

The Polyphonic Spree, Section 19 (When The Fo

Love the life you choose.
Keep yourself feeling brand new.
And love your strife with life.
Everyone wants to know why.
And love your strife with youth.
Keep yourself feeling brand new.
And love your strife with God.

Yeah, everyone wants to know love
Love, love, love

Songs, which you said, with this crucifix, yeah.
You're shaking it but you think to yourself, "Everything will be fine."
And love, what you said, with this crucifix, yeah.
You're shaking it but you think to yourself, "Everything will be fine."

Hail to the sky, hail to the sky.
Time to watch the show, time to watch the show.
The trees wanna grow, the trees wanna grow.
Grow, grow, grow.

Still a man.
It seems the time has gone away,
But all at once you knew your mission well.
You're civilized, it seems soon to paralyze.
The thought became the mission of your life.
The best place is to find your home.
The coolest is to find your way.
The best place is to find your home in time,
Till when the fool becomes a king.

Step right up and sound off again.
The way to the new world has once begun.
We tried to find ourselves within the light,
Which made demands that much longer.
We move much closer than they have before,
To strike our ways and go forth.
The time is now, we move once again.
We reach for dreams we've never known.

Stranger to the sun you've seen the light.
Your sixteen ways will blow your mind,
If you open up to the sky.
You know the time is right when you reach for the sun.
And it makes me smile on my way.