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Audition  
(The Fools Who Dream)

Reference number PT0949

*(Spoken)*

Barefoot, she smiled,

*(Sung)*

leapt, without looking, and tumbled into the Seine.  
The water was freezing; she spent a month sneezing,  
but said she would do it again.

Here's to the ones who dream, foolish as they may seem.  
Here's to the hearts that ache; here's to the mess we make

She captured a feeling; sky with no ceiling;  
the sunset inside a frame.  
She lived in her liquor, and died with a flicker;  
I'll always remember the flame.

Here's to the ones who dream, foolish as they may seem.  
Here's to the hearts that ache; here's to the mess we make.

She told me, a bit of madness is key to give us new colors to see.  
Who knows where it will lead us?  
And that's why they need us.

So bring on the rebels, the ripples from pebbles,  
the painters, and poets, and plays

And, here's to the fools who dream, crazy as they may seem  
Here's to the hearts that break;  
Here's to the mess we make.

I trace it all back to then, her, and the snow, and the Seine  
Smiling through it, she said she'd do it again