

When we were young  
our words were innocent  
whiter than snow,  
awkward and slow.  
now when we speak,  
we risk an avalanche.  
but that's not enough now  
to reroute our plans.

i believe that we've got it wrong, got it wrong.  
we'll realize when it's said and done, said and done,  
that in our words we've lost so much more  
than we've ever won.

the aftermath  
is cracked wood where fences stood  
and the broken bones of our childhood.

in our trembling fear,  
we put words inside God's mouth.  
we cover our tracks  
and get so proud of ourselves,  
we get so proud of ourselves,  
we get so proud of ourselves  
when we get away.

i believe that we've got it wrong, got it wrong.  
we'll realize when it's said and done, said and done,  
that in our words we've lost so much more  
than we've ever won.

it's in our nature to complicate,  
but in the end it's the casualties  
that carry all the weight.