

Looking back on the first half of my life
I was told to be a good child, a happy child
All will be well
Looking up I could see your eyes
I could see I was a loved child, a special child
And you would be there
But as I became myself
Testing out the bound of fickle love's embrace
And so between us things have changed
You don't seem to know me now
Look into my face

If I could scream any louder I would
Be any prouder then I would
Aim any higher, see any wider
Scream any louder then I would

Look ahead on the rest of my own life
Time will tell if it's a good road, a hard road
And will you be there?
And in the end it matters how I tried
It matters that I lived
I lived dignified

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