

Sometimes your life feels like a broken roller coaster, a thousand useless moving parts.
Sometimes you spend your nights too scared of getting closer,
hiding out in the back seat of your car.

You tell yourself it's raining. The clouds are in your head.
You tell yourself it's better to jump before you fall again, before you lose it all again.

Look up: do you see the sunlight?
Look up: there's flowers in your hair.
Hold on, 'cause somebody loves you.
You know trouble's always gonna be there, don't let it bring you to your knees. Look up.

Mondays aren't always bright. Some days, you lose the fight.
But life can be beautiful if you let it be.
Tomorrow keeps taunting you with all kinds of mystery.
It's a blank page for your poetry, if you let it be.

So don't tell yourself it's raining. The clouds are in your head.
You tell yourself it's better to jump before you fall again, before you lose it all again.

Look up. Do you see the sunlight?
Look up. There's flowers in your hair.
Hold on, 'cause somebody loves you.
You know trouble's always gonna be there, don't let it bring you to your knees, yeah.

Look up. Look up.
Hold on. Look up.

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Look up.
Trouble's always gonna be there.
Look up.
Don't let it bring you to your knees, look up.