

You don't have to look while the world keeps changin'
You don't have to look while your bones are agin'
Sentimental books and a paint by numbers
You don't want to wake from the spell you're under

Life will look good in a photograph
Picking up steam till you just can't laugh

You don't want to look, but the world keeps changing
Hanging up meat on the radio
Taking your seat for the picture show
You don't want to look but your bones are agin'
It's a constant heartsick town

You are young so don't forget
The things that have not happened yet
Are what you dream of
Aimed and pointed at the sun
You fell in front of everyone
Like a wounded dove
Think of what you love

You don't have to look but the storm keeps ragin'
You don't have to look at the wars they're wagin'
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