

Angels and Airwaves

"Lyrics to God Part II"

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All the phones, have rung and rung
They're off the hook, all but one
And all the mail stacked up inside
Up from the floor a mile high
And like one would, like a child
I'm asking
Like I could knock on your door
Will you let me in

And Dear god, I found out the same things we learn
when we die
I found that the truth is, it's all a big lie
I find that the words are hard to describe
I tell you I'm lost here, I'm waiting, reply.

Climbing trees and paper planes
Life as a kid we're all the same
Tears of joy, and sullen hearts
Sticks and stones and broken arms
And like one would, like a child
I'm asking
Like I could knock on your door
Will you let me in

And Dear god, I found out the same things we learn
when we die
I found that the truth is, it's all a big lie
I find that the words are hard to describe
I tell you I'm lost here, awaiting reply.
I found out what's wrong, and its not you or I
Or anyone else that you chose to deny
It seems like the madness of choice in the life
Has made it all clear if we run or we hide

And Dear god, I found out the same things we learn
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