

Little one with the two big eyes and bigger sights aimed high
Wonder how the time flies right by
Well you blink and it's a hundred years meanwhile I'm stuck here

I couldn't sleep going on these couple weeks convinced I'd disappear

So I packed my things to go for the journey back home
Held in the palm of the hand, held it a little too close
These times are sharpening knives push me aside
Or turn your back on me now, I think you'll be surprised

The end is really the beginning
You'll find out when I return
Your friends are made of tearing paper
You'll find out when I return

And jealousy a wicked man it can make
Destroying innocence and anything else it faced
That got in its way
I left a lot behind when I said goodbye
I know from left to right we shifted side to side
I jumbled up some words I heard from you late at night:
"Don't put your heart in my hands, I don't hold anything at all important"
Was that a warning?

'Cause the end is really the beginning
You'll find out when I return
You better put your hands together
You'll find out when I return

The end is really the beginning
You'll find out when I return