

I look around and it's the same old situation on a different day
These masses of confrontation beating me down
I'm picking at the pieces to put them all back into place
A never ending crossword of questions collaborates
While asking myself, where are we going in time?
But hey, everyday, I'll pick my feet up off the ground
And everyday you'll see, I don't make believe
That everything is okay, but in the end
The life that you choose to lead is your fate
You'll see
Communication with yourself and asking,
"Is this really where I want to be?"
No way!
Patronized, antagonized, and bound beyond
the boundaries of everyday life
A mutual enmity for a system of conformity, and asking myself,
Is this really where I want to be?
Anchors away, don't let it drag you down oh no!
But hey everyday, I'll pick my feet up off the ground
And everyday you'll see, I don't make believe
That everything is okay, but in the end
The life that you choose to lead is your fate
You'll see: !!!
Well I know by now, but keep wondering how
How many times will I fall?
I'll keep standing tall!
Everything you talk about and everything you see
Everybody's trying to tell you who you want to be
Don't try to separate reality from dreaming
Trust yourself, keep on believing
I think I can is all that you can really tell yourself
Just keep on and moving my friend oh yeah someday you're gonna see!
That hey everyday, well I'll pick my feet up off the ground
And everyday, you'll see, I don't make believe
That everything is okay, but in the end
The life that you choose to lead is your fate
You're gonna see