

Well, that day, that day.
What a mess.
What a marvel.
I walked into that cloud again and I lost myself.
And I'm sad, sad, sad,
Small, alone, scared,
Craving purity,
A fragile mind and a gentle spirit.

Well, that day, that day.
What a marvelous mess.
This is all that I can do;
I'm done to be me.
Sad. Scared. Small. Alone. Beautiful.
It's supposed to be like this.
I accept everything.
It's supposed to be like this.

Well, that day, that day.
I lay down beside myself.
In this feeling of pain, sadness,
Scared, small, climbing, crawling,
Towards the light.
And it's all that I see.
And I'm tired and I'm right.
And I'm wrong.
And it's beautiful.

Well, that day, that day.
What a mess.
What a marvel.
We're all the same,
But no one thinks so.
And it's okay.
And I'm small.
And I'm divine.
And it's beautiful.
And it's coming.
And it's already here.
And it's absolutely perfect.

Well, that day, that day,
When everything was a mess.
And everything was in place.
And it's too much hurt.
Sad. Small. Scared. Alone.
And everyone's a cynic.
And it's hard and it's sweet.
But it's supposed to be like this.

Well, that day, that day,
When I sat in the sun.
And I thought and I cried.
'Cause I'm sad, scared, small, alone, strong.
And I'm nothing.
And I'm true.
Only a brave man can break through.
And it's all okay.
Yeah, it's okay.

Well, that day, that day.
I lay down beside myself.
In this feeling of pain, sadness,
Scared, small, climbing, crawling,
Towards the light.
And it's all that I see.
And I'm tired and I'm right.
And I'm wrong.
And it's beautiful.

Well, that day, that day.
What a mess.
What a marvellous mess.
We're all the same,
But no one thinks so.
And it's okay.
And I'm small.
And I'm divine.
And it's beautiful.
And it's coming.
And it's already here.
And it's absolutely perfect.

Oh. Ohohohohoh. Oh. Ohoh.

That day. That day. Hmm.
That day. That day.

Well, that day, that day.
I lay down beside myself.
In this feeling of pain, sadness,
Scared, small, climbing, crawling,
Towards the light.
And it's all that I see.
And I'm tired and I'm right.
And I'm wrong.
And it's beautiful.

Well, that day, that day.
What a mess.
What a marvellous mess.
We're all the same,
But no one thinks so.
And it's okay.
And I'm small.
And I'm divine.
And it's beautiful.
And it's coming.
And it's already here.
And it's absolutely perfect.

That day. That day.
That day. That day.
That day. That day.
That day. That day.

So sweet.
Can you feel it? Hmm.
Are you here?
Are you with me?
I can feel it.
It's beautiful.

That day.
That day.
That day.
Absolutely perfect.