

The Hoosiers, A Sadness Runs Through Him

People are puppets held together with string
There's a beautiful sadness that runs through him
As he asks me to pray to the God he doesn't believe in

Time and again boys race to be men
Impatient they start, fearful they end
But here was a man mourning tomorrow
He drank, but finally drowned in his sorrow

He could not break surface tension
He looked in the wrong place for redemption

Don't look at me with those eyes
I tried to anaesthetize
Turn back the tide that drew him
But he couldn't be saved
A sadness runs through him
Through him

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Don't look
Don't look
Don't don't

Don't look at me with those eyes
I tried to anaesthetize
Turn back the time that drew him
But he couldn't be saved
No he couldn't be saved
A sadness runs through him
A sadness runs through him
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