

This Year

This year I want to fly...

I want to know all about tomorrow...

Yet, I want each day to be filled to the brim, and I want every drop.

But this year I want time to fly...

I need to see who I'm becoming...

I want to see what I'll be doing this time tomorrow...

Yet, I don't want to forget to take the time to really see each day
that I have...

But this year I want time to fly...

I want to watch which road I'm taking very closely,
but I don't want to forget to take a detour sometimes...

I guess you could say, I want it all just a little too fast.

L.S.

September 8, 1981