

Opening Up

Sara Bareilles

The day starts like the rest I've seen
And all the carbon copy of where I've already been.
Days keep coming one on one, and they keep coming.

Don't know what I wish I had,
But there's no time now,
For thinking things like that.
I've got too much to do (too much to do)
We've got too much to do, too much to do.

Opening up, letting the day in.
Pour you a cup and say, "Hello, how ya been?"
Looking around, seeing the same things.
It's comforting how some things never change.
Never change, never change. Do they?

I wouldn't call this place a happy end,
But I've been 'round the block and just came back again.
Could be worse, so make it work, no place is perfect.

Hey, no good in the outside world,
Because I feel too much and find it usually hurts.
I like the way most of the days look exactly the same.

Opening up, everyday starts
Over a cup, served with, "Hello, how ya been?"
Welcoming in, whatever the day brings
More of the same things.

Check the clock, tick, tick, tock
Don't stop, serve with a smile, hurry up.
Fill the coffee cup, and then in a while,
Take a breath, when you need to be reminded
That days like these, we can only do the best we can.
And do it all again.

It's the heartbeat, the center, the lifeline, you enter.
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