

Everything could come to something
You go on about you could have been someone
And I could have been anyone's dream?
Safety bleeds for he who feels keenly
Things get harder before they get better
When you wash, wash, wash yourself clean
When you wash, wash, when you care

So take this midnight candle
Wrap yourself around it tightly
With one burning will may you stay lit
Cause in this light you shine so brightly

Would it help if I said you've touched the bottom?
All your tragic plays are gone but not forgotten
Herculean or trivial, whatever you prize I prize in common
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