

# On The Mend

## The Milk Carton Kids

The mice tell bedtime stories  
Lullabies turned blue  
A crib song for the baby  
Who's figured out the ruse  
Travelled halfway 'round the world  
To tell a story with no end  
The dirt under a nation  
Forsaken, on the mend  
I could say that for a moment  
It all made perfect sense  
No one holding posture  
Nothing heaven sent  
Hold the hand that leads you  
There's no God to believe  
What matters moves around us  
In the air we breathe  
There's nowhere left to sit  
It's the dirt ground or a broke down bench  
Four walls and a roof  
They say the house that Jesus built  
A child knows the kindness  
Of a woman at her end  
In song she found salvation  
Forsaken, on the mend  
I could say that for a moment  
It all made perfect sense  
No unholy posture  
Nothing heaven sent  
Hold the hand that leads you  
There's no God here to believe  
What matters moves around us  
In the air we breathe  
What matters moves around us  
In the air we breathe  
In the air we breathe

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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