

## Soft Place to Land

Sara Bareilles

Sugar  
Sugar, butter, flour  
Sometimes I still see her  
My mother the dreamer  
She'd say, "Nothing's impossible child"

A dream needs believing  
To taste like the real thing  
Like some stranger you recognize  
So pure, so pure, so electric  
So sure, so sure, so connected  
To those little believers inside  
May we all be so lucky

But dreams are elusive  
The kind we've gotten used to  
Is nothing I can feel  
Nothing I can hold  
Nothing I can have  
Nothing that I know  
Dreams come and they go

But hold them and keep them  
And know that you need them  
When your breaking point's all that you have  
A dream is a soft place to land  
May we all be so lucky  
Sugar, butter, flour