

Happiness is somewhere I have been before-  
A blurry photograph that I have since ignored.  
I'll carefully adjust the aperture once more,  
Until I set the record straight.

I'll brush aside the dim, make room for the bright.  
I'll be an editor, no, a curator of light.  
I'll let my better angels always set me right,  
Until I even out the score.  
Until I even out the score.

God, it has been quite a year-  
I've lived a little bit and I've died a little more.  
I know that I've asked it before,  
But please let the scale tip here in my favor.

What was once the sweetest melody I've heard  
Is now a memory reduced to little words.  
I'll tune the orchestra and play the overture,  
Until I pinpoint every note.

Give me the heart of an archeologist,  
That I may dig until I prove that I exist.  
A subterranean cathedral in my midst,  
Where echos come to rest.  
Where echos come to rest.  
Is this where echos come to rest?

God, it has been quite a year-  
I've lived a little bit and I've died a little more.  
I know that I've asked it before,  
But please let the scale tip here in my favor.

Until I set the record straight,  
Until I set the record straight,  
Until I can set the record straight.