

Lindsey Buckingham, Not Too Late

Reading the paper saw a review
Said I was a visionary, but nobody knew
Now that's been a problem
feeling unseen
Just like I'm living somebody's dream

What am I doing anyway
Telling myself it's not too late

I'm not a young man but I'm a child in
my soul
I feel there's room for songs that
are sung
For chances not taken for deeds not
yet done

What am I doing anyway
Telling myself it's not too late

My children look away they don't know
what to say
My children look away they don't know
what to say

So that's been a problem
feeling unheard
So called visions always deferred
It must be the reason I developed
this need
You know you should never believe
what you read

What am I doing anyway
Telling myself it's not too late

My children look away they don't know
what to say
My children look away they don't know
what to say