

Goes On And On

Sleeping at Last

Every day you wake,
Evermore aware
Than you ever were before.
The smallest sound
Is ringing in your ears,
Like a grand piano
Slowly falling down a million stairs.
But the sounds it makes
Are the growing pains of repair

And it goes on and on.
It goes on and on.

'til the day you wake up
Miles away from here,
Where all of a sudden
Dissonance disappears...

And like a wrecking ball in reverse,
Every wrong will be made right.
What was adamant, even permanent,
Will have a change of heart and mind.
In your disbelief, you'll clear your eyes
As if you're seeing light
For the very first time.

It goes on and on.
It goes on and on.