

## CALDWELL, NJ

You laugh again, just like you did before, but you're not quite sure what you're laughing for  
The lines are the same and the faces haven't changed, but you're not quite sure if it's funny anymore  
So you smile and looking deep into their eyes, does something behind there lie  
And knowing you've tried, you question,  
"Is it them or is it you?" as you look into their baby blues  
And you realize that they're just as confused, at the thought of you

But with a reassuring glance, you set them at ease and you ask for more, "If it'll thank you, please"  
And what's just passed, fades from their mind, but there's something there, that's been left behind  
Like a seed, and it's beginning to grow and it's time you think you better go  
And you're hoping they'll never know  
How much you want to escape and get away from this place  
And run the bigger race you think you're destined for

Because life is an ocean that you ride on in a plane  
And you may have the same notions, but you're not the same  
Yeah life is an ocean and you're riding with it in a plane  
And as much as you want to, you can't go again

Your mother's call hits you up in your room, the sacred four walls, the untouched tomb  
And going down to dinner as you're turning off the lights, it's there in that darkness, where you dreamed your life  
That it all fades, the side yard in which you played, the front lawn on which you slaved  
And the backboard that you made  
And you think, "Could there possibly be, something that's more a part of me in this world"

But late at night, as you drive through these streets, a lonesome nomad looking for some peace  
And you see the advances and you ask, "What's the cost?" for the shopping malls and the innocence lost  
So you move on, figuring that something's gone wrong  
And wondering how you'll get on  
Out there, where things aren't so square and of so many things you just best beware

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Cuts on my fingers, colors down the drain  
Half-painted pictures are now all that remain  
From all these years, but they ain't nothing you can sell  
Just parts of my mind called from the well of my life  
Tell me, what's the price, that you would pay for this part of your life

They're just memories now and pages in your mind of the old ball fields and the weather beaten signs  
The 'Friendly' tree and the old White Bridge, mark the time and the place and the phases that you lived  
So you go down, for one last look around  
For one last step on hallowed ground, searching for the person that you found  
And have since forgot, even though you swore you would not  
And finally admit that you could not win in the end  
(Goodbye old friend)

Because life is an ocean that you ride on in a plane  
And you may have the same notions, but you have changed  
Yeah life is an ocean and you're riding with it in a plane  
And as much as you want to, you can't go again