

STARS ON THE HORIZON...

Nobody gets up in the morning and says
Hey! Today I wanna go to Riker's Island!

Jail ain't something you volunteer for, but
something that happens in that ready-or-not
here-I-come pop-goes-the-waspl kind of way—
whether you deserve it or whether you don't.
It's like being drafted, only boot camp happens in a cell.

But nobody gets drafted into the Horizon Academy—
only volunteers make it here, the ones who raise
their hands and say

yes!

*Take me! I wanna learn! I wanna change!
I want my life back, I want it better and bigger than before.
I want this school because I don't want any more limits on me.
Don't what no more limits on what I can be—
On what I can do, or and when I can do it.
Take me, make me work, I'm strong. I'm young. I'm ready!*

And so you studied, worked, succeeded.
Arrived in this roomful of shining faces and diplomas.
And let me tell you what all of this looks like to me:

There might be bars on the horizon (|)
But we got stars on the horizon (|)

There might be bars on the horizon (|)
But we got stars on the horizon (|) (keep it up!)

YOU! you are the stars on the horizon.
You are the stars on the horizon...

Peace Out!