Today, You don't have to be a soldier Don't have to be a soldier, stand down It's okay to be as you were Be as you were again. Is it a scheme? Is it a Vision? Is it a dream? Is it a nightmare? Or is it a competition? And if it is, what if we don't fight fair? What's bald in the morning but in the evening has white hairs? What's the cause of global warming and could it be these things right here? I've got an idea that might not reach anyone for another light year Got a hit list and a cloud of witnesses which is pricier My tears are mightier than my fears

So mighty Earth provides me hurt that I keep buried until I convert it to wr

I was wounded

I was injured

I was made to move to Denver

I was taken through a new adventure

Paint stripped from it's first fixture

I was placed in another picture

I was rushed to a new landscape

And ripped away from family scraped into a politicians mistake And what's left of talents in chests beneath oceans Welled up behind eyelids has yet to be salvaged A world of emotions A guess that it might be okay That it could be all right if expressed today

Am I a woman raised man-machine Damaging everything I touch by not caring enough Or too much Am I far flung fantasy Setting free enmity And making friends from enemies And bridges for the in-between's

For the highwayman on a low road The tired back with a large load The trials spanned till I found hope And I found more When I slo mo'ed Enough of the back to face front Let those in the pack of the race run I'm needing an evener pace one too hasty Makes mistakes Can you carry a song As strong as your arms can bear That you keep from harm And it will be there When you go wrong Make a heart from your bond Your treasure is right here

And what's left of talents in chests beneath oceans Welled up behind eyelids has yet to be salvaged A world of emotions
A guess that it might be okay
That it could be all right if expressed today