

I'm writing down my dreams,
All I'd like to see
Starting with the bees,
Or else they're gonna die

There won't be no trees,
Or air for us to breathe
I'll start feeling mad,
But then I feel inspired

Thinking about the days
Coming home with dirty feet
From playing with my dad
All day in the creek

He somehow has a way
Of knowing what to say
So when I'm feeling sad,
He makes me feel inspired

We are meant for more
You're the handle on the door
That opens up to change
I know that sounds so strange
To think we are meant for more
You're the handle on the door
That opens up to change
I know that sounds so strange
'Cause you've always felt so small
But no, you aren't at all
And I hope you feel inspired
Oh, I hope you feel inspired

And how can we escape
All the fear and all the hate?
Is anyone watching us down here?

Death is life, it's not a curse
Reminds us of time and what it's worth
To make the most of it while we're here

We are meant for more
You're the handle on the door
That opens up to change
I know it sounds so strange
To think we are meant for more
There's a lock upon the door
But we hold the key to change

But how can we escape
All the fear and all the hate?
Is anyone watching us down here?