Now

Poor Old Lu

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

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