

Too many cooks tried to fix your dinner
Not enough of this, too much that
So many voices tried to speak as one
Whatcha doing right, whatcha doing wrong

You took it hard, you shook it down
But maybe this time, like no ther time
You'll be unbound

When your feet of clay finally hit the ground
At the speed of sound, nothing more was heard
In a flash of fire that left behind no smoke
What was once too bright is now as dark as night

You took it hard, you shook it down
But maybe this time, like no ther time
You'll be unbound

I wish that I could say that I was surprised
When I heard the news tthat you had said goodbye
I hope you're doing well, I hope it's good this time
Somewhere I heard that you were doing fine

You took it hard, you shook it down
But maybe this time, like no ther time
You'll be unbound