

# Tales

## Chico Hamilton

We told our tales as we sat under morning's sleepy sky  
With all the colors of the sunrise shining in our eyes  
One, then another with a story of yesterday's life  
Or of a lover who had gone in a moment of strife  
No thought of sleep ever dwells upon the wise man's mind  
Some task or audience stealing every moment of his time  
Thus we have learned to live while mortal men stand waiting to die  
How can we do what must be done in just one short life  
And if you ask then you must know  
If you still doubt you should be told  
It was not we that made it so  
It was by those who went before  
And there you sit tomorrow's child  
So full of love, so full of life  
But you must rise to meet the day  
Lest you become another tale  
And there you sit tomorrow's child  
So full of love, so full of life  
But you must rise to meet the day  
Lest you become another tale  
Another tale, another tale, another tale

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