

# Ann Hampton Callaway, On My Way To You

So often as I wait for sleep I find myself reciting  
The words I've said or should have said  
Like scenes that need rewriting  
The smiles I never answered  
Doors perhaps I should have opened  
Songs forgotten in the morning  
I relived the roles I've played  
The tears I may have squandered  
The many pipers I have paid along the roads I wandered  
Yet all the time I knew it  
Love was somewhere out there waiting  
Though I may regret a kiss or two  
If I had changed a single day  
What went amiss or went astray  
I may have never found my way to you