Pages

America

In this bookcase full of stories
You find some of them are true
Tales of love and glory
Many lives of daring doThere is mystery and adventure
They lie waiting there for you
So step inside
And find the other youTake the high road tomorrow
But the low road today
Reading other's sorrow
Might just be the only wayThe father hears confession
While the mother's feeling blue
These characters do
What you want them toIn these pages we consume
Lives in many colors, lovers in full bloom
And through the ages words are born
Speaking to the senses, lifting the forlornThere's glamor and dementia
A message from the tomb
Staircase to the heavens
And secrets in the roomWhen you are riding on the dark horse
To the one that got away
There's no regrets
And no dues left to pay'Cause in these pages we consume
Lives in many colors, lovers in full bloom
And through the ages words are born
Speaking to the senses, lifting the forlornDrifting down the river of the make believe
We laugh and grieve
Hoping for an ending of our own design
Where all is fineIn these pages we consume
Lives in many colors, lovers in full bloom
And through the ages words are born
Speaking to the senses, lifting the forlornIn these pages we consume
Lives in many colors, lovers in full bloom
And through the ages words are born

Songwriters
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FORT KNOX MUSIC, INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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