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They say it's good for the heart
They say it's good for the mind
They say the people we love, we leave behind
They say it's torture and pain
They say it's freedom again, do we know now?
They say it's people we know
They say it's fractions and wholes
They say it's pushing a stone up a hill to let it roll
They say it's pleasure and pain
They say it's freedom again, do we know now?
It's the light of the morning
The fall of the rain
A season that's dawning
A consciousness forming
An ocean of disappointment
Then falling, baby we're falling, falling away.
But every time I look at you
I hope it's your arms that I fall into.
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