

In this bookcase full of stories
You find some of them are true
Tales of love and glory
Many lives of daring-do
There is mystery and adventure
They lie waiting there for you
So step inside and find the other you

Take the high road tomorrow
But the low road today
Reading other's sorrow
Might just be the only way
The father hears confession
While the mother's feeling blue
These characters do what you want them to

In these pages we consume
Lives in many colors lovers in full bloom
And through the ages words are born
Speaking to the senses lifting the forlorn

There's glamour and dementia
A message from the tomb
Staircase to the heavens
And secrets in the room
When you are riding on that dark horse
To the one that got away
There's no regrets and no dues left to pay

'Cause in these pages we consume
Lives in many colors lovers in full bloom
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Speaking to the senses lifting the forlorn

Drifting down the river of the make believe
We laugh and grieve
Hoping for an ending of our own design
Where all is fine

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