

James Taylor, Long Ago And Far Away

Long ago, a young man sits and plays his waiting game.
But things are not the same it seems as in such tender dreams.
Slowly passing sailing ships and Sunday afternoon.
Like people on the moon I see are things not meant to be.

Where do those golden rainbows end? Why is this song so sad?
Dreaming the dreams I've dreamed my friend, loving the love I love
to love is just a word I've heard when things are being said.
Stories my poor head has told me cannot stand the cold.
And in between what might have been and what has come to pass,
a misbegotten guess alas and bits of broken glass.

Where do your golden rainbows end? Why is this song I sing so sad?
Dreaming the dreams I dream my friend, loving the love I love to love to love to love.