

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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 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