

We scratch and fight to learn
Where in this heaven our truth is
But will the years all burn
Before we look we look where our youth is

The dove is not distressed
For the truth of why or when
Her truth is food and rest
So she can fly again

Embarrassed now by all that hair
Young and foolish we declare
Didn't know what the game was
Still our aim was true
We took the world and made a fuss
But now the world has taken us
We are beaten but we're learning what to do

The truth
The truth
The truth
The truth
We knew it in our youth