

Jars Of Clay, Work

Just in case, I will leave my things packed so I can run away
I cannot trust these voices

I don't have a line of prospects that can give some kind of peace
There is nothing left to cling to that can bring me sweet release
I have no fear of drowning, it's the breathing that's taking all this work

Do you know what I mean when I say, 'I don't want to be alone.'
What I mean when I say, 'I don't want to be alone.'

Empty spaces, shadows hit by street lights
warning signs and weight of tired conversations

In the absence of a shoulder, in the abscess of a thief
On the brink of this destruction, on the eve of bittersweet
Now all the demons look like prophets and I'm living out
every word they speak, every word they speak

Do you know what I mean when I say, 'I don't want to be alone, '
What I mean when I say, 'I don't want to be alone'
What I mean when I say, 'I don't want to be alone.'

Do you know what I mean when I say, 'I don't want to be alone.'....
I have no fear of drowning. It's the breathing that's taking all this work.