

James LaBrie, Slightly Out Of Reach

Working so hard
What are you getting out of this
Commitment, have many nice things
But there's no time to take a rest
And you're spent

In the moment, you never seem to be
That time will come

Taken from those
You should be here, you look on
But you're not part of anything there
The days and the years are passing
Quite the man
With your worldly possessions
The crown upon you in all its glory

Driven around
Down these same ole roads
You've known far too long
Turning around's
Not an option in front of you
You're too far gone

And all the signs are warning him
A dead end street

Taken from those
You should be here, looking on
But you're not part of anything there
The days and the years have passed you
Getting old
With your worldly possessions
The crown upon you in all its glory

Not sure that you know
Any more, what you feel right now
To look back when you dreamed
That you'd have everything you want
It's so hard to just to get through

So much of the time
You were not here, you looked on
But were not part of anything there
The days and years have passed you
Now you're old
All your worldly possessions
Crumbling...
Now all of your time is spent there
They moved on
And they're not part of anything here
The days and the years have passed you
And you're old
With your worldly possessions
All crumbling round you
And all it's glory