There's a painting of Washington, and he's standing in a rowboa t,

and he's crossing the Delaware, and he wants to see somebody.

How can you believe in this?

How can it inspire you?

How can you keep holding on?

It's hard for me to understand, but it's easier because, because.

There's no way to make this very clear

(someday you might ask her)

There's no way that I'll be coming near.

Someday you might.

There's a statue of Joan of Arc, and she's tied up to a maypole ,  $% \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) +\left( 1\right) +$ 

and she's looking for all the world like it's no fun dying.

How can you believe in this?

How can it inspire you?

How can you keep holding on?

It's hard for me to understand, but it's easier because, because...

There's no way to make this very clear

(someday you might ask her)

There's no way that I'll be coming near.

Someday you might