Notebook

The Innocence Mission

I showed him my notebook
The underside of my soul
Released in scribbles on pages
He smiled and held my handI knew that he would see
For he dreams of touching beauty, too
There has to be more than the work dayHe's painting houses
He's painting houses for a while
I'm home to his canvas
Coming to lifeI write in my notebook
With feeling that takes me by surprise
And thoughts that I don't know I haveThey're hidden by useless facts
That I've compiled at the office where I work
Where there is no time for feeling anythingYou see, I just work there
To finance my real life
That begins with scribbles on pages
And thoughts of how and whenMuseums on Sundays
Whenever we, can we both go
And stay there for hours
Feeding our spiritsAnd beauty is still free
And beauty is not exclusive
And beauty is ours to touch and to know
To touch and knowDon't you think there's more, I really have to know?
Don't you think there's more to life?
Don't you think there's more, I really have to know?
Don't you think there's more to life?Don't you think there's more to life?
Don't you think there's more to life?
Don't you think there's more to life?
And don't you think there's more to life?Don't you think there's more to life?

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