

Verse:1

Sometimes I hate everyone and everything - to the world itself/
Even though I'm the portrait of health and been blessed with many things/
Cause when it seems life's beginning to take a splendid lead/
Suddenly, everything tends to lean negatively/
I used to feel my luck was bled from me at seventeen/
Because ever since positive outcomes have been seldom seen/
They tell me that bouts with doubt can self-fulfill prophetically/
And that's prolly why John & Paul said that it's best to let it be/
And I use to be the cat with plenty kinetic energy/
Happy go lucky, Mr. Follow-Your-Dream-And-Set-It-Free/
But over the years, son, I've been jaded to the Nth degree/
I hate it, cause my sense of grief is blatant and my friends agree/
See, people's selfish deeds lead to my bleak expectancy
(Like) If I catch the E, I never expect to see an empty seat/
(Nice) But in typical fashion, this'll pass until my next defeat/
Until I'm stressing deep and forced to beg and plea - till then we'll sing.

Chorus:

Life is wonderful.
Life goes full circle.
Life is wondeful.

Verse:2

They say I'm a natural born pessamist - and that's fuckin wild/
Must've come with my mother's smile and father's bullheadedness/
I pull ahead and get pulled back, but I keep struggling/
Son, I feel like I couldn't catch a break beat juggling/
Still I reach upward and on, and proceed trudging along/
As I lead these brothers in arms, to achieve what's in our hearts/
But the scene's shrugging us off, so..
I just remember that every dream comes with a scar when I see something I want/
When it seems nothing is wrong, well - I gotta keep telling myself to stop/
Waiting for the other foot to drop/
Live in the moment, sit on the throne and just take a look from the top/
It's a whole other perspective to see the good that you got/
Now, if it's an omen, quit with the moaning! Don't let it push you to flop/
That's like being spooked at the doc since you was a baby, still shook from the shot/
Don't imagine a tragic end to the book, when there's not/
You gotta try to rewrite inspite of how crooked the plot.

Verse:3

Now, when you go this long uphill, you lose the will to climb it/
So, I wrote this song to remind me of the silver lining/
In a world this wrong, gotta carry a sword that's strong/
And slice 'em all with smiles, y'all - I fight 'em as I kill with kindness/
Nobody wants a Bitter Benny or a Debbie Downer/
Or a Sad Sam that be wrapping a wet blanket around them/
Keep a sunny disposition - Breathe Out/
Cause life has a way of stripping the paint off of your dream house. It's simple./
Indeed these things seem to be easy to see/
But they easily flee your mind as you find repeated deceit/
Now, there's reasons the weak of will never dream or believe/
Before they leap, they concede to defeat and agree to retreat/

Now, when fatigue has really got you by the balls/
Remember that if you really didn't believe you'd succeed, then you wouldn't
have tried at all/
So, jump regardless of the consequence/
Cause even on the night of the apocalypse, everybody's an optimist.

Bridge

No matter how hard it seems.
There's always someone in another position.

So, when it rains, just hold on.
When it's gray, just hold on.
When there's pain, just hold on.
When it rains.

And when it rains, think dry skies.
When it's gray, think bright lights.
When there's pain, just smile, smile.
When it rains.

Verse:4

I know it seems everyday is a struggle to keep yourself outta trouble/
This modern jungle is jumbled with muddled puzzles to stump you/
And snipers gunning to stumble you, like you've been hunted/
Dude, how the hell are you telling us 'Life is wonderful'?/
Some of you have come to conclusions/assumptions, But nothing as true or stunning/
That misery becomes something that's comfortable/
Trumping the will to shun it. Run from it if you're stuck in a rut or two/
So, I figured I'd drum up something I could hum to you.
(Like this).