

All These Things

Third Eye Blind

My mom recovered alcoholic
In the opera and Jackson Pollock said
All these things, all these things are yours She said you're not blessed
And you're not cursed
In the end you write your verse
Yeah all these things, all these things are yours Let that feeling
Born in shadow
Let it make you
Make you strong And the demons
You got to carry
Carry you on and on and on John Coltrane's added grays
Took us all to better days
Said all these things, all these things are yours
Am I right, am I wrong
In the end just write your song
'Cause all these things, all these things are yours Let that feeling
Born in shadow
Let it make you
Make you strong And the demons
You got to carry
Carry you on and on and on 'Cause all these things, all these things are yours
All these things, all these things are yours
Oh oh, all these things, all these things are yours What happened to you, man
I've been there, too
'Cause all these things, all these things are yours Let that feeling
Born in shadow
Let it make you
Make you strong And the demons
You got to carry
Carry you on and on and on Let the demons
To carry, na na na

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