

The Conells

"Uninspired"

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Well, the steel in his strings
Cuts into his fingers
And the lines that are left
He knows so well

And the words that he screams
Sift through the smoke and sweat
While his wandering mind
Tries to tell

To tell him he's uninspired
In some weary, absent way
To tell him he's simply tired

Then the sound rolls in
And lifts him up and in
To the place he should've been

Then the sound rolls in
And lifts him up and in

And when all has been drained
He wrestles with the feeling
Of an unfelt refrain
That he knew too well

And the words that he hears
Because they compliment
Are the words that he fears
Because they tell

They tell him he's uninspired
In some weary absent way
They tell him he's simply hired here

Then the sound rolls in
And lifts him up and in
To the place he should've been
Then the sound rolls in

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