

I showed him my notebook  
The underside of my soul  
Released in scribbles on pages  
He smiled and held my hand

I knew that he would see  
For he dreams of touching beauty, too  
There has to be more than the work day

He's painting houses  
He's painting houses for a while  
I'm home to his canvas  
Coming to life

I write in my notebook  
With feeling that takes me by surprise  
And thoughts that I don't know I have

They're hidden by useless facts  
That I've compiled at the office where I work  
Where there is no time for feeling anything

You see, I just work there  
To finance my real life  
That begins with scribbles on pages  
And thoughts of how and when

Museums on Sundays  
Whenever we, can we both go  
And stay there for hours  
Feeding our spirits

And beauty is still free  
And beauty is not exclusive  
And beauty is ours to touch and to know  
To touch and know

Don't you think there's more, I really have to know?  
Don't you think there's more to life?  
Don't you think there's more, I really have to know?  
Don't you think there's more to life?

Don't you think there's more to life?  
Don't you think there's more to life?  
Don't you think there's more to life?  
And don't you think there's more to life?

Don't you think there's more to life?