How to tell, a friend that you've fallen in love watching her sing on the bow of a boat How to move, the muscles to open your mouth To admit to what she's been afraid of

I'm sorry, I know I'm only ordinary, I'm not a star I apologize, I know this is an unpleasant surprise You need a star

Can they tell when nobody says a sound When I'm lying, when I'm shaking Right beside
A prophet who made up his mind
To keep quiet
Stay silent

I'm sorry, I know I'm only ordinary, I'm not a star I apologize, I know this is an unpleasant surprise You need a star

And to love, not to be loved, is the key
And to see, not to be seen, that is me
And to move, not to be moved, is to be free
And to love, not to be loved is the key

And to love (and to love), not to be loved (not to be loved), is the  $\ensuremath{\mathsf{key}}$ 

And to see (and to see), not to be seen (not to be seen), that is me (that is me)

And to move (and to move), not to be moved (not to be moved), is to be free (is to be free)

And to love (and to love), not to be loved (not to be loved, is the key)