You came into this world
with nowhere you could call home,
a little boy learning early
how to make it on his own.

You learned to stand,
you learned to fight,
you learned to find your way,
and every road became a story,
every night became a day.

Horses running wild,
bright lights, distant cities,
LA, BAires, Madrid,
a thousand different dreams.

You met the famous faces,
you stood beneath the lights,
but you never cared about the names,
you cared about the life.

And when the world said,
“There's nothing left for you,”
you looked around and somehow
found another thing to do.

You're still building,
still painting the walls,
still looking for the sunlight
when the darkness falls.

Still laughing at the trouble,
still dreaming of what's next,
still putting all your colors
where the world has left a mess.

You don't need an easy road
to know where you belong.
You've been broken more than once,
but you keep moving on.

You're still building,
you're still here,
and somehow you still believe

the best is not behind you
it's somewhere up ahead.

I found you some years ago,
and I didn't know back then
how many lives you'd already lived,
how many times you'd start again.

You had nothing in your pockets,
someone had taken what was yours,
and still you made me laugh
like we'd opened every door.

Then came that terrible day,
and nothing stayed the same.
Your body kept the memory,
the pain became a name.

Some mornings hurt like hell,
some nights refuse to end,
but when the pain lets go a little,
there you are again.

With a brush,
a piece of wood,
a story in your head,
turning empty walls to color,
turning “never” into “yet.”

And when the world gets smaller,
you make the windows wide.
You talk to every stranger
like there's nothing left to hide.

You're still building,
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still looking for the sunlight
when the darkness falls.

Still laughing at the trouble,
still dreaming of what's next,
still putting all your colors
where the world has left a mess.

You don't need an easy road
to know where you belong.
You've been broken more than once,
but you keep moving on.

You're still building,
you're still here,
and somehow you still believe
the best is not behind you…
it's somewhere up ahead.

You taught me that strength
doesn't always look like standing tall.

Sometimes strength is saying,
“I hurt today,”
and getting up tomorrow.

It's loving your family.
It's keeping your word.
It's knowing what is right
even when nobody's watching.

It's choosing loyalty
when walking away would be easier.

It's opening the door
when life has taught you
to keep it closed.

And after everything…
everything…
you still want the light.

You still want the colors.
You still want the stories.
You still want people around the table.
You still want someone to love
and someone to love you back.

You still want tomorrow.

You're still building,
and I'm building with you,

another little piece of tomorrow,
another dream to pursue.

We'll paint another wall,
we'll write another line,
we'll find another reason
to leave the darkness behind.

And if tomorrow hurts,
we'll take it as it comes.
If all we've got is one good hour,
then we'll make that hour count.

Because you've been through the fire
and you never lost your flame.

You're still building.
You're still laughing.
You're still dreaming.
You're still the same.

And after every road,
after every fall,
after everything you've lost…
you still believe
there's something beautiful
waiting for us all.

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