

Sister Hazel, Look To The Children

I took a walk by the sea
Nothing else--just for me
Yesterday was a long, long time ago
There's a man and he's sighing
It's all he's got to keep from crying
His shattered dreams.
Have been worn down by life

And I wonder now
How a man gets so far down
Where's the pride and the glory
Where's the pot of gold

and I...I
I look to the children

I took a walk by the sea
I'd forgotten what it meant to me
Some things we should carry from the past
There's a boy and he's singin'
And in the wind his words are ringin'
His innocence it is buried in us all

Now I look and see
That boy inside of me
May have seen a storm or two
But the dream is alive

and I...I
I look to the children
I look to the children

And I look around
So many so far down
Just search inside yourself
But the dreams alive

and I...I
I look to the children
I look to the children