

If Only by Fiction Plane

The old man's been stealing
She's holding her grievance for a hundred-odd years
We all keep believing
That history repeats itself year after year

All I fear's that the future is worse
We have to give in to the hundred-year curse
Sweat in the sun like we're diggin' a grave
Dig deep enough and our fortune we'll save

"If only, if only," the woodpecker sighs,
"The bark on the trees was as soft as the skies,"
As the wolf waits below, hungry and lonely
He cries to the mo-oo-n, "If only, if only."

Chasin' the skirt of a beautiful wife
You make mistakes and it's my back that breaks
And forever my past steals my life
To submission I'm beat but there's hope beneath these feet

Blisters and blood and the sun makes you blind
You don't let it eat 'til it can't help but be kind
'Cause you know what's important with your back to the wall
You can break metal chains when your friends don't let you fall

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I'm a sword but I find myself blunt
And that is no use when I'm fighting my history, fighting my history

I have no blade, I'm more like a feather
That is no use when I'm fighting my history, fighting my history

I have no blade, I'm more like a feather
But I can't fly away when I'm fighting myself

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