na na