

The wind is heavy at Hatherly
Today's the day that we turn the key
Nothing's ever gonna be the same
Runaway thinking is ours to tame

I gotta believe that
This is how it's supposed to go
I gotta believe
I gotta believe that
We will find our place up here
I gotta believe, in Hatherly

We lay our roots and we make a plan
Sharpen the lens and expand
Love is knowing there's a lot to learn
That in the noise our dreams may turn

I gotta believe that
This is how it's supposed to go
I gotta believe
Out there in the ocean
There is peace inside the war
I gotta believe, in Hatherly

Oh
Nothing's ever meant so much to me
Oh no no no
Oh
Nothing's ever meant this much to me
Oh no no, oh no no

The wind is heavy at Hatherly
Change as far as the eye can see
Nothing's supposed to stay the same
I gotta fit the picture into the frame
I gotta fit the picture into the frame
I gotta fit the picture into the frame