

## Thrice "Listen Through Me"

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I've seen his ragged shoes  
The soles are worn straight through  
Well I proclaimed  
The king has sang the blues  
If you've got better news  
Then make it play

He laid aside his crown  
All our crimes he carried  
Was lifted from the ground  
With our burdens buried

Listen to me  
Though I speak of sober things  
Listen through me  
Though we're men of lips unclean  
I speak truly  
What you only think you've heard  
Everything  
Everything  
Everything hangs on a word

Sparing no expense  
He made recompense  
For all the earth  
The story's an offense  
So get down from that fence  
And bless or curse

He laid aside his crown  
All our crimes he carried  
Was lifted from the ground  
With our burdens buried  
The shadows all had flown  
In the light diminished  
He emptied out his lungs  
Crying it is finished

Listen to me  
Though I speak of sober things  
Listen through me  
Though we're men of lips unclean

I speak truly  
What you only think you've heard  
Everything  
Everything  
Everything hangs on a word

A word...

The shadows all had flown  
In the light diminished  
He emptied out his lungs  
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