

Always we're too young to understand that life is neither cruel nor fair, at random or well-planned. So we stride along the shoreline while our footprints in the sand are washed away and then say "Can I begin again?"

But where you come from's who you've been and try as you may your debts all stay unredeemed (maybe that's why they seem) when all history's as distant as your dreams you close your eyes and count to ten, say "Can I begin again?"

Every action, every passion, every rational retraction, every breath a start....

Always we're too young to comprehend, nobody here will ever know the whole story, how it ends. (Our lovers and our friends...) Holding them closely in the noblest of pretence - life's just got started when you find you can't begin again.

(Every action, every passion, forms a little chain reaction, every breath astart. Every moment, lost or stolen forms the story, base or golden: go from where we are.)

Always we're too young to understand....

(Every action, every passion, forms a little chain reaction, every breath astart.)