

Next To Normal "Everything Else"

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Natalie:

Mozart was crazy
Flat fucking crazy.
Batshit, I hear,
But his music's not crazy,
It's balanced, it's nimble,
It's crystalline clear.

There's harmony, logic
You listen to these,
You don't hear his doubts
Or his debts or disease.
You scan through the score
And put fingers on keys
And you play...
And everything else goes away.
Everything else goes away.

And you play 'til it's perfect,
You play 'til you ache,
You play 'til the strings
Or you fingernails break.
So you'll rock that recital
And get into Yale,
So you won't feel so sick
And you won't look so pale,
'Cause you've got your full ride
And your early admit
So you're done with this school
And all of this shit,
And you graduate early,
You're gone as of May
And there's nothing your
Paranoid parents can say...

And you know that it's just
A sonata away...
And you play...
And you play...
And everything else goes away.
Everything else goes away.
Everything else goes away.

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