

The Full Picture

Wax

A song travels further than the singer who sang it
The sound of a church bell's not intended
For the ears of the person who rang it
Gosh dang it, you don't see the full picture while you hang it
A song travels further than the singer who sang it
The sound of a church bell's not intended
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Gosh dang it, the art hits you different depending on how you frame it, uh

This one life doesn't come with a damn manual
We don't write about the plight of every sand granule
It just kinda goes where the water takes it
New life like when the water breaks
When a mother makes it, and out slides something sacred
Helpless and naked, they'd be nothing without the love that made it
We're cut from a soft cloth
And from a long list you could get crossed off shortly
Lots of luck required to survive
Love's a luxury so we're lucky to be alive
We arrive in this world like we woke up after we were dreaming
Steady searching for a deeper meaning
But it's not what it is, it's how you interpret
They say it's good luck when you get struck by bird shit
I've heard infinite phrases like those uttered
Glasses both half full and rose-colored
So flustered I've lustered many a good old-fashioned cuss words
Speech drunk and plus slurred, just err preferred now
It's absurd how we make ourselves miserable
Drag our lives down from dismal to abysmal
It's pitiful, I'm tryna change while I still can
Live the rest of my life happy and fulfilled, man
Come from different angles like a miter saw
Toughness can come from the fighter's fist or from the fighter's jaw
Writer's block doesn't lead to a writer's fall
It just takes you down a path you ain't never saw
Working harder by putting in no effort at all
I set if off, every thought in my beck and call
I hit a bullseye without a target involved
Reigns like the feather color palette of the scarlet macaw
Higher the climb, the taller the fall
If you see me at the bottom, I'm probably covered in salt
And mud and blood, I free solo and fall often
You don't have to be the freaking offspring of Lori Loughlin to get that upper echelon knowledge
The highest education is raw and unpolished
Walls made and demolished, laws made and abolished
All things made by man are from the hand of a novice
We are very not easily astonished, it must baffle God
Or aliens or whoever must think it's rather odd
How we're always looking down and never looking up
How we think what we've been given isn't good enough
Just one life given to us
But through it, all we want to do is rush

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Gosh dang it, that art hits you different depending on how you frame it