# Way with Words

## Mideau

I do my best to keep from catching cold and getting quiet
And though I try to sleep the sound once soft is loud
So loud and clear
It's constant and banging on the back porch doorTake all four to five years long passed by
It hurts; still we'll go off and write the showA dream in photographs
Each corner labeled with a timestamp
I yell to warn the rest against the coming of the end
So fast and clear
It's constant and it's banging on the concrete floorsTake all four to five years long passed by
It hurts; still we'll go off and write the showThe world is on fire
Oh no!
Death and life, all you like
Oh no!But you have a way with words and they're gonna be heard

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