

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