

Library Magic

The Head and the Heart

Drawn to the sorta library magic Whispering through the dusty aisles
Watching all the thinkers read
Trying to keep a grown man quiet's like
Pulling teeth on a winters eve
Cracks and poles and unfamiliar roads
I'm on this one to find out Can stay up here in the cloud of eyes
Listening to my every move
Just trying to survive
Self-imposed adventure that selfishness drives
I can barely keep my head above the blue
Trying to keep it off me and you
And I can see the sunshine's rays
Gleaming through the clear water
Telling me what happened before
This chapter's arrived
There will always be better days
There will always be better days Making music is what we do
Trying to weave the patterns for me and you
Trying to make the grasses green
And the grown man cry With the knife is where I bleed
Tangled up in a funnel's wind
Trying to come out walking
Understand it's beyond me talking
Trying to come out walking
Understand it's beyond me talking
I can see the sunshine's rays
Gleaming through the clear water
Telling me what happened before
This chapter's arrived
There will always be better days
There will always be better days Being alone isn't lonely
Sought after like a holiday
Being alone is my vacation
Postcard dreams, a full-sized bed Quit the band one too many times
Serious enough to get a rise
Get up in the next morning
For another drive, that's a promise
The best advice we ever received
Is for you and me to stay here together
It's easier to begin and hard to end
I'm just glad to go through it all with you as a friend I can see the sunshine's rays
Gleaming through the clear water

Telling me what happened before
This chapter's arrived
There will always be better days
There will always be better days
There will always be better days

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