

# 411

## "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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