

Rise Against

"Good Left Undone"

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In fields where nothing grew but weeds,
I found a flower at my feet,
bending there in my direction.
I wrapped a hand around its stem
and pulled until the roots gave in,
finding there what I've been missing.
And I know....

So I tell myself, I tell myself, it's wrong.
There's a point we pass from which we can't return.
I felt the cold rain of the coming storm...

All because of you,
I haven't slept in so long.
When I do I dream
of drowning in the ocean;
longing for the shore
where I can let my hair down.
I'll follow your voice;
all you have to do is
shout it out!

Inside my hands these petals browned;
dried up fallen to the ground,
but it was already too late now.
I pushed my fingers through the earth,
returned this flower to the dirt;
so it could live, I walked away now.
But I know...

Not a day goes by when I don't feel its spurn.
There's a point we pass from which we can't return.
I felt the cold rain of the coming storm...

All because of you,
I haven't slept in so long.
When I do I dream
of drowning in the ocean;
longing for the shore
where I can let my hair down.
I'll follow your voice;

all you have to do is
shout it out!

All because of you.
All because of you.

All because of you,
I haven't slept in so long.
When I do I dream
of drowning in the ocean;
longing for the shore
where I can let my hair down.
Inside these arms of yours.

All because of you
I believe in angels.
Not the kind with wings,
no, not the kind with halos;
the kind that bring you home
when home becomes a strange place.
I'll follow your voice;
all you have to do is
shout it out!

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