

# R.E.M., Hope

(Cohen/Buck/Mills/Stipe)

You want to go out Friday  
And you want to go forever.  
You know that it sounds childish  
That you've dreamt of alligators.  
You hope that we are all with you  
And you hope that you're recognized  
You want to go forever  
You see it in my eyes.  
I'm lost in the confusion  
And it doesn't seem to matter  
You really can't believe it  
And you hope it's getting better.

You want to trust the doctors  
Their procedure is the best  
But the last try was a failure  
And the intern was a mess.  
They did the same to Matthew  
And he bled 'til Sunday night  
They're saying don't be frightened  
But you're weakened by the sight of it  
You lock into a pattern  
And you know that it's the last ditch  
You're trying to see through it  
And it doesn't make sense  
But they're saying don't be frightened  
And they're killing alligators  
And they're hog-tied  
And accepting of the struggle

You want to trust religion  
And you know it's allegory  
But the people who are followers  
Have written their own story.  
So you look up to the heavens  
And you hope that it's a spaceship  
And it's something from your childhood  
Your thinking don't be frightened

You want to climb the ladder  
You want to see forever  
You want to go out Friday  
And you want to go forever.  
And you want to cross your DNA  
To cross your DNA with something reptile.  
And you're questioning the sciences  
And questioning religion  
You're looking like an idiot  
And you no longer care.  
And you want to bridge the schism,  
The built in mechanism to protect you.  
And you're looking for salvation  
And you're looking for deliverance  
You're looking like an idiot  
And you no longer care.  
You want to climb the ladder  
You want to see forever.  
You want to go out Friday  
You want to go forever.