

Maureen McGovern, 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 relive the roles I've played,
The tears I may have squandered,
The many pipers I have paid
Along the roads I've 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

INSTRUMENTAL INTERLUDE

If I had changed a single day
What went amiss or went astray,
I may have never found my way to you
I wouldn't change a thing that happened
On my way to you