

# Fish, Vigil

Listen to me just hear me out, if I could have your attention  
just quieten down for a voice in the crowd.

I get so confused I don't understand

I know you feel the same way you've always wanted to say  
but you don't get the chance, just a voice in the crowd.

I don't know the score anymore; it's not clear anymore

I can't tell right from wrong anymore; I just don't understand.

I was sitting here thinking of exchanging a new world for old  
like changing channels on the tv, or the dirt we stand in to gold.

When I was young, my father told me just the bad guys die  
at the time just a little white lie

it was one of the first but it hurt me the most

and the truth stung like tears in my eye

that even the good guys must die

there's no reasoning no crimes and I never knew why

even now it still makes me cry.

If there's somebody up there could they throw me down a line

just a little helping hand just a little understanding

just some answers to the questions that surround me now.

If there's somebody up there could they throw me down a line

just a little guiding light to tell wrong from right

just some answers to the questions that I'm asking you

I keep a vigil in a wilderness of mirrors

where nothing here is ever what it seems

you stand so close but you never understand it

for all that we see is not what it seems, am I blind?

And you sit there and talk revolution

but can you tell me just who's in command?

when you tell me the forces we are fighting

then I'll gladly join and make plans

but for now only our t-shirts cry freedom

and our voices are gagged by our greed

our minds are harnessed by knowledge

by the hill and the will to succeed

and if that's not what you believe

would you let me know I'm not standing alone

that I'm not just a voice in the crowd

If there's somebody up there could they throw me down a line

just a little helping hand just a little understanding

just a little understanding to the questions that I'm asking you

If there's somebody up there could they throw me down a line

just a little guiding light to tell wrong from right

just some answers to the questions that I'm asking you

I'll keep a vigil in a wilderness of mirrors

where nothing here is ever what it seems

I'm scared to shout in case I draw attention from the powers

that preside over our minds and our lives

when they find what I want is the deadliest weapon, that is truth

Day by day it's getting louder

and day by day it's getting stronger

but when I can't scream no more and I need reassurance,

I listen to the crowd.

(And the boy stood, and stared at the hill. And the hill stared back)