

The Optimist

[Emile Millar](#)

The steps he took were nice and easy.
He never knew he could stumble and go down.
As he saw the buildings and the mountains crumble,
Over the road he would take to the town.
He said, ``next year I'm coming back, I'll see you later."
It takes longer when you're far away. There's a tale which says he was pursued by an assassin.
What he knows of that, no-one can tell.
How close he came to the trapper,
But he stopped by a wishing well.
He said, ``next year there will be many flowers,
Each one much brighter than the one before." As he turned he caught the feeling,
And he smiled as he walked down the road.
All my days they are filled with meaning,
But I have yet to fathom the code.
But next year I'll call the tune and it won't be easy,
The timing's all out of place with how you feel. Next year I'm coming back, I'll see you later.
It takes longer when you are far away.
Next year there will be many flowers,
Each one much brighter than the one before.
Next year I'll call the tune and it won't be easy,
The timing's all out of place with how you feel.

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