

# Quietdrive, Stones

Another generation  
Coming to grips with  
Their own assimilation  
People are waiting  
The difference is in  
The way that we look at the world  
It makes attention  
Lead in the back of our minds  
Lead in the back of our minds

Chorus  
Race and class distinction  
Whatever does that mean  
One billion different people thinking  
All of the same damn things  
Across the world  
Minds over enemies  
We are throwing stones  
We all pick up the pieces  
But in the end  
We're water under that bridge

Another disintegration  
Of the values we  
Hold to be in revelation  
People always think  
They can be a big gun  
In this world today  
It makes attention  
Break in the back of their minds  
Break in the back of our minds

Chorus

We've come too far  
To let it go and end like this  
We've come too far  
To let it go and end like this  
We've come too far  
To let it go and end like this  
We've come too far  
To let it go, let it go

Go! Go!

Across the world  
Minds over enemies  
We are throwing stones  
We all pick up the pieces  
But in the end  
We're water under the bridge  
Bridge bridge bridge bridge