

Conells, The "Uninspired"

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Well the steel in his strings
Cuts into his fingers
And the lines that are left
He knows so well

And the words that he screams
Sift through the smoke and sweat
While his wandering mind
Tries to tell...

To tell him he's uninspired
In some weary, absent way
To tell him he's simply tired...

Then the sound rolls in
And lifts him up and in to the place he should've been
Then the sound rolls in, and lifts him up and in

And when all has been drained
He wrestles with the feeling
Of an unfelt refrain that he knew too well

And the words that he hears,
Because they compliment
Are the words that he fears,
Because they tell...

They tell him he's uninspired
In some weary absent way
They tell him he's simply hired here.

Then the sound rolls in.
And lifts him up and in to the place he should've been
Then the sound rolls in...

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