Ode To Thinking

Bobby Long

Break the branch upon the willow,
no bird will want to sing today
Cut loose the boats down in the boathouse,
we've never seen such strange old days
Tell the lost that no one's looking,
tell the found that no one cares,
No one can ever find the answers,
we've never seen such strange old daysSo long to thinking, the crowd will travel well,
we've unchained a monster,
and it left me feeling unwell
So long to knowing, the past is buried still,
under a hard place in an empty wishing wellNo one's coming for the helpless,
so come and quickly help yourself,
Go and sell yourself to Jesus,
God insists upon that sale
People are whistling to the sirens,
they clap their hands to a defeat
I saw a headless person crying,
we've never seen such strange old days

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