

The Hoosiers, Sadness Runs Through Him

People are puppets, held together with string.

There's a beautiful sadness that runs through him, as he asked me to pray to the god he doesn't believe in.

Time and again boys are raised to be men: impatient they start, fearful they end.

But here was a man mourning tomorrow.

He drank, but finally drown in his sorrow.

He could not break surface tension.

He looked in the wrong place for redemption.

Don't look at me with those eyes; i tried to anaesthetise: turn back the time that drew him.

But he couldn't be saved: a sadness runs through him, through him.

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Don't look...Don't look...Don't...Don't

Don't look at me with those eyes; i tried to unheave the ties: turn back the time that drew him.

But he couldn't be saved, no, he couldn't be saved: sadness runs through him, sadness runs through him.