

Too Little Sorrow

All these years I have dreamt the wrong dreams
Chased the stars when I should have been thinking
Ventured out to the meadows and streams
Less than I have gone dancing and drinking

One fine day I'll have rooms of my own
My dad says it won't happen tomorrow
On that morn I will not wake up alone
In our home there will be too little sorrow

I can't have all this happiness now
Nor can I have the things I've desired
Since I started to write my dreams down
Rhymed some words put my blade in the fire

So my songs will become part of this world
One small drop inside an infinite ocean
Fused between the love I drink from the well
All the pain of life and hope and devotion