

Open Hand, The Dream

As I sit by myself,
I've come from so, so far away
In such little time, I have gave,
My soul, my mind, I've tried so hard to find

Is this what I must do, to get by?
And I ask myself why?

Why don't you write, why don't you call me,
I'll wait here
I'll find my way, or will you help me out this year?

Does she understand me?
Listen to what I say
Turning her back, on my dreams
Watching, waiting

You turn your back
I'll find my way home,
You turn your back
Turn your back on my dream,
So strong, so weak, we're stronger still
Is this what I must do?

This I, why?
I know

Why don't you write, why don't you call me,
I'll wait here
I'll find my way, or will you help me out this year?