We're on Our Way

Radical Face

Show your hands
If you need a new coat of paint
If your bones are now heavy things
Like anchors hidden somewhere 'neath your skinOr if your head's just an empty box
If your heart has become spare parts
If your days are now just something you must bearWell, 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 findYeah, 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

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