

Susan Egan

"Tragedy"

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You can't hear, but the sound is there, pulsing in the
open air [x4]

The flora, the fauna, the mountain, the sky
Will the ocean still be there if you all close your eyes?
Further from tragedy, closer to tragedy, don't believe it
Closer to tragedy, further from tragedy, don't believe it
You can't hear, but the sound is there, pulsing in the
open air, don't believe it

The highways, the buildings, the people, the lights
Will the city still be there if you all close your eyes?
Further from tragedy, closer to tragedy, don't believe it
Closer to tragedy, further from tragedy, don't believe it
You can't hear, but the sound is there, pulsing in the
open air, don't believe it

Now before and after, always
This time is not specific to you, always never again
Now before and after, always
This time is not specific to you, always never again

You can't hear, but the sound is there, pulsing in the
open air [x4]

You can't hear, but the sound is there, pulsing in the
open air
(In the morning in the daytime)
You can't hear, but the sound is there, pulsing in the
open air
(In the evening when you're sleeping)
You can't hear, but the sound is there, pulsing in the
open air
(At the sunrise in the noontime)
You can't hear, but the sound is there, pulsing in the
open air
(At the twilight after midnight)

Now before and after, always
This time is not specific to you, always never again
Now before and after, always

This time is not specific to you, always never again

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