

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