

No Bogart, no Bergman, no Brando
No more Hemingway, no Hesse - the art ingrained in our marrow
So in retrospect does it not seem, that we lament the grace of greats as we
do our youthful dreams?
But in nuance, we are capable of our own renaissance
A respiring anachronism to animate us
And as long as we sing, we can stay young like this
And we can

Reinvent the world, like we used to, screaming
Years will wilt and I will mourn
I will decay until my body fades away
But my kindnesses are eternal (I am infinite, I will remain)
The years will wilt and I will mourn but
You're as beautiful as the day you were born, and that's true (You're still
here)

No Lennon, no Cash or Sinatra
No more Morrison, no Jackson - all with whom we were brought up
And so it seems I'm here interminably
Like I'm sewing all my stitches in lieu of my seeds
Like I'm grasping to sand in a salubrious sea
Youth slip faster through fingers, the harder I squeeze
And then I doubt if I'll love anything
The way I loved those songs when I was seventeen

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The years will wilt and I will mourn but
You're as beautiful as the day you were born, and that's true
(You're still here)

Friends raise you as much as family
(And I believe) this way, youth is sustained eternally
(And I believe) love is the only currency
And I believe, love is all that defines me
I now believe that time will increase your worth
That you're as beautiful, as the day you were born
The truth is - we're all scared, we're all unprepared
But together we stand - look to your right, to your left
And breathe
(Still here with me, still here with me, still here with me)
You're still here with me

So were we born and raised to be the same?
No, no
We are not the same and there is no one way
We are each unique but we are equal
It's your brush, your canvas and easel
Everyone must pave their own way
We have to change, we have to change
And if we don't we'll suffocate

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You're as beautiful as the day you were born, you're you