

Little girl, only 17 years old
Life just got in the way, don't know what to say
She's heard it all before, lying on her bedroom floor
Thinking, "My life has to be worth more"

She dreams of going to New York City
Her heart's already there but her head's fighting a war
Little girl, only 17 years old
Looking for a star but it's just too dark

When streams get a little bit wider
And it's hard to swim across the water
And the scars get a little bit deeper
And a flame turns into a fire
Tonight when you need a way home
Someone to lean on, some kind of hero
It's there when you look in the mirror
Staring back at you, there's a hero in

You, you, you
There's a hero in you, you, you
There's a hero in you

Old man tryna make it on his own
Looking at the space where his wife once was
Wants to find just something to believe in
He hears a knock at the door this evening

She says, "I'm going to New York City
To follow my dreams, would you come with me?"
Little girl, only 17 years old
Looking at the stars in her grandad's eyes

And the streams get a little bit wider
But together they cross the river
And the scars get a little bit lighter
And the sky looks a little brighter
Tonight when you need a way home
Someone to lean on, some kind of hero
It's there when you look in the mirror
Staring back at you, there's a hero in

You, you, you
There's a hero in you, you, you
There's a hero in you

(You, you)