

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Looking Forward

Morning has come with the first rays of sun
Breaking through our window pain
Songs fill the air but there's no singer there
Just an old wooden guitar playin'

Writing a song, won't take very long
Trying not to use the word "old";
Thinkin' about takin' chances and doubts
That still linger in the cold

Looking forward all that I can see
Is good things happening to you and to me
I'm not waiting for times to change
I'm going to live like a free-roamin' soul
On the highway of our love