The Cause

Laura Gibson

In the pale of
Whatever half-love you have left
For the olden days
Would you wake up
Or trace the plumb line to your death
Your final scene
What is love, then, but to drag a dead deer by its horns
From the passing lane
Just to drive on, neither to arrive or to escape
Not to save someoneYou belong to the cause
Come on, believe
Pull your heels from the farthest
Corner you've been in
You belong to us
You belong to the cause
You were wrong, I meant no harm
We were young once
We were wilder in our boots
In the race to fame
Now we've dried up
We no longer have our youth to sell
From the penny stage
Were you mine?
You were never the kind to call me yours
Were you born afraid?
So carry on, carry all your desire to a flame
To an unnamed voiceYou belong to the cause
Come on, believe
Pull your heels from the farthest
Place they've carried you
You belong to us
You belong to the cause
You were wrong, I meant no harm
Black shadows, back-battles
You have held in your lungs too long
You were searching, I was purchasing
A flight to old luck town
No martyrs, no fire-starters
No loose wheels, no healer saints

No wise words, no birds embroidered
In our clothes, no rose parades
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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