

Anything

Sixpence None The Richer

This is my forty-fifth depressing tune
They're looking for money as they clean my artistic womb
And when I give birth to the child I must take to flight
'Cause the black in our pocket won't let us fight a proper fight
So hey baby, can you shed some light on the problem maybe?
'Cause we're all tired and we'd like to know
If we should pack our tents, shut down the show
Yes, we should like to see a burning bush-type sign
But anything would be fine
We're all told to dance but we never picked the tune
Hanging like puppets, they feed us from bent steel spoons
But we're sealing our lips for the someday
When the needle and the violin play
All the songs of the pain, songs that explain all our circles and strains
So hey baby, can you shed some light on the problem maybe?
'Cause we're all crying and we'd like to know
If we should pack our tents, shut down the show
Yes, we should like to see a burning bush-type sign
But anything would be fine
We're all dying and we'd like to know
If we should pack our tents, shut down the show
Yes, we should like to see a burning bush-type sign
And we should like to see you pack your tents, shut down the show
And we should like to see a burning bush-type sign
But anything would be fine, oh, anything would be fine

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