

Dismemberment Plan "The Other Side"

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There are times when you will not like the sound of my voice
there are days when a warm look from a strange face
will make me forget my name
there'll be nights when you wonder where the party's at
now
and you wonder why you never split this beat scene
when a higher life awaits
there'll be days when you don't know how you picked
the wrong life
in a second when it's over in our own minds -- and it's
gone without a sound
there are fights that'll hear things that we know we
don't mean
and we say 'em 'cos we don't know what we both want
and we can't get to the other side

There are years that'll fly like wind across a flood plain
unaware of its own weight, free of friction, and immune
to its own speed
there are weeks that'll crawl like slugs across a hot
road
only moving 'cos it just don't know how to stop on a
search for God knows what
and there are songs that'll make your skull ring like a
dropped cup
Resonating with the reasons why you worked through --
and the reasons why you stayed

For the long nights when you found a new resolve that I
never knew was there
For the cold eye and the warm embrace now
For the righteous vibe that I need like the air I breathe

There are times when you'll think you've got my funny
number figured out
there'll be days when I don't feel like I ever knew you all
that well and there are lines, drawn around, behind,
above and over everyone
in an effort to figure out the place and time, the right,
the wrong, the yours, the mine, and I'll be damned if I
feel like I will ever know anything

but if don't keep moving on that last hill,
we'll never know what's on the other side

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