

TWENTY-THREE

So at twenty-three
I find I've got to look around
I am still a child
Frightened by what lies beyond

And I want a world that lives in peace
And I want that all the hurt could cease
Still I know that what will be will be
After all

Living for today
Marching in a fools' parade
We live we die we toil throughout our days
To little consequence

Sometimes I wish I could believe again
It's like I feel I've been deceived
The desperate prayers of those in need
Are never heard

And they're reaching out
I hear them screaming out
I see them bleeding now
I can't break the spell

Still they're reaching out
Hear them screaming out
See them bleeding now
I can't save myself

And so at twenty-three
I think I might just understand
I guess that we must do the best we can
We all die in the end
In the end...

At twenty-three
Now I think I see
I must be what I can be
I'll take the steps where they may lead
twenty-three