

Woven Hand

"Cynic"

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Peering through a broken window
Painted smiles fill the air
Society questioning tomorrow
Punctures in the atmosphere

And he tries and tries to open his eyes never knowing
what he'll find
Afraid to wake to a shattered world
And he tries to find a way inside to repair the problems
that people hide
But there's nobody home, and he says

Nothing ever happens to the ones who ask the question

I've been aching just to see you
Been standing here in the rain
Another crisis for tomorrow
And I need you to heal this pain

Do you wanna' stay up all night, watch the sun rise?
Forget our troubles for a while
Sleep the day away, waste an entire Saturday laying in
each other's arms, and he said

Nothing ever happens to the ones who ask the question
He says nothing ever happens to the ones who ask the
question

Nothing ever happens to the ones who ask the question
He says nothing ever happens to the ones who ask the
question

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