

My Little Ruin

Glen Hansard

Come on my little ruin,
Won't you open up and let me in
Well time has not been kind,
But you're still standing here. Leave a light on in your window,
Won't you let me see a sign.
It's gonna take more than smoking mirrors
Now for me this time. Come on our Mr. Sorrow,
Won't you sing yourself a different song
The melody that made you is now worn out,
Sing along. Well everybody is looking at you,
But I can't stand to watch.
I've seen this scene come and go too much. And Oh,
How you struggle,
Through the hours.
With your sorrow leading the way.
And as you're stooping,
Among the cowards,
You will let them win.
But I'm not gonna stand aside,
And watch them tear you up,
No I'm not.
Because you're better than the hour
And I can't say it enough.
It's enough.
What are you doing? Come on my little ruin,
Wont you build yourself back up again.
Won't you take the time you were given,
You promised it to yourself. You can stand among the best of them,
If you could hold your own.
But no one's gonna do it for you now,
But you and you alone. And Oh,
How you struggle,
With your powers.
And keep your backside to the wall.
And, as you're counted,
Among the cowards,
Didn't see you at all.
But i'm caught,
On a rising wave and I can't get you up

But I'm not,
Gonna stand aside,
And watch them tear you up,
No I'm not.
Because you're better than the hour
You're better than the hour,
You're better than the hour,
You're better than the hour,
You're better than the hour,
And I can't say it enough,
It's enough.
What are you doing?
What are you doing?

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