Opening The Hymnal/Babies

Cursive

Opening the Hymnal:
Welcome one and welcome all
To our small town
The lyrics are the exit and the roses are the same?
Inside this town, you'll find the guilt
That fills the quarry of the residents residing in
14 hymns for the heathen
1st hymn: the son of God complex
2nd hymn . . .Babies:
Now baby, baby, this world must seem so immense
Compared to the womb
And baby, baby, your head must seem so much smaller
Than you assumed
Your whole world seems to center around you
It'd be easy to make the mistake
That maybe you're why the world was made
Baby, baby, baby, you learn so fast
You seem to carry a special gift
Maybe you've been given to this world to make a difference
Such delusions we all struggle with
But the beautiful truth of it is
This is all we are, we simply exist
You're not the chosen one
I'm not the chosen one
But we don't need anyone
Let's not choose anyone

Songwriters
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