

Berry Picking Jackhammer "Let's Call It Something Else"

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Here's the sky, there's the ground
You and I, we are bound
To grow and die, to be forgiving
To be alive, but not the living

Common ground, or shores apart
Where we stand, is where we are
There was an end before it began
It still can fly, it's still beneath land

It's over, it's not over, it's over, it's not over

And all the while it goes, it was never fast and never
slow
It's always
Something you can't measure, or it is, just the same
Often serious, but still a game
To be here, is the same as being nowhere

Let's run, on zeros and ones

And all the friends we had, they were rarely good and
seldom bad
We'll find them, somewhere on the inside
If we stay true with ourselves, letting be what is all else
There's a silence
Let's turn on the silence, we can broadcast all our
silence

Let's run, let's run, let's run

If we could only hear the space between the sounds or
zeros and ones

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