

On My Way to You

Ann Hampton Callaway

So often as I wait for sleep I find myself reciting
The words I've said or should have said
Like scenes that need rewritingThe smiles I never answered
Doors perhaps I should have opened
Songs forgotten in the morningI relived the roles I've played
The tears I may have squandered
The many pipers I have paid along the roads I wanderedYet all the time I knew it
Love was somewhere out there waiting
Though I may regret a kiss or twoIf I had changed a single day
What went amiss or went astray
I may have never found my way to you

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