

## VIII

We live an age of confusion  
The Journalist said to the whip  
The PM said to be logical

Life isn't a permanent stage  
For every conceit  
The shrink said to the celebrity

Don't build up a moat and a wall  
Don't break when they forward your call  
And do the best to understand them

Our grandfathers fought to survive  
So we could make this world  
A little warmer than it has been

They've carved out our home from the pain  
Of countless soldiers  
Some without a grave to name them

They've murdered civilians in vain  
Denied them a future  
In the name of Tribe State or God

I came from the womb and I walk  
This wandering passage  
I want to walk it with somebody

But she's saying no  
And she's saying maybe  
And she sings songs about her baby

Like the moon and the sun  
Like gravity pushing on keys  
I'll meet someone attracted to me

I won't have to crawl on the way  
I won't have to cry everyday  
I'll stand up tall if she should leave me

I won't have to break who I am  
I won't have to yield to her plan  
Or have enough to supplicate me

I won't be okay when she cries  
I won't be alright if she lies  
I'll be the best I can be

I'll be the best that I can be  
She'll be the best that she can be  
We'll be the best that we can be