

## **The Dismemberment Plan**

### **"The Other Side"**

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There are times when you will not like the sound of my voice there are days when a warm look from a strange face will make me forget my name there'll be nights when you wonder where the party's at now and you wonder why you never split this beat scene when a higher life awaits there'll be days when you don't know how you picked the wrong life in a second when it's over in our own minds -- and it's gone without a sound there are fights that'll hear things that we know we don't mean and we say 'em 'cos we don't know what we both want and we can't get to the other side There are years that'll fly like wind across a flood plain unaware of its own weight, free of friction, and immune to its own speed there are weeks that'll crawl like slugs across a hot road only moving 'cos it just don't know how to stop on a search for God knows what and there are songs that'll make your skull ring like a dropped cup Resonating with the reasons why you worked through -- and the reasons why you stayed For the long nights when you found a new resolve that I never knew was there For the cold eye and the warm embrace now For the righteous vibe that I need like the air I breathe There are times when you'll think you've got my funny number figured out there'll be days when I don't feel like I ever knew you all that well and there are lines, drawn around, behind, above and over everyone in an effort to figure out the place and time, the right, the wrong, the yours, the mine, and I'll be damned if I feel like I will ever know anything but if don't keep moving on that last hill, we'll never know what's on the other side

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