

Cartel

"If I Were To Write The Song...\Get Through This"

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Ring the verse, let it in, said softly begin
If it feels like the first time, don't let it end
because it wonders by like something that could have
been

If I were to write this song that could penetrate your
ears
Would it calm your trembling soul?
Would it ease your every fear?

Can we go back to the place where we all used to see
through
Everything blinding us. Now you don't understand
anything
anymore and you shiver at the sight...
You're afraid to show that you're only so human tonight

Could the song solve all our problems?
Could it have the strength to heal?
Or would it cripple and destroy
And leave nothing unrevealed?

Might it uproot every lie
And force us all to cower
underneath this tremendous weight
And in the wake of all its power

Can we go back tot he place where we all used to see
through
Everything blinding us. Now you don't understand
anything
Anymore you shiver at the sight...
You're afraid to show that you're only so human tonight

Oh, did you know, did you know
Did you know better?
Don't you know, don't you know
Don't you know better?
Don't you know, don't you know
Don't you know better?
Don't you know that

You shiver at the sight...
You're afraid to show that you're only so human tonight

If I were to write the song that could somehow change
the world...

Would it be a calm surrender
Or a fight to the death?
Would it give something to live for
Would we give our final breath?
Would it be a roaring opera
Or sweet as a child's kiss?
Would it sound like all the others
Or would it sound something like this?

I feel the pastures growing green
I feel the waves
They come, they come all over me
I feel the pastures growing green
I feel the waves
They're coming over me
And everything's all right
And everything's all right

I hear the others wondering where I've been
I hear my mother
She's worried sick
And I hear the others wondering where I've been
I hear my mother
She's worried sick
And then she weathers me and holds me to my own
She mothers me and keeps me hanging on

But I'll get through this
Will you?
But I'll get through this
Will you?
But I'll get through this
Will you?
I'll get through this

In the Southern, the air will keep you warm
In the Western, the air is as dry as a bone
In the Southern, the air will keep you warm
In the Western, the air is as dry as a bone
And I've been wondering about that change
And I, I, and I've been wondering about that change

But I'll get through this
Will you?
But I'll get through this

Will you?
But I'll get through this
Will you?
And I'll get through this

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