

Mary Chapin Carpenter, Beautiful Racket

So your day begins like this
Wondering what might have been
Old regrets and chances missed
Borne away on some lambent wind
The job's ok, so it doesn't inspire
Thoughts of leaving it all behind
You used to have dreams of setting the world on fire
All you want now is peace of mind

And a beautiful racket, it whispers and roars
The bitter and sweet, between the truces and the wars
The noise and the quiet, the courage and the fear
And all of the wisdom between a smile and a tear

You do your dreaming in traffic jams
You do your running in shopping malls
You do your breathing the best you can
Between car pools and cell phone calls
Who cares, you'll never live in Paris
So what, you'll never travel by Lear
How do some of us learn what matters
While others never get to hear

And a beautiful racket, it whispers and roars
The bitter and sweet, between the truces and the wars
The noise and the quiet, the courage and the fear
And all of the wisdom between a smile and a tear

Hold on, hold on

So your day will end like this
Turning slowly down your street
Silent worlds of kitchens lit
Front yards full of fallen leaves
Trees are bare, the garden's done
Another season gone to earth
Before you blink a new one comes
To remind you what the old one's worth

And a beautiful racket, it whispers and roars
The bitter and sweet, between the truces and the wars
The noise and the quiet, the courage and the fear
And all of the wisdom between a smile and a tear

Such a beautiful racket...such a beautiful racket...
Hold on...such a beautiful racket...hold on...