

Dull as dirt  
You can't assert the kind of light  
That might persuade  
A strict dictator to retire  
Fire the army  
Teach the poor origami  
The truth is in  
The proof is when  
You hear your heart start asking,  
"What's my motivation?"

And try as you may, there isn't a way  
To explain the kind of change  
That would make an Eskimo renounce fur  
That would make a vegetarian barbecue hamster  
Unless you can trace this about-face  
To a certain sign...

Shine  
Make 'em wonder what you've got  
Make 'em wish that they were not  
On the outside looking bored  
Shine  
Let it shine before all men  
Let 'em see good works, and then  
Let 'em glorify the Lord

Out of the shaker and onto the plate  
It isn't Karma  
It sure ain't fate  
That would make a Deadhead sell his van  
That would make a schizophrenic turn in his crayons  
Oprah freaks  
And science seeks a rationale  
That shall excuse  
This strange behavior

When you let it shine  
You will inspire  
The kind of entire turnaround  
That would make a bouncer take ballet  
(even bouncers who aren't happy)  
But out of the glare  
With nowhere to turn  
You ain't gonna learn it on "What's My Line?"