

Better Than Mine

Allah-Las

He held the stool far
Aback some dark bar
And coddled quietly
His tumbler filled with gin
He motioned my way
And turning sideways
He told me son, now listen in

I've seen it roll by
More times than most'd try
It never seems to fail
Or alter in its course
You're at the doorstep
You haven't slipped yet
You could be golden evermore

He told me always take some time just wonder
About some foreign land or days of old
And admit it to yourself if you should blunder
And always try to take the higher road

His eyes grew wide now
He drank his gin down
And said he'd had to learn this
All the hardest way
Beware of cardinal sin
Take that which you put in
And savor each and every day

He told me always take some time just to wonder
And always come to question what you're told
And to love without condition those who wander
For it's they who'll come to pave that higher road