Where Have You Been?

Manchester Orchestra

They call holidays an option for a reason
I heard you're comin' back to life just for the fourth
I've been catchin' all your ghosts for every season
I pray to God that you won't come back here anymore
Do you pray with him too?
They should deliver all my blessings
In small brown paper handbags near the porch
I wished I'd known that you were bleeding
While I sat and watched you reading with the Lord
I read with him, too
When you look at me
I'll be digesting your legs
'Cause I can hardly see what's in front of me
These days and those days too
I've got to take what I'm makin'
And turn it into somethin'
I've got to take what I'm makin'
And turn it into somethin' for you
I've got to break what I'm makin'
And turn it into nothin'
I've got to break what I'm making
And turn it into nothin' for you
When you look at me
I'll be digesting your legs
'Cause I can hardly see, what's in front of me
These days and those days too
God, where have you been?
God, where have you been?
God, where have you been?
God, where have you been?
God, oh God, where have you been?
God, my God, my God
Where have you been?
God, where have you been?
God, God, where have you been?

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