

The Hurry and the Harm

City and Colour

Everyone wants everything.
No matter the cost, we're longing to live in a dream.
But we can't let go to all that we think we know -
This great escape until we give up the ghost.

But why are we so worried more about the hurry
And less about the harm?

Always trying to conquer
That which does not offer
Anything more than a broken heart.

Oh, what a cost for love.

I only want oh, simple things -
Mourning the lost and what could have been.

When did I let go to all that I used to know?
This grave mistake has left the absence of hope.

And why are we so worried more about the hurry
And less about the harm?

Always trying to conquer
That which does not offer
Anything more than a broken heart.

Oh, what a cost for love.
Oh, what a cost for love -
A cost for love.

I'm going back to the start;
I'm going back to the start.