

## **My Morning Jacket "Wordless Chorus"**

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So much goin' on these days  
Forget about instinct, it's not what pays  
Pleasure, up and down my smile  
A carton of eggs think, it's all worthwhile

Tell me spirit, what has not been done?  
I'll rush out and do it, or are we doin' it now?

Fissure is the thrill of day  
Forget about feeling, that's not what pays  
But you know, all of this can change  
Remember the promise as a kid you made

We are the innovators  
They are the imitators  
Come on, hey don't you know how we started  
We forgot about love, but weren't brokenhearted

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