

# Mystery of life

Life is what you make it.  
We are given a body, we are given a mind.  
But when the man says 'no' and you know it's no-go, you just do what you can.

We've got the best democracy that money can buy.  
We've got the roots to grow and we've got the wings to fly.  
We can make anything, there's nothing we can't buy.  
The world is our oyster. But the world is going dry.

The mystery of life keeps throwing itself at me  
We are little bottles on the waves  
Leaves off a tree.

I'm staring out the window, as I'm lying in my bed  
We're all looking for some answers.

Does your heart – still rule your head?

Life's rich tapestry is so hard to make - I find it helps if people give a little give and take.

We used to run and catch the leaves, in the wind on the hill.  
Similar to life, never standing still.

You've got hopes and ambitions, I'm sure – so have I.  
They will be more than an image in my mind's eye.

I sit in my garden, in the dead of night  
And when I look up, the stars are shining bright.

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we are little bottles on the waves, leaves off a tree.

I'm staring out the window, as I'm lying in my bed  
We're all looking for some answers.

Does your heart – still rule your head?