

Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, The Crane Takes

Oceans lay between us and the things we think we need,
but I've known many who would gladly swim to get to where you are.
Always more together than the ones you think are better off,
but darling no one's made it half as far.

And it's so hard,
and I know how hard,
and I know how hard to pursue,
when you just ain't breaking through,
but don't you let them tell you that you're wrong.

You're either thinning like the fog upon a marshy tidal bog
as the crane take flight and she sings her silent song.
Or spinning like a hurricane, they've not yet used your name,
and I'm left wondering what does it take so long.

And it's so hard,
and I know how hard,
and I know how hard to pursue,
when you just ain't breaking through,
but don't you let them tell you that you're wrong.

Moving around in the space that you've found to be finally fit for you
And you're strong at the helm,
but you're still overwhelmed by all the painting left to do.
Everything's calm in the half-light of dawn
but the morning will bring no peace.
'Coz you'll never be done with the work you've begun,
even in moments of relief.
Grapling with time
and the mercury line as the afternoon sun gets hot.
And you'll always be far from the things that you are
'coz there's so much that you're not.
So move it around, check your depth with a sounding,
your map reference against the stars.
And your work and your home,
like your clothes, are your own, like your skin and like your scars.
I told you they've had power all along.
So don't you let you tell you that you're wrong.