

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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