

# Metric, The People

Not looking for reason, not trying to understand  
Not trying to catch your eye, not trying to touch your hand  
Not trying to show you a part of me no one else can find  
But I will bring a song to you, who will buy my time?

The people get philosophical and say there is no future  
I am trying to tear myself away from your eyes  
The people get philosophical and say there is no future  
Nothing is as blinding as your eyes

Not watching the seasons, watching days flow by  
No quenchless autumn breezes, late tomorrow skies  
Are you frightened by the moments, how they softly lie  
Where I thought I would always be, I let myself get by

The people get by  
Get by

Not looking for an ending to make the pieces fit  
Need is always pending on how much you can get  
How much you can get

Where are you now  
Where are you now