

Thrown away  
The sketch of yesterday  
The outlines shine through the cover  
Like cruel reality

But I'm fine  
Been there a dozen times  
Just need another clover  
Hope's the last to die

And so I wait

I've seen a thousand falling stars  
Following every rainbow to where it starts  
And every penny I had that could help to dispel  
Lies at the ground of a wishing well

Painter  
Draw yourself a stranger  
And every single line  
Leads to the one that you design  
Until yourself is covered

I can't hide - I thought we're different now I know I was blind  
The day will come I see your face in the mirror  
And realize we're one of a kind  
I cannot escape  
My future's my fate