We're On Our Way

Ken Hensley

Show your hands
If you need a new coat of paint
If your bones are now heavy things
Like anchors hidden somewhere 'neath your skin

Or if your head's just an empty box
If your heart has become spare parts
If your days are now just something you must bear

Well, oh, it seems you're a lot like me
You dug yourself into places
You never thought you would be
But don't you fret, and don't you mind
The only constant is change
And you never know what you'll find

Yeah, tomorrow I might wake up nice and clean
And I might believe the things I said I didn't mean
And this might turn and wind up just the way we'd dreamed
And I might become the things I swore I'd always be

Well, we're always on our way
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