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You've been and always will be one,
To decide for yourself what you'll get done,
And say whatever else you will –
Of course there's inevitably a bill.

You'll probably keep doing it anyway,
Talk the night straight out of day,
Wear shredded newsprint in your hair –
You don't care if they stop and stare.

You've got what it takes to tell the world,
Twenty flags waiting ten unfurled –
A mind that keeps seeing things clearer,
A golden heart that couldn't be dearer.

Keep climbing, can you keep on climbing?
You got a strange kind of natural timing,
A way with words and a mouth of fire –
Must've belonged to some heavenly choir.