

Ain't it funny how we pretend we're still a child
Softly stolen under our blanket skies
And rescue me from me, and all that I believe
I won't deny the pain
I won't deny the change
And should I fall from grace here with you
Will you leave me too?

Carve out your heart for keeps in an old oak tree
And hold me for goodbyes-and whispered lullabies
And tell me I am still
The man I'm supposed to be
I won't deny the pain
I won't deny the change
And should I fall from grace here with you
Will you leave me too?

Too late to turn to turn back now, I'm running out of sound
And I'm changing, changing
And if we died right now, this fool you loved somehow
Is here with you
I won't deny the pain
I won't deny the change
And should I fall from grace here with you
Would you leave me too?