

It's a wonderful place to be, this world -
and sometimes
you can be born in the right place
with incredible odds.
It's a good life that we're living.
Centuries
in the past were more difficult
for some.

It's cold in the bones of the old man every night
as he reflects on why there's no one left with him in life,
and across the street there's a family of three:
Two babies watch their mother picking through the trash for things to trade or eat.

But everybody wants you to beat the odds!
I don't want it; I wish we'd turn it all around.
Maybe it's never going to change.

Some look for answers from inside
and find more questions.
Is there more in the next life?
Not much i'm guessing . . .
Some people find that an issue
defines their life,
and some find that an issue
takes it.

It's cold in the heart of the factory employee,
she stitches twelve hours everyday and they give her a place to sleep,
and just outside her window a man is walking down the road
returning from a two week leave to bury his son; he's got to fund the funeral.

But everybody wants you to beat the odds!
I don't want it; I wish we'd turn it all around.
Maybe it's never going to change

So smile in the desert when you're drinking sand.
Smile at the troubles that make you a man,
and if you are a woman you should smile too
because things can only change for the better for you.
Life is an orchestra that plays 'til you're dead.
Listen as the sounds swell, applaud at the end.
Together we rise and together we fall.
Love is scouting out a partner in a free-for-all . . .

Nobody really ever beats the odds.
No one ever tries to change the odds.
In the end, only death is intimate . . .
Chances are it'll never change . . . I hope we beat the odds...