

Me Without You, Torches Together

Why burn poor and lonely?
Under a bowl or under a lampshade
Or on the shelf beside the bed
Where at night you lay turning like a door on it's hinges
(First on your left side, then on your right side, then your left side again)

Why burn poor and lonely?
Tell all the stones, we're gonna make a building
We'll cut into shape and set into place
Or if you'd rather be a window,
I'll gladly be the frame
Reflecting any kind of words
We'll let in all the blame
(And ruin our reputation all the same)

So never mind out plan making
We'll start living
Anyway, aren't you unbearably sad?
Then why burn so poor and lonely?

We'll be like torches - We'll be torches together!
With whatever respect our tattered dignity demands
Torches together, hand in hand

Why pluck one string?
What good is just one note?
Oh, one string sounds fine I guess....
We we're once 'One Notes'
We were lonely wheat quietly ground into grain
(What light and momentary pain!)
So why this safe distance, this curious look?
Why tear out single pages when you can throw away the book?
Why pluck one string when you can strum the guitar?
Strum the guitar!
With no beginning, with no end
Take down a guitar and strum the guitar if you're afraid,
And I'm afraid and everyone's afraid
And everyone knows it but we don't have to be afraid anymore
You played the flute but no one was dancing
You sang a sad song and none of us cried