

# Number Twelve Looks Like You, Cradle In The C

We all thought the same, it was going to be okay, thankful for my clean brain.

Scratched my head, felt the dandruff piling up underneath my fingernails.

Thankful for my clean brain.

He's just a boy, flying to space in a cardboard box, sleeping on the moon in his dreams.

Fly your flag forever, don't let anything stop you.

Cancers don't grow, and there is no such word as suffering.

Next time you fall asleep, look down on us at earth and realize that it may be better to forever count

You're the captain of your ship and star.

For today you will shine and be impervious to pain, we have all admired your bravery.

With boots tied and chin up, we watch you fly away.

Through stormy weather - hold your ground.

Keeping your eyes fixed on the prize.

This must have been God's mistake, and correction by giving you eternal life.

So young, but in good hands, the strength of 100 armies, to keep your evils at bay.

Just keep walking and keep flying... and never give up

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