

Everybody's gotta learn to lose.
Well, I'm the one.
I've got to explain this heart of mine.
Everybody's gotta learn to bleed.
I see the light.
It seems like a shame.
Well listen, people, sing:

Why... (why, got to do... yeah) and I...
(Why, it doesn't mean that much to you, sing, yeah.)
Sing: why... (why... go to choose, yeah.)
And I, (why, don't want to lose, no,)
But I can't stop me from feelin' strange.

Everybody's gotta learn to change.
Well, I'm the one.
There's pleasure in pain.
(What you feel when love is at your door.)
When love's around.
Everybody's gotta learn to breathe.
I see the light.
Well, it seems like a shame.
(Doesn't it seem like such a damn...)
Well listen, people, sing:

It's not how you play; it's if you win the game.
I don't care who you were; look at what you became.
It's a woman in prison on the fourth o' July.
Sings the music of fear in a lullaby.