

Sarah Brightman, Winter In July

Look around wonder why
we can live a life that's never satisfied
Lonely hearts troubled minds
looking for a way that we can never find
Many roads are ahead of us
with choices to be made
But life's just one of the
games we play
There is no special way
Make the best of what's given you
everything will come in time
why deny yourself
don't just let life pass you by
like winter in July

Future dreams can never last
when you find yourself still living in the past
Keep moving on to higher ground
looking for the way you thought could not be found
We may not know the reason why
we're born into this world
where a man only lives to die
his story left untold
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