

We're About 9, Reading You

Are you out there, Florence?
I have been reading you
You are the tree in a lifeless forest
I am the wind that won't give up

I don't know what out there for us
Or what all this shaking is leading to
I know I can be the poorest
Excuse to hope, but

You keep making waves
And I'll keep
Pushing them around
If I move things in the right direction
Will it be you that made the sound?
Did you make a sound?

It's just a poorly worded question
That tries to lay the fault
On your falling act
When my pushing did it all

I am the courier that made you
If that message hadn't fallen
In the right hands
You'd be no one
You'd be nowhere bound
But yes, we made a sound

Are you out there, Florence?
I have been reading you
You are the star that set me dreaming
And all I've ever known of

So maybe I'm jealous
Of the power of what you do
I thought we'd be teaming up and it sounded perfect, but

You keep making waves
And I keep
Pushing them around
If I move things in the right direction
Will it be you that made the sound?
Did you make a sound?

It's just a poorly worded question
That tries to lay the fault
On your falling act
When my pushing did it all

I am the metaphor that made you
If that message hadn't fallen
In the right way
You'd be no one
You'd be nowhere bound
But yes, we made a sound

Are you out there, Florence
I have been reading you
Again like a man without investment
And there is something I'd forgotten

I have been crying
But that's how I know that I'm alive

And it's stirring up the question
"Why?"