

Long Ago and Far Away

James Taylor

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 friends
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 the golden rainbows end?
And why is this song so sad?
Dreaming the dreams I dream my friend
Loving the love I love to love to love to love to love to love