To Fly to Fall

drumfish

An issue of singular importance
A matter of great concern
Curiously I listened
And a map he handed meYellow 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 planA driven man was he
In need to silence the call
He asked me would I go
To fly even to fallFor a moment I considered
But like St. Thomas I drew back
My friend he uttered golden words
I would not join him in his taskIts always about yesterday, let it be for todayI 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 wifeThe last time I saw my friend
He had fortune and fame
What a terrible pity
What a terrible shameWhat 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 nowIts always about yesterday, let it be for today

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