

Ellis Paul, Never Lived At All

Becky's playing a piece by Gershwin on her old piano
She's been playing since her childhood, "Too long to recall..."
but the chords that fall from her fingertips, are the same
she played when she could barely sit still, back in '69,
when the keys made her hands look small

And she built her dream around symphonies and concertos
around traveling the country, and playing the music halls
four kids later the dreams been reduced to "what-if" scenarios
but hey, to never dream is to have never lived at all
Never lived at all

Dave's a corporate lawyer in the city of Chicago
and for fifteen years, he's had his nose to the old grindstone
poured his money in the bank to feed the beast called portfolio
Well, if time is money then success is a life alone

You can look out at the skyline for some forgiveness
When you invest in love, the same will be returned
He has prided himself on a lifetime of spoken directness
It took him forty years to hear the lesson learned
Has he never lived at all?
Never lived at all...

Never lived at all

The great American novel sits on top of Peter's kitchen table
300 pages on a town he built inside of his head
He signs the cover page, uncorks the bottle with the dusty label
pours his wife a glass, she says "Baby, bring the bottle to bed"

At 6 AM he's out fighting the cars on the freeway
and fighting his manuscript, has he written his own downfall?
But he'll embrace rejection, he'll kiss the seal of each envelope
Better to live in hope than to never have lived at all
To never live at all
Never live at all