

# Now

## Poor Old Lu

Dont dream of hours gone by  
Of seconds came and spent  
Dont wish on distant stars  
Of worlds come and went Oh, what do I see?  
Tripping through the moments  
And to my shame  
Ive longed for years and months and days and days Dont wait for cloudless skies  
When the sun breaks in between  
Dont hope on fruitless things  
Whats in our hands, on what is seen Oh, what do I see?  
Tripping through the moments  
And to my shame  
Ive longed for years and months and days and days Dont swim in drowning grief  
Anticipating the despair  
Dont choke the seeds of joy  
Give them life and give them air Oh, what do I see?  
Tripping through the moments  
And to my shame  
Ive longed for years and months and days and days Since I held the hands  
That bore my shame  
I count the years and months and days and days

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