

The Lucky Ones

Patrick Park

Each day the light gets born
From the body of the night I'm torn
into the blaze of the sun lit morn I'm thrown
So I do what I can
With a beating heart and my own two hands
And a thirst to understand this show
And in the halls I hear it sung
The youth is wasted on the young
And these are words that can weigh a ton you know
But one day you'll know what they meant
When you wonder where the wonder went
And all the world is sinking like a stone

We are the lucky ones
You mothers daughters you fathers sons
Don't you grow old before your time
We are the holy rollers
Who take this weight upon our shoulders
And make the best out of life

Each night when the darkness dawns
And from the troubles of the day I'm drawn
Into the solace of the quiet song that grows
In everything I hear and see
And through the smoke in the air I breathe
And over arms that cover me like home
And on the streets where you hear it said
Our last hopes have long been dead
That's just the noise ringing in your head you know

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We take this weight upon our shoulders
And make the best out of life