

La-da-da-da-da-da ...

If I could choose the things that I knew,  
And all the things that I'd see,  
I'd let the room fill with memories until  
The walls were staring at me.

The mystery of life is just taking flight.  
I watch the walls closing in.  
So, I swallow my pride and I take another bite.  
I guess I'm dreaming again.

I swear I'm unattached, living in the past but  
I can't get off my feet.  
You say we'll all go mad, but I don't believe that.  
So, you'll prove it to me.

La-da-da-da-da-da ...

If I could choose, I'd never lose.  
I'd always take without giving.  
I wrote down the truth in letters to you,  
But I know you'll never get them.

If I were a mountain, I'd stand my ground,  
And maybe I'd never listen.  
But if I were a mountain, I'd close my mouth and  
Maybe I'd be forgiving.

But I'm not, I'm not, I'm not, I'm not ...

I'm not a mountain, I can't hold you on my own.  
I'm not a mountain, I will crumble when you go.  
There in the square, my arms in the air,  
And is it so bad to be alone?

I can do it on my own.

*(I'm not a mountain, hey...)*

Is it really so bad?  
Is it really so bad?  
I can do it on my own.