What-Ifs, Maybes and Might-Have-Beens

Ian Anderson

We all must wonder, now and then,
If things had turned out - well - just plain different.
Chance path taken, page unturned or brief encounter, blossomed, splintered.
Might I have been the man of courage, brave upon life's battlefield,
Captain Commerce, high-flown banker, hedonistic, down-at-heel?
A Puritan of moral fibre, voice raised in praise magnificent?
Or rested in assured repose, knowing my lot in quiet content.What-ifs, Maybes and Might-have-beens fly, soft petals on a breeze.
What-ifs, Maybes and Might-have-beens.
Why-nots, Perhaps and Wait-and-sees.
Suppose bold woman, quite unsuited, brave in adventure, sojourns wicked.
Velvet touch and lips soft-centred, tossing hair, teeth bared in laughing.
Imagine idyll Summers never-ending, Winter nights beside fire roaring.
Touched by madness, filled with fondness, kissed by love, love without name.What-ifs, Maybes and Might-have-beens fly, soft petals on a breeze.
What-ifs, Maybes and Might-have-beens.
Why-nots, Perhaps and Wait-and-sees.
So, you ride yourselves over the fields.
And you make all your animal deals.
And your wise men don't know how it feels
To be thick as a brick... two
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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