

If I Could

Gordon Lightfoot

If I could sing like the poets and kings of this world
If I could rise like the wind or the tides of the sea
I would sing you to sleep my love with sweet melody
And let you dream away till the morning light returned again
To take you away from me
If I could speak with the tongues of the masters of old
If I could tame all the fleeting perceptions I hold
Would I stand in the marketplace before
To be shouted down without any warning at all, to be stood by the wall
And shot by the man in blue
If I could run with the grace of a sun-colored stallion
If I could fly like the great silver jets in the morning
If I caused the wind to change with one wave of my hand
And if I could play the final symphony and set it free
Would it mean anything to you
If I could stand like a rusty old man in his armor
If I could ride the steed that he rode in his time
I would turn his head away to the river
And let him wander through the meadow grass, wild and free
For everyone to see

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