

# Nickel Creek, Brand New Sidewalk

Five years ago, you pressed your hand,  
Into a brand new sidewalk.  
It's well-worn now, and though some tried,  
Yours is the only print there.  
You might not have meant to, but  
It's done you can't take it out.  
You're shy about what fortune lent you.  
Is that what this is about?

Smile while you can, 'cause when they find,  
You're not amused, not really.  
They'll rob you blind, of what they gave.  
Yes, you gave them that power.  
You might not have meant to, but,  
It's done you can't take it back.  
You cry about where fame sent you,  
Without a plan of attack.

Five years ago, I warned you, dear,  
As a concerned admirer.  
You never knew, you never heard.  
The veil was still in place.  
Thank God you hate to listen.  
Cause I would not be here.  
Lifting the veil to kiss you,  
Next to a brand new sidewalk.