

It Will All Make Sense In The Morning

Halou

Is this dirt and mud or is it flesh and blood?
When I reach my hands in, I don't know where I end.
This will all make sense in the morning.
This will all make sense in the morning.

Are these roots and leaves or is this a part of me?
When I reach my hands in, I feel life absorbing.
This will all make sense in the morning.
This will all make sense in the morning.

Oh, it's a little strange.
Oh, it's a little strange.
It'll all make sense,
It'll all make sense in the morning.