

Open Up

The Dead Weather

Have you noticed the rivers and the clocks, they're not moving?
What about the birds you got stuck on your ceiling, chirping?
I breathe in but I choke, little things make a landslide go
If I knew just the pin to hold in I'd build walls and you know, you know I would
My hand is faster than pen but
the end has been written down
Still the ink will not dry, undermined by a hope that I'm wrong
Open up, open up I see your roses grow noses and
noses go and get broken
And there's a hope, there's a place, there's a sickened feeling
I look into the space that defaced my belief in
Where we are, what it means, and what did you say your name was?
Well say it again
Open up, open up Mind is faster than pen but the end is so stupid
Like bubblegum in your hair isn't fair but it smells good
Breathe in but you choke, but you choke on a mouthful
Of everything that you hoped, that you hoped was not there
But it's here, it's here
Open up, open up
That's enough, that's enough
Open up, open up
That's enough, that's enough
Open up, open up
That's enough, that's enough
Open up, open up
That's enough, that's enough
Have you noticed the rivers and the clocks, they're all sleeping?
Is it me or you who would stop yelling and screaming?
And there's a place with the lows and frequencies we're hearing
Open up, open up
Open up, open up
That's enough, that's enough
Open up, open up
That's enough, that's enough
Open up, open up
That's enough, that's enough
Open up, open up
That's enough

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