Lamb, Little Things

There's so many things that we miss in our everyday lives
We're so busy hustling, bustling chasing far away dreams
We forget the little things
Like blue skies, green eyes and our babies growing
Like rainbows, fresh snow and the smell of summer
We forget to live.
Give us eyes like children so we live each day as our first
We're so sure we know so much that we forget to listen
Then we want the fickle things
Like cheap thrills fast fuel and constant consumption
Like TV, CDs and cars that speak our names
We forget to live.
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