

The Secret Seven

Owen Pallett

Moon it rises to break across the river and a moon-faced boy
Would you write a speaking part for me,
A part that puts me somewhere between the elevated road and the water?
It don't get better
The hunger, even back in his arms,
No the water will get higher as fast as you run
Charity think no evil and charity never faileth
Let me feed you with a song.
I'm out on the street with an open case and a mandolin and with every coin
I am born again.
Faith will return to you my friend.
Somedays I feel like the end of mankind and somedays the beginning,
Watching kids turn into lovers/believers
And it don't get better,
The hunger, even back in his arms,
No the water will get higher the faster you run
Sun it rises to shine upon the wreckage of our broken bloody union.
Does it fill your gaps like it fills in mine?
The sunlight creeping cross the line to rest upon the site of our ruin
And if your mother doesn't answer then give me a call
Here's my number 854-4784
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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