

If it's all chaos  
If nothing's meant to be  
If it's all wild wild wild  
Cause you never set it free  
You can't catch it  
You can't push it through a sieve  
It's as much as you can handle  
It's as much as you let be

You can beg  
You can plead  
You can barter with Saint Pete  
For half a piece of mind  
And some goddam certainty  
All your life you've been told  
There's a man behind the curtain  
And he can give you purpose for a handshake and your soul  
But what if it's all curtains?  
What if it's all curtains?

Is it a gift that  
You don't matter to the moon?  
Don't you get tired tired tired  
Asking her to love on you  
But you don't wait there  
And beg the rose to bloom  
Will the record keep on playing  
When we've all left the room?

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If heaven and hell both turned you loose  
And let you off that leash you're already chewing through?  
Would you care for all the cuts from every thorn you ever grew?  
Would it free you up to be somebody new?  
Would it make what you are any less true?

If this moment  
Is good as it can get  
And it's just time time time  
That you've been fighting with  
If it's all chaos  
If nothing's meant to be  
Are you living just to feel like you've got something left to leave?

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