

Manchester Orchestra, The Only One

I am the only one that thinks I'm going crazy
And I don't know what to do
And I am the only son of a pastor I know
Who does the things I do
But if it was you
I don't think that it would matter
And if it was true
Then I just wouldn't matter
I was amazed at the color and shapes you do
A paper part for two
I am the only son of a bastard I know
That knows the bastard too
Because it was you
I called it a different story
But if I was you
I'd make this a simpler story
I bet you did what you did
When you did it
To do it again
By the time you were done with it
I bet you did what you did
When you did
Just to tell every friend that you have
That the Lord did it
I finally knew that I simply couldn't matter
You finally knew that you simply couldn't matter
I guess it's true you never knew
The passive power of the truth
Would let me lose
If I could write another phrase
We might be better off this way
But there's no use