Soft Place to Land

Sara Bareilles

Sugar
Sugar, butter, flour
Sometimes I still see her
My mother the dreamer
She'd say, "Nothing's impossible child"A dream needs believing
To taste like the real thing
Like some stranger you recognize
So pure, so pure, so electric
So sure, so sure, so connected
To those little believers inside
May we all be so luckyBut dreams are elusive
The kind we've gotten used to
Is nothing I can feel
Nothing I can hold, nothing I can have, nothing that I know
Dreams come and they goBut hold them and keep them (but hold them and keep them)
And know that you need them (and know that you need them)
When your breaking point's all that
You have a dream is a soft place to land

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