How It Is

Rush

Here's a little trap
That sometimes catches everyone
When today's as far as we can see
Faith in bright tomorrows
Giving way to resignation
That's how it is
How it's going to be

It's such a cloudy day
Seems we'll never see the sun
Or feel the day has possibilities
Frozen in the moment...
The lack of imagination
Between how it is and how it ought to be

Here's a little trap
That sometimes trips up everyone
When we tire of our own company
Sometimes we're the last to see beyond the day's frustrations
That's how it is
How it's going to be

It's such a cloudy day
Seems we'll never see the sun
I feel the day is all uncertainty
Burning in the moment
Trapped by the desperation
Between how it is and how it ought to be

Foot upon the stair
Shoulder to the wheel
You can't tell yourself not to care
You can't tell yourself how to feel
That's how it is
Another cloudy day

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