

How will this pan out?
Search and wish, so loud
Keep a candle burning
To each his own should learn

Before I turn in envy, I learn through sorrow
I'll turn in envy and go... to the wall

See how the colors run?
And feel your Sunday rest
Give me a name, bring it in, some change is for the best
I may not win the race
I may not reach the top

Or I may not live your way;
It doesn't mean I'm stuck here
We may not fit the mold
Kind of going off
Well, the medicine inside takes a stronger hold

As we turn in envy, I learn through sorrow
I turn in envy and go... to the wall

Before I burn with envy, I learn through sorrow
I burn with envy and go... to the wall

To the wall