Here we go down that same old road again Sympathy unfolds the shell that holds all the beauty within Here we go down that same old road again A memory, a regret, a hope

Here we go down that same old road again Empathy controls the wind that blows and tickles our skin A memory, a regret, a hope, a stimulant

Recent it seems
We must push on, we must push on
Though we bleed
We must push on, we must push on

All you need is a modest house in a modest neighborhood In a modest town where honest people dwell Making the cleanest energy for the greenest plants to grow Richest soil that is drenched with the freshest rain Then you should sit in your backyard Watch clouds peak over the tallest mountain tops Cause they unveil honest opinions about the stars

We must push on, we must push on Recent it seems We must push on, we must push on Though we bleed We must push on, we must push on

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