

## **Manchester Orchestra "Where Have You Been?"**

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They call holidays an option for a reason  
I heard you're comin' back to life just for the fourth  
I've been catchin' all your ghosts for every season  
I pray to God that you won't come back here anymore  
Do you pray with him too?

They should deliver all my blessings  
In small brown paper handbags near the porch  
I wished I'd known that you were bleeding  
While I sat and watched you reading with the Lord  
I read with him, too

When you look at me  
I'll be digesting your legs  
'Cause I can hardly see what's in front of me  
These days and those days too

I've got to take what I'm makin'  
And turn it into somethin'  
I've got to take what I'm makin'  
And turn it into somethin' for you

I've got to break what I'm makin'  
And turn it into nothin'  
I've got to break what I'm making  
And turn it into nothin' for you

When you look at me  
I'll be digesting your legs  
'Cause I can hardly see, what's in front of me  
These days and those days too

God, where have you been?  
God, where have you been?  
God, where have you been?  
God, where have you been?

God, oh God, where have you been?  
God, my God, my God  
Where have you been?  
God, where have you been?  
God, God, where have you been?

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