On the Mend

The Milk Carton Kids

The mice tell bedtime stories
Lullabies turned blue
A crib song for the baby
Who's figured out the ruseTravelled halfway 'round the world
To tell a story with no end
The dirt under a nation
Forsaken, on the mendI could say that for a moment
It all made perfect sense
No one holding posture
Nothing heaven sent
Hold the hand that leads you
There's no God to believe
What matters moves around us
In the air we breatheThere's nowhere left to sit
It's the dirt ground or a broke down bench
Four walls and a roof
They say the house that Jesus built
A child knows the kindness
Of a woman at her end
In song she found salvation
Forsaken, on the mendI could say that for a moment
It all made perfect sense
No unholy posture
Nothing heaven sent
Hold the hand that leads you
There's no God here to believe
What matters moves around us
In the air we breatheWhat matters moves around us
In the air we breathe
In the air we breathe

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