

Utopia

Jackson and His Computer Band

We'd gather around
All in a room
Fasten our belts
Engage in dialog
We'd all slow down
Rest without guilt
Not lie without fear
Disagree sans judgment
We would stay and respond and expand and include
And allow and forgive and enjoy and evolve and discern
And inquire and accept and admit
And divulge and open and reach out and speak up
This is utopia
This is my utopia
This is my ideal
My end in sight
Utopia
This is my utopia
This is my nirvana
My ultimate
We'd open our arms
We'd all jump in
We'd all coast down
Into safety nets
We would share and listen and support and welcome
Be propelled by passion, not invest in outcomes
We would breathe and be charmed and amused by difference
Be gentle and make room for every emotion
This is utopia
This is my utopia
This is my ideal
My end in sight
Utopia
This is my utopia
This is my nirvana
My ultimate
We'd provide forums
We'd all speak out
We'd all be heard

We'd all feel seen
We'd rise post-obstacle, more defined, more grateful
We would heal, be humbled, and be unstoppable
We'd hold close and let go and know when to do which
We'd release and disarm and stand up and feel safe
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