

Wooden Blocks

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Time passes, yet the mem'ries stay
Reluctant to change, and refusing
To fade away
Sometimes they beckon at the end of the day
A collection, an encounter, a reminder
Of things mislaid
Things mislaid.

Past now, the truth lives on
Reminders of events I stumbled on
Lessons to teach the young
The past is what tomorrow
Is built upon.

In time I've learned about the things I need
But it's not an easy task, charting the course
If this life I lead
Oh, what a life
Fate has sometimes laid to waste my plans
And if I've passed close to perfection, did I miss it?
Or did it slide right through my hands?
Through my hands.

Past now, but handed down
Mem'ries guarded safely from decay
Legacies from the lost and found
The past is what we dreamed along the way.

Relax
Look back
Let me take you away
Just for now
And we'll dream those dusty thoughts
Stack 'em up like wooden blocks
'Til we've built ourselves a future
Dif'rent than we've now
If only just for now.