

Inexplicable

The Correspondents

Inexplicably high
Inexplicably low
I think I know what I want but I don't know where to go
And all the while it seems
that I'm
living in my dreams
I'm not in the now
No, Not in the now. When I was four
I raised my finger to a moving car
It crashed
So I assumed a super power
I didn't raise that finger until I was nine
When a school boy attacked for the twenty-fifth time.
Down I went, my index still up
So convinced that he would just drop
Powerless to make it stop
Powerless to make it stop. Inexplicably high
Inexplicably low
I think I know what I want but I don't know where to go
And all the while it seems
that I'm
living in my dreams
I'm not in the now
No, not in the now. At nineteen
I still just about believed in God
I guess
That I was pretty late to shake it off
Faulty magic whispered to the man who can mend
I tricked myself in thinking he could cure my best friend.
Two weeks in, his insides gave up
If drugs can't help, why would words bring him luck
Powerless to make it stop
Powerless to make it stop. Inexplicably high
Inexplicably low
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No, not in the now. Now my hands are pulling at the donkeys rains
I feel
I've done the wrong route down a dusty lane
The grass could have been greener down the first road I took
I'd give half my happiness just for one look
My lust to win is eating me up
A game I can't win up again my clock.
And powerless to make it stop
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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