

I Divide "What's Worth More"

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Your wings are gold. Useless but you know they make you better somehow. But you know that you'd trade all the wealth that you've made if it meant that you could soar. The shackles you bear won't last forever, stand in the rain they soon will weather, struggle enough and they will surely break away. If you say I'm dreaming think again 'cause I'm more real than you have ever been. I'm more than this I know I'll find a way just watch

If I say I can fly, no one reply 'cause I don't want to know what's real. I'd rather spend my life pretending one day I will get away, a better day is out there, sit and pray a year today that I'll be on the side where green grass is worth more than gold.

I think I'm my own enemy. Every time I walk in a room I'm trying to look outside. What would you think of me if I left here right now? 'Cause I'm tired of dreaming, where's the meaning, I'm standing on the edge.

If I say I can fly no-one reply cause I don't want to know what's real, I'd rather spend my life pretending, that one day I will soar, because one day I will, one day I will soar.

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