

Global Concepts (Radio Edit)

Robert DeLong

I think it burns my sense of truth
To hear me shouting at my youth
I need a way to sort it out. After I die, I'll re-awake,
Redefine what was at stake
From the hindsight of a god. I'll see the people that I use,
See the substance I abuse,
The ugly places that I lived. Did I make money? Was I proud?
Did I play my songs too loud?
Did I leave my life to chance
Or did I make you fucking dance? Symmetry exists only in our mind.
Our brain is shaping squares.
So I woke up with entropy defined
But the forms still linger there, in my head. I'll see the people that I use,
See the substance I abuse,
The ugly places that I lived. Did I make money? Was I proud?
Did I play my songs too loud?
Did I leave my life to chance
Or did I make you fucking dance? Global concepts uncommon the world round
But we share a mortal frame
That if you can hear reacts to every sound
But no two people move the same. I think it burns my sense of truth
To hear me shouting at my youth
I need a way to sort it out. After I die, I'll re-awake,
Redefine what was at stake
From the hindsight of a god. I'll see the people that I use,
See the substance I abuse,
The ugly places that I lived. Did I make money? Was I proud?
Did I play my songs too loud?
Did I leave my life to chance
Or did I make you fucking dance?

Songwriters

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