

# Farther On

## The Wilders

In my early years I hid my tears  
And passed my days alone  
A drift on an ocean of loneliness

My dreams like nets were thrownTo catch the love that I'd heard of  
In books and films and songs  
Now there's a world of illusion and fantasy

In the place where the real world belongsStill I look for the beauty in songs  
To fill my head and lead me on  
Though my dreams have come up torn and empty

As many times as love has come and goneTo those gentle ones my memory runs  
To the laughter we shared at the meals  
I filled their kitchens and living rooms

With my schemes and my broken wheelsIt was never clear how far or near  
The gates to my citadel lay  
They were cutting from stone  
Some dreams of their own

But they listened to mine anywayI'm not sure what I'm trying to say  
It could be I've lost my way  
Though I keep a watch over the distance

Heaven's no closer than it was yesterdayAnd the angels are older  
They know not to wait up for the sun  
They look over my shoulder  
At the maps and the drawings

Of the journey I've begunNow the distance leads me farther on  
Though the reasons I once had are gone  
I keep thinking I'll find what I'm looking for

In the sand beneath the dawnBut the angels are older  
They can see that the sun's setting fast  
They look over my shoulder  
At the vision of paradise

Contained in the light of the pastAnd they lay down behind me  
To sleep beside the road till the morning has come  
Where they know they will find me

With my maps and my faith in the distance  
Moving farther on