

To Fly to Fall

drumfish

An issue of singular importance
A matter of great concern
Curiously I listened
And a map he handed me Yellow brown and tattered
It was I held it in my hand
And from it came the smell of age
He began to tell me of his plan A driven man was he
In need to silence the call
He asked me would I go
To fly even to fall For a moment I considered
But like St. Thomas I drew back
My friend he uttered golden words
I would not join him in his task Its always about yesterday, let it be for today I went on from day to day
In the rut that was my life
Play it safe thats the best way
Such is the advice from my wife The last time I saw my friend
He had fortune and fame
What a terrible pity
What a terrible shame What decisions are the right ones
What offers should I turn down
I guess Ill never learn my lesson
Theres never time like now
Theres never time like now Its always about yesterday, let it be for today

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