

Tell me do something true true of you and me  
That we're too busy living through, too busy to see  
What is it that we do, makes us what we are?  
If we sing are we nightingales, shine are we stars?

Who are we, what we got, are we a firework show?  
Growing pale like a star that burnt out years ago  
Stranger things have been, stranger things have gone  
I find it hard right now to name you one

Tell me do something true and drop the fairytales  
If singin' birds must sing, with no question of choice  
Then livin' is our song, indeed our voice  
Best agree you and me we're probably nightingales

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God's a proud thundercloud we are cartoon cats  
With a fear that is biblical under our hats

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