

Willet "Story To Write"

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As soon as we get, dirt on our hands
We scream for clean water and reach for a towel
God forbid, if we bleed or sweat
It doesn't look best on camera

Seems like we've got a four alarm fire
On our hands burning at the stakes
Wake up! This drill is over
We've got a situation breaking us

We've got a revolution story to write
Come on, a revolution
We've got a little history behind us
Come on, a revolution

This is out of my hands
The way it should have been
I am losing control, I surrender
Out of my hands

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