

# 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 rewriting The smiles I never answered  
Doors perhaps I should have opened  
Songs forgotten in the morning I relived the roles I've played  
The tears I may have squandered  
The many pipers I have paid along the roads I wandered Yet all the time I knew it  
Love was somewhere out there waiting  
Though I may regret a kiss or two If 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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