

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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