

# Volunteers of America

## The Both

The contract's a joke,  
but when you see smoke  
You run toward the fire  
'cause you must  
They all called your name when the  
crash finally came  
Then left you to pick up the dust  
I saw you walking in silence  
down to the bridge  
But nothing went over the side  
So I guess to someone with your heritage  
Withdrawal, like consent, is implied And it's true - no one else will  
do what you do  
Volunteers of America, I'm calling you What makes you feel you're less than ideal  
If you can't get over it all?  
That walk-away clause  
can't be just because  
You're mad at the Cross on the wall  
Oh, and the last time I saw you, with  
that hole in your side  
I had to put my hand in to believe  
Oh, but I couldn't meet  
those elephant eyes  
And you couldn't take time to grieve And it's true - no one else  
will do what you do  
Volunteers of America, I'm calling you With your thousand-yard stare  
and your caretaker's hair  
I guess we're not sleeping again  
You're up there online,  
building your shrine  
A go-to solution that then  
Come tomorrow, you'll tear down again So bring out your poor,  
your washed on the shore  
Your refuse, your teeming depressed  
You take them all in, 'cause that's  
where you've been  
A person who has to say "yes"  
And every Sunday and Wednesday  
you pay homage to

The naked and martyred and dead  
Where every crypt tells the story,  
the story of you  
Where bodies aren't bodies, they're bread And it's true - no one else  
will do what you do  
Volunteers of America, I'm calling you

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