

# Cartel, If I Were To Write The Song.../Get Through

(If I Were To Write This Song)

Ring the verse, let it in, said softly begin  
If it feels like the first time, don't let it end  
Cause it wanders by like something that could have been

If i were to write the song that could penetrate your ears  
Would it calm your trembling soul?  
Would it ease your every fear?

Can we go back to the place where we all used to see through  
Everything blinding us, now you don't understand anything anymore  
And you shiver at the sight...  
You're afraid to show that you're only so human tonight

Could one song solve all our problems?  
Could it have the strength to heal?  
Or would it cripple and destroy  
And leave nothing unrevealed?

Might it uproot every lie  
And force us all to cower  
Underneath it's tremendous weight  
In the wake of all its power

Can we go back to the place where we all used to see through  
Everything blinding us, now you don't understand anything anymore  
And you shiver at the sight...  
You're afraid to show that you're only so human tonight

Oh, did you know, did you know  
Did you know better?  
Don't you know, don't you know  
Don't you know better?  
Don't you know, don't you know  
Don't you know better?  
Don't you know that

You shiver at the sight...  
You're afraid to show that you're only so human tonight

If I were to write the song  
That could somehow change the world...  
Would it be a calm surrender  
Or a fight to the death?  
Would it give something to live for  
Would we give our final breath?  
Would it be a roaring opera  
Or as sweet as a child's kiss?  
Would it sound like all the others  
Or would it sound something like this...?

(Get Through This)

I feel the pastures growing greener  
I feel the waves  
They come, they come all over me  
I feel the pastures growing greener  
I feel the waves  
They're coming over me  
And everything's all right  
And everything's all right

I hear the others wondering where I've been  
I hear my mother  
She's worried sick  
And then I hear the others wondering where I've been  
I hear my mother  
She's worried sick  
And then she weathers me and holds me to my own  
She mothers me and keeps me hanging on

But I'll get through this  
Will you?  
But I'll get through this  
Will you?  
But I'll get through this  
Will you?  
I'll get through this

In the Southern, the air will keep you warm  
In the Western, the air is as dry as a bone  
In the Southern, the air will keep you warm  
In the Western, the air is as dry as a bone  
And I've been wondering about that change  
And I, I, and I've been wondering about that change

But I'll get through this  
Will you?  
But I'll get through this  
Will you?  
But I'll get through this  
Will you?  
And I'll get through this