Cholla

The Joy Formidable

Cholla, cholla
You kept us away
We'll come back tomorrow
And give you one day
The talent of time
That thief that delays
We'll come back tomorrow
And tear down your ways
Otherwise

Where are we going?
What are we doing?
You siphon a smile from the source
How do we move on
When nothing is growing
Your hands turned to daggers again

Non par, non par nonpareil
You rush to the future and paint it yourself
Together we're lucky
Together we're set
When nothing comes easy
Only the finest are left

Where are we going?
What are we doing?
You siphon a smile from the source
How do we move on
When nothing is growing
Your hands turned to daggers again, my love

This is the way it has played
But these are our riches to take
What came of, of goodness
Of fairness
Nothing proves otherwise

Where are we going
Where are we going
Where are we going

Where are we going
Where are we going
And what are we doing
Cholla, cholla, cholla, oh

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