

Audition 3/4

My aunt used to live in Paris  
I remember, she used to come home and tell us these stories about being abroad  
And I remember she told us that she jumped into the river once, barefoot  
She smiled  
Leapt, without looking  
And tumbled into the Seine  
The water was freezing  
She spent a month sneezing  
But said she would do it again  
Here's to the ones who dream →  
Foolish as they may seem →  
Here's to the hearts that ache →  
Here's to the mess we make  
She captured a feeling  
Sky with no ceiling  
The sunset inside a frame  
She lived in her liquor  
And died with a flicker  
I'll always remember the flame  
Here's to the ones who dream →  
Foolish as they may seem →  
Here's to the hearts that ache →  
Here's to the mess we make  
~~She told me~~  
"A bit of madness is key  
To give us new colors to see  
Who knows where it will lead us?  
And that's why they need us"  
So bring on the rebels  
The ripples from pebbles  
The painters, and poets, and plays  
And here's to the fools who dream  
Crazy as they may seem  
Here's to the hearts that break  
Here's to the mess we make  
I trace it all back to then  
Her, and the snow, and the Seine  
Smiling through it  
She said she'd do it again

Start  
here

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