

# My Morning Jacket, Can You See The Hard Helm

Do you see the hard  
helmet on my head...  
totally unscarred  
serves protection for my head

but I don't believe  
everything I read...

one that makes them warm  
don't ever lose any of your god-given charm  
they believe you were sweet  
but you could never pull that one on me

'cause I still recall  
in no time at all  
you went from being so out of control  
to snuffin out the rock that beats

that's why I thought this was so neat  
someplace to go where I felt so all-at-ease  
no need to write, no need to call  
there's no one to see  
there's no you, no me  
no need to be anything at all...

blood pours out of the walls  
fills up beside the clothes in my dresser drawers  
wish I was quicker on the draw