

The sun is rising so late it's early
I have spread myself too thin again
The guest of honor at my guilty party
Me and this silence have become old friends

Father make believe for your daughters
Mother take it easy on your sons
Sister balance like a tightrope walker
But for now, you got to keep them young

My solitude, it makes me softer
My suffering is not in vain.
My depression sings, how much longer
Will I have to wait to see a world free from pain?

Father make believe for your daughters
Mother take it easy on your sons
Sister balance like a tightrope walker
But for now, you got to keep them young
(3x)