

*I take some paper in my hand,
And with a pencil draw a man
And dream of what I'd really like to be.
A man with courage in his brow,
Who's licked his doubts and fears somehow,
A warrior of great nobility.
But who am I? Just a wandering kid.
A cipher on the wall, not even brave at all!
And where's my dream like his that I would fight for?
And where's my cause like his that I would die for?
In his eyes he's not afraid
Because you see he's got it made
Knowing what I'd really like to be.
A brave and noble, fiery youth.
Who's not afraid to die for truth.
Who's tall and straight, but best of all - he's free!
Who am I? I know who I am.
Not a cipher on the wall, I am brave and stand tall!
I will find my dream like his that I would fight for!
And a cause like his that I would die for!
With a paper in my hand
I have begun to sketch that man
Who knows the truth and what life's all about!
My conscience knows I will be him
I will now at least begin
For in my heart the fire of my dreams wants out!*