

Little Motor

David Bazan

so you're made of flesh and blood
and your daughter, she called your bluff
you get emotional over empty cups
grow up every day you wake up alive
little motor behind your eyes
that wars are fought about
by those who have no doubt
out loud most evenings when the sun goes down
you think of leaving but you stick around
it's just a flesh wound with a proper noun
calm down
every day you wake up alive
little motor behind your eyes
that wars are fought about
by those who have no doubt
out loud

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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