

Art Exhibit

Young the Giant

I, I saw a picture of you today
At an art exhibit on memory lane
You wore those bells we found on Champs-Élysées
Framed like the golden masters
Forgotten all these years
Pouring like rain
A truth that appears
Oh, the genius of pain
Without a name
Pouring like rain 'Cause I'm on my back, on my back again
Words we had to describe the same feeling
Now without a meaning
'Cause I'm on my back, on my back again
Looking at a hole in the ceiling I, II, I watched the movie of you today
Silver screen
Adapted from my thoughts on Broadway
You saved the world
We lived in such harmony
Blockbuster sales in twelve countries
Remembered all these years
Falling like rain
A truth that appears
Oh, the genius of pain, oh

Songwriters
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