

Curt Smith, Reach Out

So many things you said last night
In your attempt to be forthright
How certain things are meant to be
If it's of benefit to me

This moments really celestine
You said "I'm not sure what that means"
But kept this to myself
Lest I intrude on your sincerity

And you said
Go reach out and find yourself
Go reach out and find yourself

I fail to understand these pearls
Of abject generosity
They're all that they appear to be
A conscience sold for precious words

The meat of your philosophy
Of TV talk show homily
Was heaven is within us all
I couldn't help but think your heaven must be very small

So I said
Go reach out and find yourself
Go reach out and find yourself

God could I use a drink or a cigarette
Since you're refusing to think
Guess we'd better get high
It's been a while
Thanks for being so frank I gotta go
You wear your candor and rank
Like a new trophy bride
It's back in style

I felt your need to share some more
I felt the pressure knock my door
Thank god for wood and all it's strength
The power to keep you at arms length

So I said

Go reach out and find yourself
Go reach out and find yourself

Go reach out and find yourself
Go reach out and f**k yourself