

You're looking down your street
To tell yourself that things could be better
Sometime
Then you ask about
All that stuff that feels so important
There's no reply

And don't it make you sad?
When you are lonely
And don't it make you sad?
When you're alone
But don't it make you glad?
When the sun shines in your eyes
Don't it make you glad?
To be alive
And don't it make you sad?

It's a lottery
But there's only a handful of winners
Every time
If you miss every chance
Heaven knows why your heart feels so empty
All the time

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But don't it make you glad?
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To be alive

But don't it make you glad?
Don't it make you glad?
Don't it make you glad?