

Fake Problems, Motion Of The Ocean

We drove through mountains on our way to Tennessee,
and debated the existence of a god.

I'm not sure I agree with anything you say
but I'll defend with my life...no, I don't care.

I think you should know this is my greatest triumph and I don't expect a reward,
but if you think you could clear some time up,

I'd love to get together and discuss modern art,
modern war; things I can hold in my hand.

I can't grasp much more than that.

To me every plane I see overhead is as far as the sky goes.

Now it's not like I'm completely closed to truth beyond science,

I just need something more than a book.

And you say "What about the trees? The sky?

Those dreams you have that symbolize some sort of divine plan?

Or how about that time when you were ten years old

and you almost ran out into a busy road?

You couldn't stop your own momentum, but something pushed you,

and to this very day you still don't know what it was, and it scares you.

You think about it every night, but over the years you've been convinced that it was you.

You stopped yourself?"

At that funeral for myself someone tell my crying mother,
your son is in a better place now.

At that funeral for myself someone tell my crying mother,
your baby's in a better place now.

I'm going to a better place now.

I hope there is a better place now.