

Some will strut and some will fret
See this an hour on this stage
Others will not but they'll sweat
In their hopelessness in their rage
We're all the same
The men of anger
And the women of the page

They published your diary
And that's how I got to know you
Key to the room of your own and a mind without end
And here's a young girl
On a kind of a telephone line through time
And the voice at the other end comes like a long lost friend

So I know I'm all right
my life will come my life will go
Still I feel it's all right
'Cause I just got a letter to my soul
When my whole life is on the tip of my tongue
Empty pages for the no longer young
The apathy of time laughs in my face
You say each life has its place

The hatches were battened
Thunderclouds rolled and the critics stormed
Battles surrounded the white flag of your youth
But if you need to know that you weathered the storm
Of cruel mortality
A hundred years later I'm sitting here living proof

So you know it's all right
Your life will come your life will go
Still you feel it's all right
Someone will get a letter to your soul
When your whole life was on the tip of your tongue
Empty pages for the no longer young
The apathy of time laughed in your face
Did you hear me say each life has its place

The place where you hold me
Is dark in a pocket of truth
The moon has swallowed the sun and the light of the earth
And so it was for you when the river eclipsed your life
But sent your soul like a message in a bottle to me
And it was my rebirth
So we know we're all right
Life will come and life will go
Still you'll feel it's all right
Someone'll get a message to your soul
(And then you'll know you're all right)
And when my life is on the tip of my tongue
(Then you'll feel you're all right)
Empty pages for the no longer young
(The you'll feel it's all right, and it's all right)
You said each life has its place
(The you'll feel it's all right, and it's all right)

And you said each life has its place
And it's all right