

# Hope (Hi. Res.)

## R.E.M.

You want to go out Friday  
And you want to go forever  
You know that it sounds childish  
That you dreamt of alligators You hope that we are with you  
And you hope you're recognized  
You want to go forever  
You see it in my eyes I'm lost in the confusion  
And it doesn't seem to matter  
You really can't believe it  
And you hope it's getting better You want to trust the doctors  
Their procedure is the best  
But the last try was a failure  
And the intern was a mess And they did the same to Matthew  
And he bled 'til Sunday night  
They're saying, "Don't be frightened"  
But you're weakened by the sight of it You lock into a pattern  
And you know that it's the last ditch  
You're trying to see through it  
And it doesn't make sense But they're saying, "Don't be frightened"  
And they're killing alligators  
And they're hog-tied  
And accepting of the struggle You want to trust religion  
And you know it's allegory  
But the people who are followers  
Have written their own story So you look up to the Heavens  
And you hope that it's a spaceship  
And it's something from your childhood  
You're thinking don't be frightened You want to climb the ladder  
You want to see forever  
You want to go out Friday  
And you want to go forever And you want to cross your D N A  
To cross your D N A with something reptile And you're questioning the sciences  
And questioning religion  
You're looking like an idiot  
And you no longer care And you want to bridge the schism  
A built-in mechanism to protect you And you're looking for salvation  
And you're looking for deliverance  
You're looking like an idiot  
And you no longer care 'Cause you want to climb the ladder

You want to go forever  
And you want to go out Friday  
You want to go forever

Songwriters

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