

# Buoy

## The Joy Formidable

All the things you like  
Guided by their charms  
Behind them safely store  
Wrap your greedy arms around them all  
Sail, don't try to steer, just sail  
You can be a hell of a force  
With the button to a broken man  
Because you know I'm impatient  
I've been hounded down before  
The diving bell keeps surfacing  
It doesn't ring anymore  
Did the little boy only get his orders from himself?  
Did the whole world revolve around his middle class act?  
The girl next door hears voices in her head every night  
Mother's fears that he's bringing home trash from the pile  
You know I'm impatient  
I've been hounded down before  
The diving bell keeps surfacing  
It doesn't ring anymore  
And you know I'm impatient  
I've been hounded down before  
The diving bell keeps surfacing  
It doesn't ring anymore  
Wife still believes life settles like a stream of dust  
Through the beams you lose you underneath  
And did the little boy, on his pedestal  
And the girl next door, once the voice is gone  
And did the whole world, and the mothers fears  
Sink the sunshine on the back field?  
And the grasping hand is never full  
And the perfect life is just damaged goods  
And you should have talked and you should talk too  
Cuz in twenty years you'll be a fucking mute

Lyrics provided by

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