

## Switches

### "4:12"

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You've been having trouble staying asleep  
You been waking up at 4:12  
You roll the voices over in your head  
Then you try to put them neatly on the shelf

You watch the sun rise  
You saw the darkness had no choice before the dawn  
With your own eyes  
And then you broke out laughing from a yawn

You said,  
"I'm so sorry I've been so down.  
I started doubting things could ever turn around.  
And I began to believe that all we are is material.  
It's nonsensical."

So you walk outside and everything's new  
You're looking at the world with new eyes.  
As if you'd never seen a sky before that's blue  
As if you've never seen the sky in your whole life  
And then the phone rings  
As it turns out you are already late  
And now you're wondering  
Was peace just a temporary state?

You're waiting tables and parking cars  
You've been selling cell phones at the shopping mall  
And you began to believe that all you are is material  
It's nonsensical

I still can't believe that all we are  
And that all of are dreams are nothing more than  
material

Souls aren't built of stone,  
Sticks and bones  
And souls aren't built of stone

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