

Jonatha Brooke

"What We Are"

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Can you love with such misgiving
This crooked little heart I got from you
Disdain in your demeanor
Can you love through irony, fear and truth

The fear to repeat another's life
The irony of dying much the same way
Expert at nothing, master of omission,
Day to day

I have to laugh with each distraction
My heart is rearranging time
There's order in my mother's house
But there is such disarray in mine

And this is God's own creation
And it is such a familiar scene
The endless conversation of missing you
Of things not being what they seem

What we are and what we were
Will never be the same
What we are and what we were
Will never be the same

So I will love without misgiving
This crooked little heart I give to you
'Cause there's order in the meaning
Of all that's innocent but true

And this is God's own creation
And it could be such a perfect scene
Here the culmination of loving you
And things that are what they seem

What we are and what we were
Will never be the same
What we are and what we were
Will never be the same

