

# Wings of Grace

Santana

What shall we do with the dreams  
Who see a world we can never know  
Who have found a place of wonder  
Where only children dare to go  
What shall we do with the dreams  
Whose world has no room for hate  
Whose vision of tomorrows promise  
Is so far removed from our fate  
For they dream of a thousand tomorrows  
Each one better than the one before  
A future filled with compassion  
For the tired, the weak, the hungry and the poor  
What shall we do with the dreamers  
Who no longer answer when we ask why  
Who work to make their world better  
And are unafraid to try  
What shall we say to the dreamers  
Whose lives make ours seem so bare  
Who make us feel so empty  
Because they dare to care  
For they dream not of thing done before  
But of the miracles which lie ahead  
Of the needy who can be assisted  
And the famished who can be fed  
What shall we make of the dreamers  
When they choose not to live as we  
When they say our world has no meaning  
As long as others are still not free  
What shall we think of the dreamers  
When they no longer listen to what we say  
When their silence leaves us uneasy  
And they refuse to go away  
For they dream of fanciful figures  
Poised in mid flight  
Angels with wings of grace  
Floating on the light  
Messengers from the next world  
So unfamiliar but yet not strange  
Bringing word of the new world  
The beginning of the change

Songwriters

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