

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