

Elms, The

"The First Day"

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All I want is someone real.
Someone to hold a candle with me, let the night fires
burn.
It's not what I choose, it's what I feel.
And if we don't see eye to eye, you go your way, I'll go
mine.
And that's alright.

So raise the glass and look right past the time you've
thrown away.
The tragedies and enemies, the debts you'll never pay.
Understand its in your hand to turn the other way,
And make tomorrow the first day.

A person's love. A starry night.
All wonderful, but none as grand as the man who
chooses life.
And we compete in word and deed.
You think we'd learn by now that's not what people
need,
But that's our style.

Birds take to the sky, we open our eyes.
You're saying hello, I'm waving goodbye to the old
days.

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