

## **Curt Smith**

# **"Reach Out"**

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So many things you said last night  
In your attempt to be forthright  
How certain things are meant to be  
If it's of benefit to me

This moments really celestine  
You said "I'm not sure what that means"  
But kept this to myself  
Lest I intrude on your sincerity

And you said  
Go reach out and find yourself  
Go reach out and find yourself

I fail to understand these pearls  
Of abject generosity  
They're all that they appear to be  
A conscience sold for precious words

The meat of your philosophy  
Of TV talk show homily  
Was heaven is within us all  
I couldn't help but think your heaven must be very small  
So I said  
Go reach out and find yourself  
Go reach out and find yourself

God could I use a drink or a cigarette  
Since you're refusing to think  
Guess we'd better get high  
It's been a while  
Thanks for being so frank I gotta go  
You wear your candor and rank  
Like a new trophy bride  
It's back in style

I felt your need to share some more  
I felt the pressure knock my door  
Thank god for wood and all it's strength  
The power to keep you at arms length

So I said

Go reach out and find yourself  
Go reach out and find yourself

Go reach out and find yourself  
Go reach out and fuck yourself

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