

Everyone's A Winner

Flyte

Everyone's a winner
Everyone is free
Everyone's a winner

Except the father and son
Looking down on what I've done
Stepping out on the stage
All the people that I've played
Everyone that I love
Slipping through my fingers

Everyone's a winner
And everyone is free
And everything is sacred

Except the church on the hill
And my jagged little pills
Except the clock on the tower
Above the corridors of power
Except the words on the page
Of your morning paper

Everything is sacred
And every word is true

Everything's forever

Except the dog in the chair
And the bedroom that we share
Except the friends who must choose
Which one of us they wish to lose
Except the bags in the hallway
When the last thing you say's

"Everything's forever
And no one ever leaves"
And everyone's a winner
Except for you and me