

On a Path

Owen Pallett

Dig, dig for silver in the name of keeping the order
Silver is nothing more than the displacement of water
It's a trick of the light on the face of your daughter (and/or your son)
The rising tide of intellect
Your room a holy mess
A copy of The Dispossessed
Your room a holy mess You say you'll never go home but the truth is you never left it
At the top of the Canyon we look down at what can be created
By vote, created by bill, created by vote
You stand in a city that you don't know anymore
Spending every year bent over from the weight of the year before
You stand in a city that you don't know anymore
We tried to rule the world but we couldn't get beyond the front door I was a kid without a heart, my chest an
empty cavity
A hole to be filled with the multitudes around me
So why didn't you say, why didn't you say so when you could see?
We gotta call the whole thing off, get out before the drop
We gotta call the whole thing off, get out before the drop
I stood in a city that I don't know anymore, no I don't know anymore
I stood in a city but I don't know anymore, I don't know anymore
I stand in a city that I don't know anymore
Spending every year bent over from the weight of the year before
Clap hands for a city that we don't know anymore
See the sun coming out as we walk the last mile of the lake shore
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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