

# The Balance

## Self Made Soul

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 time  
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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