And I thought: Well, he cares — This is more than just malice.

Better stop and take stock while you’re standing here stuck on the steps of the palace.

You think, what do you want?

You think, make a decision. Why not stay and be caught? You think,
well, it's a thought, What would be his response?

But then what if he knew who you

wrote When you know that you're not what he thinks that he wants?

And then

what if you are____ What a prince would envision? Although

how can you know who you are Till you know what you want, which you don't? So then, which do you pick: Where you're
safe out of sight, and yourself. But where everything's wrong?

Or where everything's right And you know that you'll never belong?

And which-

ev er you pick, Do it quick, 'Cause you're starting to stick To the steps of the palace.

It's your first big decision. The choice isn't easy to
To arrive at a ball is exciting and all—Once you’re there, though, it’s scary.

And it’s fun to deceive When you know you can leave, But you have to be wary.

There’s a lot that’s at stake, But you’ve stalled long enough, ’Cause you’re still standing stuck in the stuff on the steps... Better run along home And avoid the collision.
Even though they don't care, You'll be better off there Where there's nothing to choose, So there's nothing to lose. So you pry up your shoes.

Then from out of the blue, And without any guide,

You know what your decision is, Which is not to decide.