

Fiction Plane, If Only

The old man's been stealin',
She's holdin' a grievance for hundred-odd years,
We all keep believin'
That history repeats itself year after year.
How I fear that the future is worse,
We have to give in to a hundred-year curse,
Sweat in the sun like we're diggin' a grave,
Dig deep enough and our fortune is saved--

(chorus)

"If only, if only," the woodpecker sighs,
"The bark on the trees was as soft as the skies,"
As the wolf waits below, hungry and lonely,
He cries to the moo-oo-oon, "If only, if only."

Chasin' the skirt of a beautiful wife,
You make mistakes and it's my back that breaks,
And forever my past steals my life,
To submission I'm beat, but there's hope beneath these feet.
Blisters and blood and the sun makes you blind,
Don't let it eat ya, it can't help but be kind,
'Cause you know what's important with your back to the wall,
You can break metal chains when your friends don't let you fall--

(chorus)

I'm a sword but I find myself blunt,
That is no use when i'm fighting my history, fighting my history,
I have no blade, I'm more like a feather,
That is no use when I'm fighting my history, fighting my history,
I have no blade, I'm more like a feather,
But I can't fly away without fighting myself--

(chorus x2)