

Speakin' Of

Goose Creek Symphony

With the prophet a can and some matches
Iâ€™m ready to start life again
With the lack of a lifetime that knows one thing
You wonâ€™t know when you win
With a heart some keys and people
Your shurly to find the way
But before you walk out the door
Be sure you know Dave

Hear the whistle
Take what you can not hear
See the people
Come let the children sing

Hear the whistle
Take what you can not see
Hear the prophet
Come hear the music ring

A road of dirt is still a road
Though the holes get mighty deep
Cover it with paint and make it something it ainâ€™t
And the road wonâ€™t let you sleep

Deep in the book of my life
I can read what no other eyes can see
If there is doubt Iâ€™ll tear the pages out
And let my mind go free.

Lyrics Submitted by John Wilson

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