

The Other Side

The Dismemberment Plan

There are times when you will not like the sound of my voice
There are days when a warm look from a strange face will make me forget my name
There'll be nights when you wonder where the party's at now
And you wonder why you never split this beat scene when a higher life awaits
There'll be days when you don't know how you picked the wrong life
In a second when it's over in our own minds -- and it's gone without a sound
There are fights that'll hear things that we know we don't mean

And we say 'em 'cos we don't know what we both want and we can't get to the other side

There are years that'll fly like wind across a flood plain
Unaware of it's own weight, free of friction, and immune to it's own speed
There are weeks that'll crawl like slugs across a hot road
Only moving 'cos it just don't know how to stop on a search for God knows what
And there are songs that'll make your skull ring like a dropped cup
Resonating with the reasons why you worked through -- and the reasons why you stayed

For the long nights when you found a new resolve that I never knew was there
For the cold eye and the warm embrace now
For the righteous vibe that I need like the air I breathe

There are times when you'll think you've got my funny number figured out
There'll be days when I don't feel like I ever knew you all that well and there are lines, drawn around, behind, above and over everyone
In an effort to figure out the place and time, the right, the wrong, the yours, the mine, and I'll be damned if I feel like I will ever know anything
But if don't keep moving on that last hill,
We'll never know what's on the other side