

\_\_\_\_\_ a bench in every park dedicated to  
Those who sat there once but didn't make it through  
\_\_\_\_\_ names carved deep in bark on every tree  
By those who spent their time like you and me

And wherever geography may place you now  
\_\_\_\_\_ a piece of history all folk carry around  
Whatever your situation, whatever it may allow  
\_\_\_\_\_ an even larger piece in every lost and found

There is song, \_\_\_\_\_ always song  
Wherever \_\_\_\_\_ perfection there's a wrong  
\_\_\_\_\_ always song, but a broken bond  
And an unkind frog in every village pond

\_\_\_\_\_ a name that we graffiti'd up on a wall  
To the folks who live there now, makes no sense at all  
And in every underpass, on every street  
A promise someone made but couldn't keep

A tiny piece of chalk in every coat  
In every film the smallest lump in throat  
In every song you've sung, in every novel read  
That unkind love will rear, rear its ugly head

\_\_\_\_\_ song, \_\_\_\_\_ always song  
Wherever \_\_\_\_\_ a right \_\_\_\_\_ always wrong  
\_\_\_\_\_ always song, but a broken bond  
And an unkind frog in every village pond