

Our Lives

Phil Keaggy

My, how the days have gone by,
Did we sing, did we laugh, did we cry?
Again, there's a year left behind,
Did we rush, did we care to take time?

Time for old, forgotten people who look
To the older ones to be their eyes.
To inspire and to cheer,
Hold a hand and draw near to the wise.

Can we count the lessons that we've learned,
When love's a gift how then can it be earned,
Have we finally found the meaning to our lives.

We soon recall to mind
The days we'd gladly shoulder
Each other's burdens and hold hands.
The old were once so very young
But they grew older,
The children changed with every passing glance.

Here, passing through space and time,
Did we think that we could tow our own line?
Who said there's no God to be found?
You're misled, He is all around.

Round the corner there are children
Who look to the older ones to be their guide.
To inspire and to cheer,
Hold a hand and draw near to their side.

Can we count the lessons that we've learned,
When love's a gift how then can it be earned,
Have we finally found the meaning to our lives.