

## **THEATRE OF THE SOUL**

### **I.Jack**

Every day getting started, I turn my head and touch my toes.  
I ask myself, "Now would it matter, if I lay back down where I rose?"  
Would the world be any poorer?  
Would my footprints even show?  
Like the footprints on the water  
In the Theater of the Soul.

There are lives lived in the shadows on the dark side of the road.  
There is fear among the faithful sitting safely on the boat.  
There's a way to bridge the distance,  
If you care to take the stroll.  
Everybody makes a difference  
In the Theatre of the Soul.

Every life is precious cargo, every loss a heavy toll  
Every day is filled with passion in the Theatre of the Soul.  
There's a lady or a tiger  
Behind each and every door  
But the faith to turn the handle  
Is the Theatre of the Soul

Every day getting started I turn my head and touch my toes  
I ask myself, "Now, would it matter, if I lay back down where I rose?"  
And every time I ask the question  
I remember we've been told  
Love can always make a difference  
In the Theatre of the Soul.

Love can always make a difference,  
There's a chance of striking gold.  
There are footprints on the water  
In the Theatre of the Soul.

**EXTRA**

And the faith to turn the handle  
Is the theatre of the soul  
Everybody makes a difference

There are lives lost in the shadows  
On the dark side of the road  
There is fear among the faithful  
Sitting safely in the boat  
There's a lady or a tiger  
Behind each and every door  
And the chance to make a difference  
Is the Theatre Of The Soul.

Every day is played with passion  
There's a chance of striking gold

There's a way to find a passage  
Between each and every door