

Relative Ways

...And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead

Hard to imagine, so hard to perceive
To find an expression for what it all means
Panic and struggle, death and decay
It's coming together in relative ways This electric guitar hanging to my knees
Gotta a couple of verses I can barely breathe
But it's all right, it's okay
It's coming together in relative ways It's okay, I'm a saint
I forgave your mistakes
It's okay, I'm a saint
I forgave your mistakes And it's started to happen, it's started to change
Movement up on us, hope we make it okay
Takes a life or a couple of days
It's coming together in relative ways A electric guitar hangs to my knees
Gotta a couple of verses I can barely breathe
It's all right, it's okay
It's coming together in relative ways It's okay, I'm a saint
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Songwriters

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