

# 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