

Was going to write a song at a time
When my life and my moods were in order and fine
But the hour was late and my room was a state
And I realized that song I would never create
And so this is a song I discovered instead
The song about living before we are dead
And by living I don't mean perfection like gold
Cos living my friends is the sweet unresolved

La la la la la la la
Lean over your balconies and don't run inside
Look after your world and she might treat you right
Let random-things-provide-imagination sometimes oh

I've seen people trying to package their love
Like a dove in the kitchen with a note that says
Make sure you scrub well and plan and prepare everything
Affection as clean as a triangle ting
But love it or not love's as mad as they come
Oh it's sly and it's wise and it's wonderfully dumb
And while some might still say 'No it's pure like one'
My love it is wild and not mild and on the run

An Austrian waltz is a very strange thing
When it's played in the midst of a Melbourne music boxing ring
And who said that culture couldn't grow from a whim
My god there is strength when a cat learns how to swim
'And what is a king' he screamed at the wind
A king is decisive without and within
They can't make me stumble they don't hit my chin
They told me I mumbled so I decided to sing

I'd never be too old or bitter or thin
Was born with a smile and I'll die with a grin
And I dive in the ocean when the sky tumbles in
And I'd rise when I find a way to make her shining
And I know the trick that the gods love to play
You say you want one thing they take it away
But action I've found is a seven letter word
Pretend you want a shoebox
And find you've found the world