The Balance

Mr. SOS

Nineteen-hundred-sixty-four
We were kids, didn't know about the war
Still wasting time in school
There were Joe and Sue, Jack and Jim
A couple more in the second string
All the rest just weren't cool
Ah, we'd hang around in our little gang
Having dreams, making plans for the outside world
But when I see us now, I really find it strange
How little, how much we've changed
In the years gone by
I guess it's meant to be that way
Jimmy always played the clown
It was his way of hanging on to the crowd
But when he was down he'd come around
To get his hands on every agent known to man
No matter how from Aspirin to Xylatol
Crazy Jimmy tried them all
And he was dying but now he's fine
For he gets up at five o'clock
Runs ten miles in the L.A. smog, still crazy
I've heard him say that anything worth really doing
Should be done until you're falling down
And though he left the road to ruin
He's found a new way to the ground
He still ain't found his balance
Joe was never hard to please
When they said, go, he went overseas into battle
He stuck it out to the bitter end
Lived like a dog, fought like a man in the saddle
And when he came home from Vietnam
They said, the war did him no harm, they're lying
He's known to cry and scream at times, in his dreams
Holding off the nightmares that he sees
Time may heal the nightly screaming
But the scars will still remain
He fights so hard to kill his demon
At times the pain drives him insane
Trying to regain his balance

Jack and Susie lost no tome
They went to college and carried signs in the rally
And finally with cap and gown
They tied the knot and settled down in the valley
Susie's got the house and the children
But no time for her to grow
And Jack is making their first million
And until they can't let go
I guess they'll owe the balance
We don't talk much anymore
Seems our little gang is bored with callin'
Anyway we're too busy with gettin' on
And looking out for number one
Is all we got in common
With business, home, family
Are we ever all that we could be?
Trading in our fantasy
We live this part time life of false security
Seems to me that doers never dream enough
And dreamers often do nothing at all
And to find that middle ground is rough
But I'll be damned if I let go
Stop looking for the balance

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