

When everything's coming up roses
The thorns will still leave scars on my hands
Just pour me a scotch and a soda
I'll get drunk and I'll act like a man
I gotta get some of that magic

I hear your voices calling
A song I dare not trust
And all my sleepless dreaming
It all turns into dust

I stopped all the screaming, crying
Yet I still don't understand
All that you live for is dying
An hourglass empty of sand
I gotta be someone less tragic

I hear the wind is calling
A song I dare not trust
And all my sleepless dreaming
It all turns into dust

In lifeless shadows dreaming
My life is left unfeeling
And yet beyond this door
There must be more

Freedom's become too expensive
The price is much more than you see
But freedom creates an illusion
The freedom to save me from me
I gotta get some of that magic

I hear those voices calling
I hear those voices calling
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