

# Wishing Chair, Middle Age

Take a look at yourself  
What can you mean  
And you can't go farther than you dream  
There's a restlessness and a kind of lie  
Too scared to live, too scared to die

And there's got to be much more than this  
Something of real consequence  
What if your life is the one you save  
From the cradle to the grave

Middle Age

Now all the kisses that I've missed  
The disappointments, emptiness  
Cut this stone and mold this clay  
And lead me to a better day  
Am I naive to think we can  
Change the world with love again  
Tear down the lives our fathers made  
Walls of greed and hate

Middle Age

I'm wounded into silence now  
More truth than the heart allows  
But I'll open up and write this down  
I am breaking like the speed of sound

We can be much more than this  
Something of real consequence  
We can be the ones we save  
From the cradle to the grave

Middle Age