

Kevin Gilbert, A Long Day's Life

When I was a boy I would sit by the sea
And ambitions Sirens would sing to me
Songs of a future both noble and grand
Now here I stand with my back to the wall
Errant in some ways and tired in all
Life is what happens while your making plans
At the end of a long day's life

Oh no, I'm lost and all alone
Battered and broken and scarred to the bone
Oh love, you've never been a friend
But if you're still listening I'm here at the end
Of a long day's life

Love came to my house and knocked on the door
I answered and said What are you here for?
Go away. Cause I'm busy looking for truth.
At the end of a long day's life

Oh no, I'm lost and all alone
Battered and broken and scarred to the bone
Oh love, you've never been a friend
But if you're still listening I'm here at the end
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Two nights now I've had this dream
Where I'm swimming three miles from shore and I sink down
Breathe water in
Unafraid
It's peaceful here don't rescue me

For three nights running now, I've had the most unusual and disturbing dream
where I'm a nineteenth century French painter with a palette and paintbrush
and beret and an ill fitting black suit and I'm painting perfectly rectangular white lines on an endless
You missed a spot.

I'm looking for a new love to show me the way
To laugh at tomorrow and live today
to guide me through these strange and uncertain times
At the end of a long day's life