

Fake Problems, How Far Our Bodies Go

Well oh well, here I am. We were born in our mothers arms,
but we have since grown.

When you die, I'll be by your side, and I hope to see your soul
slowly deplete to nothing at all.

I know you're not afraid, but I think you will be someday;
when we learn to measure how far these bones can go.

Well oh well, here I am. I'm still alive, and I think
I'll stay for awhile.