

Familiarity

Punch Brothers

It's on
Again
You hate it
But you know it
Then
You know it
And so do your friends
And you can sing together
When
It's on
Pretend
You love it
Because you love them
As you explode out of your phones
Amen
To make some music of your own
Amen
Or you could hate it softly to yourself alone
A man
Among
Amens

A ringing bell
Or programmed drums or both I couldn't tell
But I rejoiced

A smoke machine
Or swinging thurible it was hard to see
But I lifted up my voice

We've come
Together
Over we know not what

A call to prayer
Or the last for alcohol we didn't care
We knelt and bowed our heads
Or did we dance
Like we might never get another chance

To disconnect

We've come
Together
Over we know not what
To say I love you
I love you
I love you
I mean it
I want to feel it
God help me feel it
I love you
God knows I mean it
God help me feel it
God knows we mean it
God help us feel it...

We lie in bed
The wireless dancing through my head
Until I fear the space between my breath
I see an end
Where I don't love you like I can
'Cause I've forgotten how it feels
Amen
To love someone or thing for real
Amen

So darling when
You wake remind me what we've done
That can't be shared or saved or even sung
It's on again
You nod your head and take my hand
And though I'm not sure where we'll go
Amen
To worship more than what we know
Amen
As long as you're there I won't be
alone
A man
Among
Amens
