

Somewhere deep inside your mind
You don't want anyone to find
That you're
Someone with very big ideas
The words that just came off your lips
Just crossed your name off the list
It's long gone and already forgotten

I was thinking just the other day

Some things are better left undone
Some battles are better left unwon
Some sad songs better left unsung

Is there something more to know?
And is there someplace left to go?
Someplace with something there to see?
Is there anyone at all?
Not one to make that final call
To all those people wondering?

Some things are better left undone
Some battles are better left unwon
Some sad songs better left unsung

Some fires are better left unfed
Some pages better left unread
Some words are better left unsaid

What kind of person would you be?
If less is what you see, then less is everything
And if you look what will you find?
Would that make up your mind?
And make up everything, make up everything