

# How It Got Started

## Abbott Hayes

I want to take photographs of things that are real  
But science does not come to my aid  
It brings forth these questions and theories I feel  
It opposes and challenges my faith  
Like why does the grass grow?  
The leaves turn and fall?  
The moon that draws back all those waves?  
And how'd it get started? We couldn't recall  
That's knowledge too great to be retained  
She told me that she never liked my opinions  
Call them askew and a waste of her time  
Instead of writing each song with some meaning  
All you do is lie boy, you lie boy you lie  
So what if I've got my convictions  
When the day is done I can say i tried  
Because I can't stop the world from spinning  
But what I can do is take her out of my life  
I must choose wisely the next note that I play  
It determines the rest of the strain  
The rhythm, the arrangement and melodies made  
It's the only thing keeping me sane  
That's why I absorb myself deep in each song  
In hopes that it whisks me away  
But the parts never last long enough and the chords growing faint  
And eventually the band leaves the stage  
She told me that she never loved me for my music  
Called it abrasive and tasteless and trite  
Instead of singing each song with some feeling  
All you do it whine boy, you whine, boy you whine  
Watch me as I won't accept her position  
Turned calloused and biased over night (over time)  
I tip my head to the side just grinning  
Singing darling I never loved you for your mind

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