

# The One Who Has to Carry You Home

## Hollow & Akimbo

Well, when the water reached the top of the pedals, you knew  
that in a moment there'd be something to say about something you think, or maybe what we should do.  
But no thoughts seem to come to mind. No, there's no thoughts around of any kind.  
With my arms swinging back and forth and up and down and starboard to port. I can't believe the future finally  
came. Can we wait another day?  
Cause I've been working on the sidelines so long I lost the way.  
There's an old man knocking at your door,  
trying to get a good solid look at your piano.  
He don't know what it's like to dream in half-ellipticalico. Well, when the water crested the top of the white  
keys,  
you knew that it would only be a matter of time before all of the black ones got covered up too.  
But I know what your hands can be when they're just flat-out ignoring me,  
and I know you don't know what it's like to be the one who has to carry you home. I've got the feeling that the  
future is bubbling up out of the ground,  
but I've been working on the sidelines so long I can't believe.  
There's an old man knocking at your door,  
trying to get a good solid look before  
you float down with the rest, to see exactly where you're going to go.  
Right next to me, but only just because you don't know  
what it's like to be the one who has to carry you home.  
The one who has to carry you home.

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