

We're About 9, Spirit

I have a sheet
over my head
with two eyes cut round
I scream and shout
I throw a fit
but you won't hear a sound
unless you breath in my sorrow
believe in my soul
breath in the confusion
breath out the control
maybe you can see who I am
maybe I can be who I am
maybe we can be free again
I walk this hall
where I was born
with a magnanimous song in my head
kids play the games
that I did then
and run right through me
but I'm already dead
unless you breath in my sorrow
believe in my soul
breath in the confusion
breath out the control
maybe you can see who I am
maybe I can be who I am
maybe we can be free again
all of my life
I have wanted to
see something move
that I couldn't ignore
like white floating water or
life spawned from fodder
like orbit
or a spirit walking right through my door
yeah
I saw a light and
I walked away
just like in a book I read
so now I'm stuck
with no way out
and I'm lying under your bed
unless you breath in my sorrow
believe in my soul
breath in the confusion
breath out the control
maybe you can see who I am
maybe I can be who I am
maybe we can be free again
maybe we can be free again