

Do you rely on destiny  
As a god planning in advance?  
Or do you believe in your own power  
And hope for a bit of chance?

Do you think some people  
Are born to succeed, others cursed to faith?  
Or would you rather believe  
That you are the writer of your fate?

Are we hitch-hikers on an endless road  
Choosing where to stop and which path to go?  
In that case I want you to grab my hand  
And we will no longer have to walk  
I promise we will flow

Do you think confrontation pop up  
Like a test for you to pass?  
Or do you see them as things to avoid  
And stick to the green grass?

Do you think beauty  
Is a reflection from within?  
Or are there just some lucky bastards  
That can eat and still be thin?

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Choosing where to stop and which path to go?  
In that case I want you to grab my hand  
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Do you think some folks are meant for each other  
Like there's a single true match?  
Or are you just someone that passed my way  
And that I was lucky enough to catch?